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CONTENTS.

An Allegory (Poem.).....	1
Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Sermon.....	2
H'story of the Class of 1880.....	4
Commencement, 1895.....	10
Graduating Recital	11
Editorial Notes.....	12
Y. W. C. A. Notes.....	15
Music.....	15
Y. M. C. A. Notes.....	16
Photographic Notes.....	16
Westminster Lecture Course	17
Locals.....	17
Exchanges.....	20

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J. F. WILLIAMS, New Wilmington, Pa.

THE HOLIDAY.

Volume XII.

New Wilmington, Pa., September, 1895.

No. 1.

AN ALLEGORY.

(1895 Class Poem, composed by Miss Myra L. Boyd.)

'Tis in the month of fair October,
Of all the year the beautiful queen
Who lightly spreads her gauze veil over
The beauties of mount and vale and stream.

The humming bees have left the clover,
Hosts of grass-hoppers skip at my feet,
Lightly the butterfly, pretty, brown rover,
Flits by in quest of some hidden sweet!

Circling o'er the sere, brown meadows,
Forward and back the orioles fly,
Golden beetles their tiny shadows
Slant 'tween the earth and cloudless sky.

Up from the brook-side come together
The insects' horns in wailing tune
And fill it, sweet scent of fading heather,
Recalling thoughts that breathe perfume

In music full of gentle sadness,
Song of forest and falling rill
All nature ends her time of gladness,
And drops her veil on every hill.

'Tis sweet, most sweet, on Nature's face
To look, and then with half closed eyes,
On memory's pictured walls to trace
The beautiful scenes that there arise.

Methought I wondered far and wide,
O'er vale and hill and spreading plain
In search of wonders new-untried;
Wondered! rested! wondered again.

I paused beside the pools that lie
Deep hid beneath the leafy bower;
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Imprisoned by the forest flowers.

Onward still I take my way,
Leaving the pools that lie asleep,
That lovely spot where fairies play,
In the midst of the forest deep.

Before me spreads a city fair
Too fair, it seems for mortal sway;
Perchance the gods from air
Keep guard and drive all ills away.

Scarcely had I passed that city's arch,
Until the gates with brazen clang
Of massy iron, gave one huge lurch,
And as they closed the welkin rang.

I passed through streets all glorious bright
On either side the massive walls
Of noble mansions are bathed in light
That there in mellow splendor falls.

And now doth rise before my view
A palace grand beyond compare,
Oh! is it meet—if I only knew
For mortal wight to enter there!

Around it lies a noble park,
Great monarchs of the forest stand
As if grim guard to keep,—and hark,
The singing of a fairy band!

But no—a marble fountain plays
With silvery splash and dance and stir;
And there's a scent as if the sprays
Were showering down sweet balm and myrrh.

Upon an arch a statue rose
Towering high with wings of might,
And underneath an inscription goes
In letters of celestial light,

Across that arch on ground of blue
Great thought in fewest words express,
Inscribed in words of crimson hue
This motto runs, "Nor haste, nor rest!"

To the arch again my glance doth rise;
I start—my every nerve alive!
Scarcely believe the witness of my eyes—
It is, it is—"The Class of Ninety-Five!"

Now how soon my fears allay!
'Tis right to enter the palace portals,
'Tis the abode, I may boldly say,
Not of gods, but of fellow mortals.

THE HOLCAD.

Tho' there be pleasures in earth and sky,
The strange, vague longing that thro' me ran
Kept urging me on—I know not why—
Away, away to the haunts of man!

Then up the flower-lined marble walk,
And broad white steps inlaid with scenes,
Wherein the figures almost talk,
The lords and ladies, kings and queens.

Unto the porch all wreathed around
With laurel. There were urns of flowers
Between the pillars, entwined around
By vines enclosing leafy bowers.

Straight into an assembly hall
My ever wand'ring footsteps led.
O'erlaid with gold the pillars all,
Of fretted gold the dome o'erhead.

Of wondrous blue the tinted wall,
Cornice and friezes were engraved
With many noble figures tall:
In bright mosaic the floor was paved.

Adown the lofty vaulted rooms
The hanging lamps now lambent burn,
And cast a veil of languid gloom
On statue, frieze and classic urn.

Out from this noble and spacious hall
Corridors opened, from arches wide
Delicate, silken draperies fall,
Drawn by tasseled cords aside.

O'er this beautiful temple of grace
Deep silence rests, the delicate shade
Of waving acacias o'er the place
A dim, fairy-like tracery made.

Beautiful statues and ponderous tomes,
Harp and lute that lie scattered around
Speak of art, wisdom, and sweetest tones,
Tho' o'er all broods silence so profound.

I wake—alas! 'twas all a dream,
And wrapped in evening's chill embrace,
Muse sadly o'er what might have been,
Seek in Fancy's maze my path to trace.

Out from this labyrinthine gloom
The slender, silken thread of thought
Has led me to the light full gloom,
And memory is with sadness fraught.

Is it naught but stern reality?
Nay in this fabric of the dream
May not, perchance, a prophecy
Of our life-plan be dimly seen?
When future years' Perspective dim
Upon the life-work of our class
Has passed its sentence just if grim,
(And 'twixt its sentence surely pass.)

O, may it be, "Thou well hast striven
For thou brave heart, hast made thine own
The truth's by Art and Science given
To him who braves the great Unknown."

Then Class of Ninety Five, to build
A life-work from the great design,
Traced by that Hand divinely skilled
Thy every thought and act combine.

Each block, which thou hast wrought,
Take as the Master doth it give
Not knowing what is in his thought,
Thou only knowest thy work shall live.

Shall live thro' ages evermore
And in this temple fair of thine,
Upon that brighter, hither shore
Thy soul shall dwell in peace divine.

Y. W. and Y. M. C. A SERMON.

ON SABBATH MORNING, JUNE 16.—REV. W.
I. WISHART PREACHED IN THE 1ST. U. P.
CHURCH THE ANNUAL SERMON TO
THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE COLLEGE.

The sermon was based on 2 Kings, 6:15, 16.—"Alas, my master! how shall we do?" That is the cry of pessimism, the fear and anticipation of the worst. "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them," that is God's answer and antidote for pessimism.

In looking over the field of religious effort to-day and in estimating the difficulties which hinder the progress of the Kingdom, that state of mind among Christian workers, which is best called "pessimism" cannot be overlooked. There are a good many people who, either by reason of peculiar mental constitution or more commonly perhaps by lack of gracious attainment are wont to see only the Syrian hosts that encompass Dothan round about and never think of looking for horses and chariots of fire. Discouragement is a bad thing because it practically invites the defeat it fears: and one will hear a good deal of it if he listens with any closeness to the speeches in a religious Convention or gathers up the sentiments of individual Christians or attends with any

care to the religious press.

Pessimism has always been a sort of brake on the wheels of progress. Every aggressive movement planned for the world-wide proclamation of the gospel or for the establishment of moral reforms or for the elevation of society has had to climb over a very iceberg of gloomy forebodings and pessimistic doubts even from those professing to be friendly to such movement. There is no question that many noble enterprises are being greatly retarded to-day by those who look too much at the difficulties in the way or, rather, look too little at the horses and chariots of fire.

At the same time it must be acknowledged that there are conditions confronting Christian workers to-day which can hardly help but prove very disheartening unless one keeps himself anchored firm by a faith in the power and purpose of God. The increase of crime in many quarters, the satanic power and influence of the liquor traffic, the increasing boldness and impudence of secularism, the assaults upon the sanctity of the Sabbath Day, the spread of deadly and fiery socialistic heresies, the social discontent, the unmasked effrontery of political corruption, the wide separation between the masses and the church, the apathy and indifference of the church herself, these conditions realized in any small measure will tend to make one cry out with the prophet's trembling servant, "Alas, Master! how shall we do?"

But God would have us set over against all these disheartening conditions the splendid truth with which the prophet calmed the fears of his discouraged servant. The great comfort is that however great and strong they may be who are arrayed against the church and Christ's cause; there are more,

infinitely more on the side of truth and right than all these that oppose themselves.

The great lesson these words suggest, and the one we need most to learn in these days is the need of faith in the mighty and supernatural agencies with which God is ready to back up and help on every good cause. The trouble with Elisha's servant was just the trouble with the most of us. He was walking by sight, not by faith. When he got his eyes open to see the supernatural forces which were back of himself and master his fears vanished. Oh that we could get the eyes of our faith open wide enough to see that God and His mighty working Spirit are back of every good cause!

This is a materialistic age, an age of scientific investigation. Men have become proud of their own achievements and are disposed to trust nothing the exact measure of which cannot be taken by their formulæ. The very spirit of this age is disposed to cry down a trust in supernatural agencies as puerile and fit only for the world's childhood. And perhaps the church at times has been more or less affected by this materialistic and self-sufficient spirit.

Certainly the great need of the hour is a return to simple apostolic trust in the supernatural working of the mighty Spirit. It is this only that will bring back to the church the full tide of prosperity. And as the mind expands to realize something of the power and resources of the Spirit and the faith begins to lean on Him as the chief factor in every conflict for righteousness, pessimism will disappear, and courage, hope and joyful anticipation will take its place.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1880.

BY REV. HOWARD D. WILSON.

Fifteen years ago this evening the eighteen members of the class of 1880 formed part of the large audience listening to the history of the class of 1865. As a member of that class, 1880, I have a distinct recollection of the appropriateness,—the timeliness of that exercise. Fifteen years to those of us about to leave the old college, eager to enter upon life's work and earn life's rewards, a sufficient measure of time for the finding of our places, and the attaining of our hopes. Looking out upon life in the consciousness of strength, we commiserated the historian over his lost youth, and regarded his records of fifteen years as the annals of a lifetime. Standing to-night in the situation of that oldtime historian I feel like entering my protest against the untimeliness of this call for the facts of our lives. We are still facing the future with hearts of hope, we still press toward the mark for the prize. Even from the standpoint of fifteen years after, it still seems most appropriate to have again what we had in our class day exercises, for the present speaker to feel upon his shoulders the mantle of a prophet and tell you what the class of 1880 will do rather than to present our present attainments as the measure of our service to the age. It is not necessary, however, for the class to respond in this fifteen year examination "Not prepared." The members of the class to-day are filling positions of usefulness and honor, while the attainments of some of our number have been in harmony with our motto, "Per aspera ad astra." Stars in the horizon of the present world of thought and effort second to none in the

glory of their situation. And as for the rest of us I call "Time" to-night. Judge us not by the attainment of a dozen years. Responses to my letter of inquiry from every member of the class save one, indicate steady going, constantly increasing prosperity and usefulness. And that one will in the years to come prove no exception to the class's record of honorable attainments. We have been wrestling with the first part of our class motto "Per Aspera." I call for time tonight. "Astra," the balance of our motto is still for us, for we are coming up from our different corners fresh for the good fight, determined either to win starts, or go down under such blows as shall make us see them. As I think of our departure from college, and the duty devolving upon me to-night, I am reminded of that picture "Westward Ho." A band of men and women, emigrant pioneers, are laboriously ascending the last range of mountains separating them from the new country they are to cultivate. Some of them are climbing up the rocks, some of them have reached the summit and wiping the sweat from the face look out upon the virgin forests, the mountain streams, the table land, the fertile valleys. So we from the Pisgah of a commencement occasion looked out upon our Canaan, marked where we would cut the forest, plant the fields and build our homes. And I am delegated as one from that band of eighteen to come back to this mount of thought and vision and tell you what we are doing in the great world of action. Contemplating then for a little while this band as a whole I am to tell you that eight of them are ministering to the spiritual needs of humanity as preachers of the gospel. Three of them are mitigating the severity of human suffering as physicians,

two of them have devoted their lives to the culture of the intellect as teachers, two of them to the care of man's material interests as lawyers, one is a merchant, one a commercial traveler, one is connected in a position of trust with a manufacturing concern. Going out from this center eight have found their fields of labor in Penn'a, six in Ohio, one is a successful pastor in New York City, one is a prominent attorney in Olympia, the capitol of the state of Washington, one is in Illinois, one is in Sioux Fall, S. D. One member of the class was married before entering college. Since graduating, one lady and all the gentlemen have found matrimonial partners for their joys and sorrows. The lives of all members of this class have been spared, and their health report indicates marked improvement over the period of graduation. Into the homes of these fifteen married members, as the greatest joys these years have brought, 41 children have come; and from these households, carrying the affections of parents upward, nine have been taken. From one home a husband has been called away, and from another a wife.

The connection of the present speaker with this class dates from the beginning of the Junior year. I was not in attendance at college the two years previous to that time, and so have no knowledge of the class's history previous to that time, either by personal experience as a member or as a student. It will probably be a relief to you to learn that this late period marks to me the prehistoric age. Coming upon the world of college life at this time I found as one of the relics of an earlier age a handsome wooden building erected upon one corner of the college campus marked with the name and motto of the class of 1880 and dedicated to physical culture. So that the

gymnasium, and the beginning of any effort for the culture of the body date from the undertaking of the class of Eighty, which instead of planting a tree, or laying out a tombstone, erected a temple to the service of muscle and sinew.

The Junior year of this class history is worthy of mention not only on account of its interest to the class but also by reason of its bearing upon the life of the college at that and subsequent time. At the beginning of that year we had in the classical department eighteen ladies and gentlemen. It was a happy time of helpful competition in the class-room and of comradeship upon the campus. We marched to our recitations with songs and laughter and engaged in them stimulated by the power of the largest number and the keenest talent of any class in the college. The golden prize for the Junior contest was an apple of discord over which our eighteen classical members divided into two equal parties, each trying throughout a series of weeks to get the advantage of the other. The most intense, bitter, partisan spirit prevailed, all other things became secondary to the success of the particular side on which we were engaged. Studies were affected. The Faculty, determined to end the matter, surprised us all by calling upon us to settle the matter immediately. One side was prepared to fight, the other was not. The defeated nine threatened to leave college. Quite a number of them did leave. Mark Wilson went to Princeton, H. H. Wallace dropped out of the class and, afterward returning, graduated Scientific. John Miles, Robert Mercer and McFarland left college never to enter any other college, and after some time Ed. Jeffers left college forever by reason of difficulties directly attributable to

the bitterness of that contest. In connection with the same trouble a bogus program was issued in the form of a respectful address to the General Assembly meeting that year in New Wilmington in which some of us of the successful nine were very severely handled and even members of the Faculty were censured. That Bogus program couched in respectful language, based (as I think all were ready to admit afterwards) upon misapprehension so far as censure upon the Faculty was concerned, nevertheless had as disastrous an effect upon the Faculty, as the contest itself had produced upon our class. It is to this day a great regret that keen students and great-hearted noble fellows like Mark Wilson, John N. Miles, Robert Mercer and Ed. Jeffers were driven out from the college and some of them from any further opportunities of college culture for the small advantage of the chance to win a trifling piece of Gold.

The history of the individual members of the class may be run over very briefly. The attainments of many in the class so far as they are interesting to a New Wilmington audience are already known, and the items which are unknown are not of such sensational nature as to demand extended notice or arouse a special interest.

The first name upon the class's graduating roll is that of William Thompson Burns, who came to college from Lewisville, Pa. Our friend Burns, unlike his Scottish namesake, was of a very practical and unpoetic temperament. In fact his most marked peculiarities might be said to be a Yankee disposition and an eccentricity over one eye. This facial peculiarity was not so decided as to justify one in calling him cross-eyed, and yet one of his eyes so far failed to follow the angle of the other as to suggest an ef-

fort to view the world from his own standpoint. This physical peculiarity is not noted by way of criticism but attention is called to it as a convenient and appropriate expression of an inward store. Burns while regular and faithful in the preparation of his lessons and in his attendance at the class-room, bright and capable in his responses to questions, always seemed to be somewhat absent mentally from the class and the subject. While explaining to Dr. Jeffers the meaning of total abstraction from all finite determinateness, the principle of the Eclectic philosophers, he probably would be fully as much concerned as to what lady he would ask to accompany him to the next Senior party, or how he would be able to perform the same gyrations that Linn could execute on the horizontal bar without breaking his neck. It may be said that this disposition has kept him from that narrowness which sometimes characterizes those who are estimated as making the greatest success in life. He studied law and practiced in New Castle for eleven years, and in spite of that fact made a model Sabbath School superintendent in the 2nd U. P. Church. He held the office of City Solicitor for two years, in which one of the leading lawyers of New Castle tells me he earned the reputation of being industrious, energetic, honest and fearless, too honest in fact for the politicians of the place. He was married June 1883 to Miss Emily McKinney and the union has been blessed with four children. The same disposition mentioned has led him to look beyond the possibilities of the legal profession and to find a more desirable field for his personal equipment in the handling of general merchandise. He is now, so engaged at North Liberty, Pa., and all his class-mates and friends wish for him in the new venture

the large success which his energy and honesty deserve.

The member of the class standing nearest to Burns was Thomas Omar Cligan. Without the outward physical suggestion of it he was characterized by the same broad-mindedness which kept him from concentrating all energies upon a single subject purpose. Like his class-mate he studied law and was admitted to the bar at Youngstown, and like him he has left it, finding a more congenial field for his talent, in the study and practice of medicine. He is at the present time a successful physician at Niles, Ohio; where in addition to other duties, his has been honored by the position of President of the Board of education for a number of years. Eight years after graduating Mr. Cligan was married to Miss Margaretta Thomas and he is the father of two girls. He writes in very enthusiastic fashion as to his success and delight in his profession, and it is altogether probable that he will be very successful in it.

Robert Clarence Dodds differed from the rest of the members of the class in that, while to the rest of us matrimony was a hope, an attainment to be worked for, the pursuit of it a kind of secondary occupation. Dodds was married before entering college and during his course lived with his family—composed of wife and children—in the town. This situation proved no obstacle to Dodds in the pursuit of his studies even though it was coupled with straightened financial circumstances. Possessed of a keen, analytical, logical turn of mind, he followed his course with unflagging relish and finished it with honor; graduating the middle man of the three who were announced as occupying very nearly the same grade, and in, so far as they differed from

one another to be ranked Russell, Dodds, Wilson. Dodds has always been possessed of a somewhat sarcastic turn of mind and a keen sense of the ludicrous, together with an original and forcible method of expressing himself. He became naturally a champion to be sought after and an enemy to be feared. His most marked characteristic was positiveness. Without conceit he possesses a decided opinion on all subjects that concerned him and a very dogmatic style of declaring it. While apparently open to any kind of a suggestion, he had his own opinion and generally brought other people to it. Reminding one of the New York volunteer fireman who when asked what color he would have the engine painted, said, "Oh it makes no difference to me, I don't care what color you paint her so that you paint her red." The same unswerving energy and that singleness of purpose that marked him in college has characterized him afterwards. He was a very successful pastor at Sunbury, Pa. Did a grand work as pastor of the U. P. Church at Buffalo, N. Y., and he is pastor of a large Presbyterian Church at Dayton, Ohio. Dodds is a man of marked and distinguished appearance. His critical disposition and ability to hit an adversary hard, are compensated for and concealed by a kindly appearance. Possessed of a splendid physique, he is a man whose natural equipment helps him to power. His ability as a pastor is in keeping with his positiveness and force as a speaker. He was married to Miss Sarah Stevenson and his home has been blessed with six children.

The next member of the class was William James Graham, who came to the college from Scroggsfield, Ohio. He was the prophet of our class day exercises, and forecast all our futures. I am pleased to say

that in all other respects he has been more successful than he was as a prophet. Mr. Graham graduated from Xenia Theological Seminary and immediately after preached for a time in Northwestern Iowa, being the first United Presbyterian minister in the field. He was very successful in this work and organized a number of congregations, which with a few others now constitute the N. W. Presbytery of Iowa. Somewhat broken down in health he returned to the East and settled for two years at Salingville, Ohio. His health again impaired, he took a trip to Europe, which proving to him very beneficial, he returned and settled at Centre U. P. Church where he has remained doing very efficient work for the last six years and a half. Mr. Graham was married February 1884 to Miss Maggie Shaw. Ten years have elapsed since that event but he has not changed his mind over the assertion that he has exceeded all his classmates is, that he got the best girl in America. They have four children.

We will now take up the history of the three lady Scientific members and afterwards resume the records of the lives of the gentlemen. Miss Belle Campbell spent the first five years after graduating, in teaching. She was married August 12, 1889, to Dr. F. Donaldson, Jr., of Greenville, Pa. Their home was made happy with the presence of two children, a boy and a girl. One of the saddest items to note in this history is a change wrought in this home by the death of Dr. Donaldson. Mrs. Donaldson has been teaching the past years assisting her brother Rev. Campbell at Pawnee City, Nebraska. She replies to my letter of inquiry, that this change of country and attention to the work of teaching has been beneficial to her health and spirits, and asks

me when I come to her name in the list to say but little, expressing the hope that her joys have been the joys of all, her sorrows the lot of none.

Miss Luella Donnan has spent ten years, since graduating, in teaching, an occupation which she always intended to follow, and the attractiveness and interest of the reality have harmonized with the ideal she long ago pictured. Miss Donnan is a typical independent bachelor girl. An unencumbered, unselfish, helpfully disposed, energetic, cultured woman. She has devoted a large part of her time and earnings to the culture of her own mind and the improvement of others. She has given considerable time to the study of music, and has been a means of good to the communities where her lot has been cast in Chautauqua, temperance, missionary and literary organizations. For four years she has been president of the Lake Presbyterian Missionary Society; making repeated efforts to be relieved but failing, probably because Lake presbytery knows a good thing when it has it. Her greatest reason for thankfulness has been that her parents turned her life to high things by means of a course of instruction at Westminster. Her greatest pleasure, in thinking the thoughts of the world's great ones, and in co-operating in enterprises for a nobler humanity and a better world.

Miss Madge Golden graduated from the Cleveland Medical College, March 1895. She has but recently hung out her sign at Mansfield, Ohio, and writes me that she will be unable to attend this reunion by reason of a rush of business. Miss Golden spent a number of years traveling so extensively that she writes me that she could easier name the places where she had not been. She spent some time at Los Angeles, Cali-

fornia, and a season at Chase City, Virginia, teaching the prospective colored preachers arithmetic and the Shorter Catechism. She says that on the strength of having taught theology to these ministerial brethren Dr. Witherspoon promised to procure her the degree of Doctor of Divinity, but she has failed as yet to hear from the Board. Two years were spent as editor of a paper at Wooster, Ohio, after which she concluded to quit writing death notices for the general public and prepared to write them up for the board of health. Consequently she took up the study of medicine. In answer to my printed question she says that she is not married, that in the last few years she has frequently bought a man, but that he has always proved to be a dead man, and being of generous turn of mind she has cut him up and shared with her classmates. She looked forward during college days to teaching not with any special pleasure, but reconciled to it as a necessity, hoping some day to be able to take a trip to Europe as a compensation for the sacrifice the following such a profession required of her. She is exceedingly thankful to Providence for opening up to her another line of life, fuller and richer and happier than anything she ever dared hope for.

The next gentleman in the list is William James Golden, eldest brother of Miss Madge Golden. This gentleman maintained his place at all times at the head of the class and in graduating, divided the first honor with John McNaugher. Possessed of a wonderful memory and fine, intellectual powers, hard study was not for Golden a necessity, and yet he was the most striking example of persistent, uninterrupted hard work which our class, or any class afforded.

He followed out the text-book course undiverted by the call of physical culture or social pleasures. The largest physical effort he ever put forth was a very meek though hurried walk from his room to the boarding house, and frequently when he was specially engrossed with a subject, he forgot to take that. During the meeting of the General Assembly many of the rest of us who had as yet not yielded to the New Wilmington standard of morality, in so far as related to rights of property in poultry were, temporarily led astray by the peculiar temptations of that period and we lived on the fat of the land, roast turkeys and mince pies dropped from the eating room of the General Assembly on the third story of the college building to catchers previously located under the proper windows. Golden resisted even this influence which led all others astray, and confined himself to the substantial though somewhat familiar and economical diet of the McFarland club. It was decidedly unfair for the rest of us to have to compete with Golden, for unlike the rest of his class and the rest of his family, the development of his powers was not simultaneous but by turns, each period including a considerable number of years. His mental development took place at Westminster college, he developed socially at Xenia Seminary, and he has developed physically and in other requisites of a well rounded man during the later years of pastoral life. He has recently taken a course of physical culture and oratory at King's School, Pittsburg. He writes me as an impression of the past, "How impractical is that man whom college aside from other influences starts out in the world." To those who knew him in college an animated mind without a body, to see him now and recognize the well rounded fully devel-

oped capable scholarly man is a pleasure and a surprise. Mr. Golden was married to Flora L. Ashenhurst, Nov. 1887. He has preached one year at California, and recently resigned after nine years successful pastorate the congregation of Service, Pennsylvania.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMENCEMENT OF 1895.

The exercises of Commencement week were informally opened on Saturday night by the graduating exercises of the Adelpheic Literary Society. Judge S. H. Miller was the speaker of the evening.

On Sabbath morning Rev. W. I. Wishart, of Allegheny, Pa., delivered the annual sermon to the Christian Association of the college.

On Sabbath evening, at 7:30, in the 2nd U. P. Church, President Ferguson preached the baccalaureate sermon. His text was John 16:32; "Yet I am not alone, because the father is with me." The following is but a brief sketch of the excellent sermon:

"In the record here given of Christ's experience and life, we may find an example and illustration of a human life, with its changing conditions and its abiding compensations—its human faithlessness and its divine unfailing fellowship. Consider, (1) the loneliness of a soul; (2) the compensations that relieve it.

(a) There is a loneliness to a soul of simple solitude, the absence of friend or fellow, when the soul would sink within itself and die, were it not for the fact that the Infinite is a spirit kindred to our own from whose imminent presence we are never away. (b) There is the loneliness of decision. Anywhere, in any life there may be the occasion,

suddenly or slowly matured, of heroic action. (c) There is the loneliness of desertion, the bitterest of all, when one is forsaken of all companions and friends, when they prove false and faithless and abandon him to his fate—to failure or to doom. (1) The divine companionship that brings relief in every lonely hour, "The Father is with me." This same companionship with the Father is open to every human soul.

This companionship of the Father is a source of comfort in loneliness of Jacob at Bethel, Henry Martyn and Livingstone in the closing hours of their lives. This companionship is not only valuable for comfort, but for support, as witnessed in the experiences of all God's saints. It means success as well. God is with every faithful servant, and will at last bring forth his righteous as a light, and his judgment as the noonday. To the graduating class an earnest plea was made urging them to a life along the line of Christ's life with close and conscious fellowship with the Father.

The class-day exercises were held on Monday at 2 p. m., and at 8 p. m., the Senior class in music gave their graduating recital. At the close of the recital the Seniors and Juniors ceremoniously smoked the Pipe of Peace on the College Campus. The orators of the occasion were, J. D. Gibson, of Baldwin, Pa., for the Seniors, and Chas. McKenzie, of New Kensington, N. Y., for the Juniors.

The annual business meeting of the Alumni Association took place in the College Chapel on Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. Rev. J. Q. McDowell, in the absence of the president and vice president, was elected chairman, pro-tem. The endowment committee reported the sum of nearly \$9,000 secured towards the endowment of the Alumni

Chair. It recommended—and at a special meeting on Wednesday morning the recommendation was heartily endorsed by the Association that while the committee continue its present mode of securing its subscriptions to the fund, during the present year it return to the original plan of raising the endowment through the personal contributions and interest of the Alumni. The financial agent, Rev. J. H. Veazy; was authorized to represent the Association in this work among the alumni and friends of the college. The following committee on the endowment was chosen for the year: Rev. John McNaugher, D. D., Rev. I. T. Wright, Jas. W. Collins, Esq., Rev. J. K. McClurkin, D. D., Rev. W. B. Smiley, S. B. Donaldson, Esq., Rev. J. A. Reed, Hon. J. M. Martin, Rev. C. H. Robinson.

The Association also took unanimous action in suggesting that the faculty, with the literary societies, adopt some plan, if possible by which special subjects will be considered in the societies for a certain length of time, thus concentrating and solidifying the work of the societies in a more helpful and profitable manner than in the present indefinite, aimless way. The following appointments were made for the ensuing year; Rev. D. R. McDonald; Vice Pres., D. W. McNaugher; Rec. Sec., Miss Mary Cowden; Cor. Sec., Miss Ina M. Hanna; Treas., Rev. John McNaugher, D. D.; Executive Committee: Rev. S. M. Black, Miss Ina M. Hanna, Emma Mehard; Historian for 1896, S. B. Donaldson; Orator, Rev. James Parker; Essayist, Mrs. McIntosh; Poet, Rev. O. G. McDowell; member of the board of trustees, Rev. M. M. Patterson.

On Tuesday evening at 4 o'clock the Christian Associations held a social and reunion with the alumni in the college. The

alumni of these associations always rejoice in the spiritual as well as temporal prosperity of our College. The Alumni reunion took place in the 2nd Church on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at which there was a very large attendance. The exercises were opened with music and prayer.

Judge S. S. Mehard was the orator of the evening and gave a most earnest, pleasing and practical address on the object of a College Education or what a College should be. His speech was timely and instructive.

Both the poet and essayist were absent and the only other performance of the evening was the history of the class of '80 which was prepared and read by Rev. Howard S. Wilson, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., which shewed much pains taking care and time in its preparation and was entertaining and well received.

Commencement day was hot and dusty, but before the time set for the beginning of the program, the campus was filled with people. Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell opened with a very appropriate prayer, after which began the literary part of the program in the essays and orations of the Class of '95.

In the evening at 8 o'clock, the last of the exercises of commencement week took place, the Junior Contest in Oratory. This was won by W. D. Gamble, of Jamestown, Pa., with E. L. Ralston, second. Thus the day closed and another prosperous year was ended.

THE GRADUATING RECITAL.

From the large audience assembled it was at once evident that great interest was taken in music, and that much was expected from the conservatory graduates.

Prof. Hahn knows how to make the best of the means at hand, and had arranged the numbers in such a way that great variety was obtained, and the audience, from what we are able to see and hear, seemed delighted with the entire evening.

The great Military Polonaise of Chopin arranged for eight hands, was the opening number, and was performed with spirit and dignity by the four graduates in piano.

Miss Nelson followed with a florid vocal solo, in which she out-did her former efforts.

Miss Dunn added to her reputation as a brilliant pianist in the Reinecke Balade, which seemed well adapted to her style and powers.

The vocal duet "In the Forest" by Curschmann was very well liked, Prof. and Mrs. Hahn have a reputation for their duet singing, and upon this occasion they were recalled.

"Spinnled" with its beautiful inner melody, supported by a delicate accompaniment in rolling chords, was charmingly done by Miss Elliott, who played from memory.

Miss Winn played "Serenade de Ballet" by De Beriot, with excellent taste and expression, and won a well deserved encore.

When anyone other than a great artist attempts such a comprehensive work as Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31 No. 3, one fears for the success of the performer, but Miss Black played the whole sonata with an abandon that characterizes the artist.

The next number was the Marsch Militaire of Schubert-Tausig. This piece, abounding in technical difficulties, was performed by Miss Robb.

The Holy City, when sung with that warmth of feeling and phrasing that Prof. Hahn throws into it, is a great favorite with New Wilmington audiences, and barring the forgetting of the words for a moment, it was given in his usual effective manner, and was well received.

The evening closed with *Ventre e Terre* for eight hands, which proved one of the favorites of commencement week, the four piano graduates being asked to repeat it upon another evening.

THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

EDITORS.

L. M. WRIGHT, '96	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
J. H. LETCH, '96	ASSISTANT.
LYDA B. LAKE, '97	
W. D. GAMBLE, '96	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
GEORGIANNA ORR, '96	
J. C. HANLEY, '97	LOCAL.
W. L. McCONNELL, '96	ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.
LYDA B. LAKE, '97	
W. D. GAMBLE, '96	MUSIC AND ART.
MARGARET POMEROY, '97	EXCHANGES.
H. S. GILL, '95	BUSINESS MANAGER.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

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Information solicited concerning the Alumni or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

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September 1895.

USHERS are needed in Chapel. Perry has too much to do on Sabbath evenings and it would be well if the Faculty would either appoint several young men to assist Mr. Kuhn, or ask one of the classes to take it in charge.

WE regret that this issue is behind time, but we had some difficulty in securing our material and as a change of publishers has been made, it has taken a little longer to put out the paper. This year, THE HOLCAD will be published by the *New Wilmington Globe* and we expect better and quicker work than usual.

A NEW Chapel we must have soon. The students, alone, almost fill it, and when a few friends come in, it is uncomfortably filled. The necessity of such a building has long been felt, and if some kind friend of

our college would erect upon a corner of our campus building, large enough for a Chapel and Library, he would leave a monument which would last and would benefit many after the death of the benefactor.

BECAUSE of lack of space we are compelled to leave several articles until our next issue. We ask for the hearty co-operation of Faculty and students in making our College paper a success. Help us by contributions, both of money and of literary articles. The latter is fully as important as the former in publishing a successful paper.

NOTICE—To Alumni—During the past summer the Librarian of our college spent much time in seeking to complete all the volumes of the HOLCAD since the first issue. As these volumes are much used in the Library and we have no way of renewing them should any be worn out, it was thought best to bind duplicate volumes. This has been done as far as possible, but a few numbers are still lacking. Will any of our Alumni who have any of the missing numbers please send them immediately to the Librarian, Prof. John Mitchell. The missing numbers are Vol. II, all except 1, 7, 18, 19. Vol. IV, 1, 2, 6, 8, 10. Vol. V, 2, 3, 10. Vol VIII, 5, 10. Vol. XI, 2.

To look into our chapel during morning prayers would impress anyone with the fact that our students take an interest in the exercises. It is an interesting sight to look upon so many bright faces and feel that they will be the bone and sinew of our land. But one thing mars our chapel exercises and we would like to make a suggestion in regard to it. During prayers, either we should all

stand or we should all remain seated and bow our heads. Some definite rule should be followed, not a few standing, a few bowing their heads and the rest sitting upright. We think it would be better if all would bow the head during this part of the devotions.

It is exceedingly gratifying to be able to note in this initial number of the Holcad for another year the great advance in prices and the consequent stimulation to production in all lines of trade in this country compared with that of last year. The great business depression, and paralyzation of the past two years seem to have passed away and a new era of prosperity has dawned upon the people. It is to be hoped that the present increasing prosperity will not induce wild and dangerous speculation in business, and thus bring on another period of depression and disaster as has been the case in all other similar periods of prosperity. It is also to be hoped that the working men will have learned such lessons from the experiences through which they have passed during the past two years, that they will live more providently and endeavor to lay by some of their earnings for the rainy days of adversity in the future, should they ever come to them.

As no attempt is made by anyone to deny the existence of fraternities in our college, we think it is well to bring to the notice of our new students the following article taken from the *United Presbyterian* of September 19. "To our young men now entering college we commend these words of King David to his son Solomon: "Be thou strong and show thyself a man." Show thyself a man, in study, in deportment, in your rela-

tion to your teachers, in your intercourse with your fellow students. Put yourself in no position, in which you cannot act the part of a candid, a truthful, an honest, a manly man. Keep aloof from all cliques and clans. You cannot be a man, in David's sense of the word, by clandestinely joining with others with the view of securing personal advantage at the expense of fellow students. A society that exists in violation of college law, and hides itself from the inspection of the faculty, is not one to which a manly student should belong. Young man, do not be a sneak!" While the above words are addressed to the young men, yet it is advice which should be heeded by the young ladies also. The address of Dr. Ferguson to the students in reference to this important matter should be heeded, as the fraternities in Westminster College are not and cannot be of any moral, intellectual or spiritual benefit to the members, nor do they exert a good influence upon our college and church.

THE fair Summer days of vacation have passed away and September—the first month of Autumn—is with us once more. In this region or country it is one of the pleasantest months of the whole year—It is our border-land month lying between the fervid heats of summer and the chilling frosts of later Autumn, between the fading beauties of August and the crimson glories of October and November. As for the educational world it may well be called the first month of the year—for it is then that our Schools, Colleges, Academies and Seminaries by the hundred, open wide their doors to the children and youth of the land for another year's study, and training along the

line of literary acquirement; and the pedagogue becomes the ruling sovereign among the people. This is American and is the foundation stone of our free institutions. So long as our free system of schools gives a general, rudimentary, practical education of the masses, and our colleges and academies supplement this by giving a higher and more extended training to all who may desire it, and can pay for it, we will have an intelligent patriotic and self-governing people. It is certainly a revelation, and a humiliating one too, to those of us enjoying and boasting of the educational advancement of the State to learn from Superintendent Shaffer that Pennsylvania stands eleventh among the States in length of school terms, and twenty-eighth in salaries paid teachers, while in the matter of aid to higher education she stands lower than any State North of Mason and Dixon's line. Such a condition of things is certainly surprising to most of us and should lead our educators to some hard thinking and vigorous action in order to remedy it.

WITHIN the past few days particulars have been received in this country of a terrible disaster which has overwhelmed all the Missionary stations in Western China. The stations were attacked by furious mobs and looted and destroyed without a single exception. One hundred and forty-six Missionaries, men and women, are driven out of the province with the loss of everything and only after traveling hundreds of miles amidst the greatest dangers and most terrible sufferings are they able to reach places of safety. The feeling of the people is very bitter against the Missionaries and it may be a long time before it is possible and

safe for them to return again to their work. This is certainly sad and discouraging news to receive concerning the Mission work of the church in that dark and needy land, and especially at a time like the present, when there is such a growing interest in Missions particularly among our young people.

But is it not just what might be expected from the people of that country for the unfair and unjust treatment they have received from our Nation. When a nation like the United States, professing to be a Christian Nation, governed by the principles of the Golden rule religion which our Missionaries are trying to teach the heathen, will deliberately and unjustly, for political purposes, discriminate against a foreign people, trample upon their rights and persecute them, as she has done to the Chinese, just because they will not become citizens and vote as the tools of the controlling corrupt political parties, as other foreigners do, is it to be wondered at if these same people, when they have the power, give us a taste of the same kind of medicine by persecuting and expelling our Missionaries as white foreigners? In truth they have more reason and justice on their side, for the foreign Missionary seeks to break down their religious and established customs and supplant them by introducing their own; while the Chinaman in this country, neither tries to interfere with our religion and customs, nor seeks to introduce his own. He simply desires the inalienable right of Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Sad and deplorable as it was we cannot but feel that the conduct of the Chinese mob against the expelled Missionaries, when weighed in a just and impartial balance, will appear more commendable, than that of the government

of these United States in its infamous legislation concerning the Chinese.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

There is an article in the September *Evangel* entitled "What the College Association Means to College Girls" which we would recommend to all, especially the ladies, to read.

Our Y. W. C. A. Bible classes have been organized into two divisions, but we expect to subdivide these. As yet the course of study has not been definitely decided upon but for our first lesson we study the chapter on Christian love, 1st Cor. XIII. We hope that all the girls will join our Bible classes. It is scarcely possible to lay too much stress upon the importance of Bible study or upon these Bible classes.

The delegates, whom we sent to Northfield summer conference, have come back to us filled with new ideas for work. Our association has already received an impetus from them.

We feel very much encouraged in our association work by the large attendance at our prayer meetings. They were never before so well attended. This shows, we think, an awakened interest among the girls. But yet there are some who do not come. To you we extend a most cordial invitation to attend.

MUSIC.

The time of Prof. Hahn and his assistant is fast filling up, and there is every indication that this year will be the most successful one in the history of the Conservatory.

Owing to the increased number of ladies at the hall taking music, additional facilities for practice had to be provided.

Quite a number are becoming interested in the study of harmony, and the theory of music is general. Three classes are sustained and accommodations are thus secured for students in all grades.

Miss Emma D. Elliott, of the Class of '95 Conservatory of Music, leaves shortly for Cincinnati, where she will continue her studies in music.

Mr. Charles E. Trainer has taken up the study of voice in connection with piano and harmony.

While in Chicago during vacation, Prof. Hahn made arrangements with the great pianist and composer, Mr. Seeböck for a grand recital sometime during the year.

Miss Anna M. Dunn, Class '95 Conservatory of Music, has accepted a position in some school for this year, but we have not learned what institution. She will doubtless succeed.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

We feel gratified with the prospects before us at the opening of the year. The older members of the association are entering upon the work with a commendable enthusiasm, and many of the new students have joined our ranks. They also manifest an earnestness in this work.

Bible classes will be conducted throughout the year. Two courses of study are offered, one on the Life of Christ, the other on the Life of Paul.

Many students have given in their names for these classes. We hope to have a profitable and interesting study of the lives of

their two Bible characters that have been such a moulding force in shaping the world's history.

The Bible is certainly entitled to a place in the studies of the student, and each one should have a period in his daily schedule for such a study.

We hope to have several good classes in Bible study and invite all students to join with us.

The classes will be taught by students, and will meet on Sabbath afternoon.

We expect a visit from College Secretary Beaver, in the near future.

The two Christian Associations of the College gave a reception for new students on the first Friday evening of the term. After a short program was carried out, the evening was spent in getting the new students acquainted. We thus spent a pleasant evening together.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES.

C. A. MERA.

Did you see the Columbus Exhibit? If not, visit the museum where most of it has been displayed.

Nothing but words of praise and admiration were heard when the visitors beheld Westminster's exhibit at the Institute. The photographic work of the students was especially enjoyed. Now for the next Young People's Institute.

The gallery has been repaired during vacation and is now better fitted for work than ever before. If you have a camera you want to get permission to use the gallery.

If you have never experienced the pleasure of making a picture, you want to learn.

Now is the best time. Don't forget to join the camera club.

For many good reasons Prof. Thompson has found it necessary to issue a new set of rules for the use of the gallery. These will be found posted in the gallery. A few of the most important are given below.

1. Persons who wish to use the gallery must first procure a ticket from Miss Hanna. Cost of ticket 50 cents a term. This entitles holder to use of gallery four days each week and also the use of all apparatus.

2. Developing trays and printing frames must be purchased by students. When student desires, printing frames will be bought back.

3. Persons using locker must deposit 50 cents for a key, where there are two, one dollar, where there is one. This deposit will be refunded when keys are returned.

4. Plates, printing paper and other supplies needed for work may be purchased from Miss Hanna on Mondays, Wednesday's and Fridays at 1:30 P. M. All sales are cash.

All the students that added photography to their list of accomplishments last year are delighted. There is nothing quite so nice. Snap,—A fine view, then to the dark room. Watch the change. What a mystery! There it comes. See that tree. Done. Clear it in hypo. It dries. Then it is proofed. How nice! Printed, toned, washed, mounted, dried, burnished. What a beautiful Picture! Was it worth all that trouble? Try it and see.

WESTMINSTER LECTURE COURSE.

SEASON '95-'96.

The lecture committee have made the fol-

lowing selection of talent for this season.

Rev. Robt. Nourse (dramatic) Oct. 25; Hon. Henry Hall, Nov. 14; Wilczek Grand Concert Co. Nov. 27; H. H. Pagan, (Illustrated), Jan. 17; Polk Miller (Impersonator,) Feb. 18; Swedish Concert Co., March 6; John Temple Graves, Dec. 9.

If the funds will warrant the expenditure an additional entertainment will be added, without additional cost to holders of course tickets.

The committee in choosing talent have sought to get new people who are both entertaining and instructive. Some of these have appeared this year at Chautauqua, which is a recommendation in itself, and were well received. The others are well known and the committee have taken pains to get the opinions of others as to their desirability for our course. Lecture bureaus and their agents realize that Westminster college wants the best entertainments and they have no desire to put poor talent on the course.

Robt. Nourse, who opens the course here October 21, was educated for the stage. He is said to be a born actor and has been well received in many cities and in some of the best colleges in the land. He will probably give either "Dr. Jekyll and Hyde" or "Napoleon—The Jekyll and Hyde of History." Either of these will be especially interesting in view of the comparatively recent death of Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the great revival of interest in the history of Napoleon and his time.

LOCALS.

Last year's class was unusually large but in regard to numbers it is not missed this Fall.

Good-by to vacation!

Our little town is awakened from its slumbers by the hurrying to and fro of students and shouts a hearty welcome to all.

'-I want to get an old horse (Horace)'' is the cry of the Sophomores.

Old students have nearly all returned and over ninety new faces are welcomed to the class rooms. Good prospects for the new year at Westminster.

Miss Alice Elliott will assist Prof. McLaughry in the German department this year. They spent the summer at Chautauqua and besides the much needed rest have been receiving new ideas for the coming year.

Prof. J. R. Millen, president of Knoxville College, paid a short visit to his Alma Mater a few days ago and gave us a speech in chapel.

One of the Seniors is quite lonely this year; his condition is quite sad. Mr. B.—you have our sympathies in your loss.

The favorite song at the Hall now is, "O, dat Watermillion am very very fine." Some beds have been strewn with seeds and by next year a large crop is expected.

Many of the students attended the C. E. social of the Second Church held at the home of Mrs. Alexander on Monday evening. It was much enjoyed by all.

Miss Martha Speer '97 and Miss Anne Caldwell '96 are not in school this term.

On Sabbath evening the report of the Columbus convention given by the C. E. societies of the First and Second churches took the place of chapel. Interesting reports were given in the First church.

The new Chemistry building is nearing

completion and adds much to the appearance of our college grounds.

Miss Laura McClure suffered from a severe illness during the entire summer vacation, and it is regretted by all that she is unable to take her place with the 'dignified' Seniors, but we are glad to know that her health is improving and hope soon to hear her merry voice among the others.

Miss Hodgen's will be unable to take charge of the Art department until October. Miss Olive Green, of New Castle, is for the present filling her position.

Many of the members of the Class of '95 are this Fall receiving the dignified title of "Professor."

The young people's societies of the two United Presbyterian churches held a union meeting on the evening of Sabbath, September 8, in the First church, at which very interesting reports of the Columbus convention were read by the delegates—Misses Barnes, Thompson and Spencer and Mr. McElree.

Football has already begun to attract the boys to the athletic field. Manager McConnell has succeeded in getting a goodly number of players to come to Westminster, and he expects to have the winning team of Western Pennsylvania. Captain Taggart has them working hard on new plays and getting the signals down fine. There is also some excellent material for a second team.

Westminster is growing in every direction, but not as fast as some think. During the past summer, Dr. Ferguson received a letter addressed to "The Dean," Westminster University.

Miss Duncan, a former student, has returned to Westminster.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of Westminster.
 When fond recollections recalls them to view
 The Greek room, the Campus, the Hall on the Hillside,
 The dear little girls who dwell therein, too.

Miss Elizabeth Duncan, who spent last year in Ann Arbor University, is with us this year and also her sister.

Rev. W. M. Barr, of Central Falls, R. I., preached in the 1st U. P. church on Sabbath Sept. 15.

W. B. Anderson '94, W. H. Fulton '94, Walter Lindsay '87 were in town for a few days.

Miss Mary Kuhn will teach this year in Lexington, Ky., and Miss Edith Taylor in Austin, Texas. The former leaves for the South on September 20 and the latter about September 23.

Prof. Freeman has the infant class of the college. He considers that his colts are doing well and are slowly but surely grasping the 1st Calculus.

After vacation—football.

Manager Pierce was in town a few days on business connected with base ball—also pleasure not connected with base ball. He says prospects are good for a better team this year than we had last.

McConnell never goes out at night, unless the moon is shining. For the reason, ask Peacock, who "got it straight."

The young people's society of the First church, gave a social at the home of the Misses Thompson on the evening of the 9th. A large crowd was present and the evening was very delightfully spent.

Oscar Boyd, who was well known to many of our old students, died on Monday September 9 at Chicago. He was ill for about ten days with small-pox. He was well known in and about New Wilmington and was one of the best ball players in our village.

Miss Margaret Nelson '05, has room No. 2 in the public schools of this place.

Miss Mary Ferguson, who spent last year among friends in California returned home last week.

The Y. P. S. C. E., of the Second U. P. church, held a very enjoyable social at the home of Mrs. Alexander on the evening of the 9th.

W. T. Pierce has entered a law school in Philadelphia, where he expects to spend the coming winter. He intends to return to Westminster in the spring in order to manage the affairs of the base ball team.

W. B. Anderson, '94, visited his cousin Miss Madge Nelson, during the early part of the month. Miss Nelson is teaching in the public schools of New Wilmington.

Westminster had a good delegation at the Young People's Institute at Columbus. The number enrolled was 19, but there were several more who were not counted.

The new chemistry laboratory did not progress as rapidly during vacation as was expected. It will be ready for use by next term, however.

The halls are crowded with new students and in fact they constitute almost half of the entire student body. This speaks well for good old "Westminster" and with a hearty welcome to all and a shout of gladness to the good prospects for still more, we predict for the coming year one of the best that Westminster has ever seen. We give in this issue only a partial list of those entering.

Edith M. Cleh, of Primrose; Martha Reed and Edith Thompson, of Wheeler; Wm. A. Beggs and B. R. McKean, of New Bedford; Mary C. Black, of E. E. Pittsburg; Geo. H. Seville, of Bellevue; Monroe Witherspoon and Anna McFerron, of Allegheny; Will Stewart, of Moniteau; Donald McKim and Sam'l McKim, of Rankin; Melville Hubert, of Harmony; Matthew Swaney, of Hookstown; Geo. Dickson, of East Palestine, O.; Wm. Erskine, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Bertha G. Kemps and Anna McGill of Oakdale; Nellie Haw

thorne of Hoagland; Arthur Reed, of Bugetts-town; Frank Miller, Jas. W. Scott of Andes N. Y.; Wm. H. Hill, of Culmerville; George C. Lake, of Saltsburg; Mary C. Turner, of Wilkinsburg; Leeper McLane, of West Point, O.; Emile Brodie, of Caledonia, N. Y.; T. P. Shira, of North Washington; Walter Marshall of Mairs; Belle Duff, Roy Long and J. P. Lockart, of New Castle; Anna A. McClay, of Washington; Leila Belle Reed and Amanda McDowell, of Neshannock Falls; Martha K. McBride and Essie E. Wilson, of North Star; Anna Duncan, of Dunlar; Emma A. Swain, of Sheffield; Zenista McC. Moore and Abigail McJ. Moore, of Peoria Ill.; Mabelle O. Irons and Harold M. Irons, of McDonald; Bertha S. Dickson, of Midway; Isabel Harper of Titusville; Harry E. Baird and Thomas Jones, of Sharon; Alys M. Martin, of Westford; Paul C. Gault, of Worth; Moore G. Jerrow, of Newark N. J.; Eda B. Nichol, of Indiana; Hugh S. Shaw of Princeton; W. B. Purvis, of Butler; Orris Fisher and Jas. S. Wilson, of Rose Point; J. C. Gillfillan, of East Brook; Eleanor Gamble, of Masiertown; Eleanor B. Gamble Sara Alice Fairfield, Elizabeth G. Smith, Martha Redmon, Mary Mealy, Rose M. Brown, Wm. McNaughton, John C. Morse, Frank Wright, Chester McCrumb, Wm. Cummings, Jessie Elliott, Pearl Williams, Mary S. Porter, Mary Means Miriam E. Morse, Bessie Stearns and George Chapin, of New Wilmington.

Prof. Mitchell spent the summer at his home in working up the interests of the college.

The Dormitory has more occupants than usual, notwithstanding the fact that the Senior class of last year took away so many.

Dr. Ferguson had no time to rest during vacation but spent his time in lecturing at Newburgh, Conneaut and other places of interest.

The Gymnasium is being refitted and compulsory attendance may be expected by the students soon.

Prof. McElree spent the summer at the hot springs of Arkansas and Prof. Freeman spent awhile at Chautauqua.

Miss Emma Elliott expects to study music at Cincinnati this winter.

The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. gave their first social of the year in Adelphic Hall on Friday evening September 6. A large crowd was present and after enjoying the short musical program and a few earnest words from Dr. Ferguson and the presidents of the

Association all proceeded to have a good time. Each student was a committee on introduction and did his part well.

Some students who have not been with us for some time are this year welcomed to our ranks. Among these are Misses Elizabeth Duncan, Alda Kraaer and Elizabeth Williams and Messrs. Robert Veach, R. W. Walker, R. M. Clark, John Pomeroy and H. C. Chambers.

Not much difficulty in securing good room mates is noticed at the Dormitory this year since five of the girls have their sisters with them.

EXCHANGES.

AS THE GIRLS SEE IT.

I took the gentle Anabel
To see a foot-ball game,
And thus unto a friend of hers
Did she describe the same:
"Oh, May, you should have seen them play,
'Twas such a lovely sight!
And though the first game I had seen
I understood it quite.
"First came the Yales, all dressed in blue,
Then Harvard came in red
One fellow, the rest all tried
To jump upon his head.
"And then one fellow stopped and stooped,
And all the rest got round;
And every fellow stopped and stooped,
And looked hard at the ground:
"And then the other fellow yelled
And each man where he stood
Just hit and struck and knocked and kicked
At every one he could.
"And then one fell upon his neck
And all the others ran
And on his prone and prostrate form
Leaped every blessed man.
"And then the ambulance drove on,
And, loaded up with men
With twisted necks and broken limbs,
Went driving off again.
"Oh, foot-ball is just the game!
It cannot be surpassed,
But yet it really is a shame
To use men up so fast. —Exchange.

The *Wooster Voice* comes to us with the announcement of a term begun with most flattering prospects with new students, new teachers and new buildings, calling special attention to Mr. Davis, the new teacher in Oratory. The students expect to give the Oratorio Chorus, Handel's *Messiah* at the beginning of the Christmas season.

"There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness! Love not pleasure, love God. This is the everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whose walks and works, it is well with him."—*Sartor Resartus*

"Work to satisfy thine own nature, thine innermost craving for truths, beauty and love,—not to please another."—*Ex*

"Thou mayst not be an artist who works in stone or on canvas, or who breathes harmonious numbers, but an artist thou shouldst become, in the ceaseless effort to fashion thy own life into the likeness of what is true, beautiful and good."—*Ex*

"Good humor is one of the best articles of dress that one can wear in society."—*Ex*.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* contains a very interesting account of the Jubilee exercises held in connection with the commencement, the University having lived for half a century. Many excellent sermons and addresses by the Alumni and others of prominence are in this number. Among these are "Liberal Education and the church" by the most Rev. John Ireland, D. D. "The University and its work" by the Hon. Claude Matthews, Governor of Indiana; also several Commencement Orations, I clip the following from "The Making of One's Self" by the Rt. Rev. J. Lancet Spalding D.

D. "Be thy own rival, comparing thyself and striving day by day to be self-surpassed. If thy own little room is well lighted the whole world is less dark. If thou art busy seeking intellectual and moral illumination and strength, thou shalt easily be contented. Higher place would mean less liberty, less opportunity to become thyself. The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use, not of what we have chosen, but of what is forced upon us. To occupy one's self with trifles weans from the habit of work more effectually than idleness. Perfect skill comes of talent, study and exercise; and, study and exercise must continue through the whole course of life. To cease to earn is to learn freshness and the power, to interest. We lack will, rather than strength; are able to do more and better than we are inclined to do; and say we cannot because we have not the courage to say we will not. Happy are they, who from earliest youth understand the meaning of duty, and hearken to the stern but all—reasonable voice of this daughter of God, the smile upon whose face is the fairest, thing we know.

A minister startled his audience, a few Sabbaths ago, by saying, "I have forgotten my notes and shall have to trust to Providence; but this evening I will come better prepared."—*Ex*.

"Poverty is uncomfortable as I can testify; but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim."—*President Garfield*

"I'd hate to be in your shoes" said a woman quarreling with her neighbor. "You couldn't get in them was the answer."

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CONTENTS.

The Chief Factor in our National Life,	-	-	-	-	-	1
Collectivism—Is it Practicable?	-	-	-	-	-	3
Henry VIII,	-	-	-	-	-	5
Mound Builders,	-	-	-	-	-	7
Athletics,	-	-	-	-	-	8
College World,	-	-	-	-	-	9
Editorial Notes,	-	-	-	-	-	10
Locals,	-	-	-	-	-	13
Exchanges,	-	-	-	-	-	16

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VOL. XII.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOVEMBER, 1895.

NO. 3.

"THE CHIEF FACTOR IN OUR NATIONAL LIFE."

To the question: "What constitutes a State? history has returned many answers. The downfall and destruction of foreign nations, after a period of apparent prosperity, reveals the fact that such nations were built upon weak foundations.

Our own nation has enjoyed an almost unparalleled degree of prosperity, yet with all its pomp and glory, it is blighted with evils which are ever contending for the supremacy and which is tending to weaken the strong government of which it boasts. Can it be that we, too, like ancient Carthage and Rome is destined to flourish for a time only to wither away? Can it be that the evils that threaten our national life will eventually cause our destruction? True: Our glory is great, but our dangers are many. Thus there is implanted within the heart of man a sense of joy and hope intermingled with that of fear. With such a feeling of admiration and awe was the poet filled when he wrote these lines:

"Thou too, sail on, O ship of State.

Sail on, O Union, strong and great."

And so to-day, in view of the dangers which beset our ship of state, might well the question be asked? "Can thou stand amidst the tumults and turmoils which threaten thee? Is thy defence able to carry thee through the impending crisis?

Much has been the enterprise; many have been the achievements of man to furnish necessary protection against the existing evils that surround us.

The insufficiency of human agencies to satisfy the varied wants and conditions of humanity, presents a living picture. Upon the great scene of the world's activity there may be seen arising, one by one the different elements which have aided the progress of civilization. And first there appears claiming recognition as a national safeguard, government; with its laws defining the rights and principles; with its courts, meting out justice to the oppressed and punishment to the oppressors; but from a world of oppression, unrest and discontent, from a mass of suffering humanity, there arises a cry, almost of despair, saying: "Thou art strong and powerful, yet not infallible." And again there appears another: Education, that mighty power, which, not content with the superficial, reaches high up into the heavens in its researches, and dives down deep into the recesses of the earth, in its hungry curiosity, but, again from that same source of discontent there is heard that same cry of despair: "Thou, O mighty power! which hast set a world on fire! Thou art strong and powerful in the uplifting of man, yet utterly powerless to sever from us these chains of bondage." And as these elements appear, one by one,

in rapid succession, mankind ceases not to send up that same wail of dissatisfaction. Now all the world seems to be wrapped, as it were, in darkness. Everything that has yet appeared has proved helpful and beneficial to man, yet nothing has been able of itself to satisfy all his wants or to remove the injustice to which he is subject. Yet there lingers a single hope. In the midst of this seeming darkness there exists a light which has been shining brighter and brighter down through the succeeding ages; a light the luster of which far excels the luster of the stars in yonder sky; a light whose brilliancy far surpasses that of the sun of nature. And now again, high above and independent of all the others, there appears a face, the calmness of which seems to speak peace to the troubled world. It is the face of a mighty monarch, who by one stroke of his pen can command the support of a nation. It is rather the vision of a far more imposing personage, even the "King of Kings," "The Prince of Peace" whose mission is to proclaim "peace on earth" and to prepare man for a habitation in realms of perpetual bliss. Now that cry which was that of despair, has been substituted by a song of joy and cheer, a shout of triumph; a shout though at first weak and almost silent has increased powerfully with every approach of the morning dawn, saying: Thou art sufficient, for Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom." The ages move on in rapid succession, generation succeeding generation, but that same unchanging vision continues to cast an influence over the lives of men. Years come and go, but that same shining light of Christianity continues to mark the progress of civilization, moulding the sentiments and institutions of nations, leavening the laws and literature of the land. In all ages of the world na-

tions have had their gods before whose shrine men were led to bow in reverence; even the worship of the false deities of the Pagans did not fail, it is said, to have its civilizing effects, by giving a stimulus to intellectual and moral advancement and thereby in preparing the way for a higher standard of civilization. The great stronghold of Paganism has tottered and fallen, and upon its remains has been reared the towering wall of Christianity, the beacon light of liberty, acting as the sun giving light and energy; the moral sun, dispelling, as it were, the darkness of superstition and doubt, leading men out of the vain world of selfishness, exciting his interests in the sublime; directing his ambitions toward the perfect; holding before his view a perfect ideal until his own little being is lost in insignificance. The cross with its memories grows not dim with age, but by its influence artists have been incited to feats of marvelous skill, and poets inspired to writings of lofty sentiment. As in the individual, so in the national life has there been a growing tendency towards refinement and culture, throwing about the great body of mankind a shield against the evil of selfishness, seeking to establish the one grand Brotherhood of Man, which obliterates every distinction of rank and verifies that true declaration, once proclaimed to the world that "all men are created free and equal."

Human energies, no longer dormant, are stimulated to activity. Thus were the atrocities of human cruelty betrayed and a nation's conscience aroused from its lethargy; then was one of the greatest evils of modern times banished forever; a standing memorial to liberty and equity. Other civilizing elements under the direct influence and power of Christianity have been fostered and strengthened.

Our first president gave expression to the closeness of the relationship existing between government and religion, when in that farewell address, he said, "Of all the dispositions and habits which led to political prosperity, religion and morality are the indispensable supports. * * * * Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in our courts of justice?"

Eliminate the moral principle from all intellectual culture and the mighty arm of education loses much of its power.

One has said: "Were there no hope for humanity but that which art, letters, and intellectual culture produces, despotism and skepticism would rule the whole earth, and the hope of moral progress, of human freedom, of human happiness might be abandoned forever."

Great advantages involve responsibility. Liberty and equity are not the insignia on all national banners. Countless multitudes in the dark corners of the earth are plunged in the depths of ignorance and superstition.

"Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny."

Go to them and by the power of education, open their eyes and quicken their intellect. You will have done much toward the uplifting of helpless man. But, again go and carry to them the precious gospel of peace and liberty. Point to them the Savior of the world; teach to them that: "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and that nations yet unborn will rise to join in plaudits of praise to thy name, and a world of darkness and superstition will have attained the highest possible degree of civilization.

COLLECTIVISM—IS IT PRACTICABLE.

Among the great questions that have been agitating the minds of philosophers for ages past, is that of equality of social conditions. It is as old as history and as far reaching as civilization. The ends for which it strives to-day, remain the same as they were when Moses was leading the wandering Israelites through the wilderness and when Isaiah was communicating the messages from on high to the Hebrews. The removal of the deep abyss which has ever existed between the rich and the poor, is a task, which Socialism, old and powerful as it is, may well concede as impossible to be accomplished. The methods which have been employed in the attempts to attain this end, have been many and varied, and in every case depended upon one process, either of evolution or revolution. Because of the frequent use of the latter process and the extreme results which it produces, Socialism has never yet held the high position which its theory merits, and certainly its practice on a revolutionary basis has lost for it many who might have been valuable adherents.

Modern Socialism, beginning with St. Simon, about the middle of the present century, is a subject worthy of much attention, because of its influence upon the laboring classes and its importance to economics. St. Simon advanced the theory that man's chief aim in society is the production of things useful for life, and to this his disciples add the doctrine that inheritance should be dispensed with, since by its continuance the rich class will always remain rich, and the poor classes be benefitted in no degree. Immediately following St. Simon, comes Fourier with his idea of small associated groups of citizens,

and then in direct succession is Blanc working out a scheme of co-operative production. These three great minds, although each was pursuing a different plan, were working toward the same end. They built up in theory that great system of governmental ownership of land and capital known to the present age as collectivism.

This is the principal form in which Socialism exists to-day. Karl Marx, a German Jew, about the middle of the present century added new life to Socialistic theory by arguing that capital is gained only by robbery. His chief worth lay not in adding any new theory to Socialism, but in strengthening and bringing into working form the idea of collectivism. How different would be the customs of the United States if collectivism were to be established. Changes to which human nature could not readily accustom itself would take place. Private capital would be swept from the field of industry, and the individual, no matter how keen his business insight, or how great his ability to acquire property, would be required to give up the greater portion of his gains to the State. Money would pass out of existence. Gold and silver would have no purchasing power, but checks certifying how much labor the individual had performed would be presented at a central office, and the workingman would receive the amount of goods to which he was entitled. Laws concerning inheritance would be so framed that the heir would get only a small portion of the bequest. Interest would be abolished and all land and capital would be turned over to the State, thus making the State supreme and the individual an abject slave.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Socialist state seems to be the ideal one, the one from which poverty is banished and

in which monopolistic oppression is unknown, yet careful investigation reveals certain conditions which are far from perfect. On the grounds of production and value collectivism may be found faulty. Collectivism would place all production under the control of captains of industry and thus instead of demand determining production, the exact reverse would be true. If those in control of industry were uncultured, then nothing which ministers to ease and the highest culture would be produced. All printed matter would be influential for good or bad, according to the character of the chief of the printing department. The quality and quantity of the products could be arbitrarily determined and as a consequence the convenience of the citizens very much impaired. As a final result of this system of production, political corruption would be inevitable since contests for positions on the industrial staff would certainly bring out strongly the avaricious side of human nature.

Collectivism makes value to consist in the amount of labor expended. This amount of labor is measured by a standard of number of hours, rather than one of quality of workmanship or quantity produced, hence the man of more than ordinary intelligence is discriminated against in favor of the individual of less than average ability. Such an idea of value removes the stimulus to advancement. The workman will expend no energy in making improvements upon the tools with which he works, nor will he take the pains to make his product the best possible. The whole trend of this doctrine of value, is downward. The laboring man becomes indifferent to his work and everything about him, and a state of society is produced which is averse to any kind of government.

The final and strongest argument against collectivism, is the state of liberty which would exist if it were established. Any social system which fails to provide for liberty of the highest type is imperfect, and in this very particular is collectivism found wanting. On one hand it would grant a freedom in regard to working hours and permit a carelessness in respect to the future provision for the working man's family, which from the nature of human beings would progress to a spirit of lawlessness, while on the other the liberty of the press and the liberty of abode and of demand for material and immaterial things would be curtailed to such an extent that a type of the most degraded slavery would be brought into existence.

In view of these facts then is collectivism practicable? From the evidence produced the answer must be negative. True it is that in a few branches of industry, state ownership is desirable and beneficial, but there are also branches which governmental interference would drive out of existence. Had private capital not existed the advanced condition of science and art, which we of the present age enjoy, would have been a thing unknown. The liberty, commercial relations and systems of valuations and production which collectivism proposes are incompatible with progress. Collectivism makes the average individual the standard and the man who is endowed with talents of the highest sort is even kept under restraint. The theory of collectivism will never produce the results at which it aims. Perfect social equality will never be attained by any of the Socialistic theories of the nineteenth century, but in the fullness of time when man's moral nature becomes so nearly perfect that he loves his neighbor as himself, then, and only then will the sharp

dividing line between rich and poor be obliterated, and strife and oppression be preserved as relics of a barbarous age. N.

HENRY VIII.

The Mediaeval period had sounded its death knell. The individual and consequently the national mind had been unconsciously advancing. Old customs and superstitions were being undermined and the terrible explosion stored. Finally the smouldering volcano had burst and the feudal system was a shattered ruin. The tyranny of church and state had gone forever. This period is marked by a reformation in religion, a revival in learning, the discovery of a new world, and the possession of a new liberty, the love of which will never perish in the anglo-Saxon race. The death of Henry VII marks this period in England—the death of tyranny, the birth of liberty. The English people seemed instinctively to feel this. Therefore, his death was hailed with as much joy by the people as decency would permit. Instead of a monarch irascible, severe and ambitious, a youth of eighteen summers now ascended to the throne, and in him all the hopes of the people were centered. His extraordinary beauty and gracefulness of form made him very attractive, especially to those who thought that a king, in order to rule well, must have personal beauty as well as great intellectual powers. Everything seemed to favor the young king. The country was at peace and in a very prosperous condition, the absolutism of the crown, which had been established during the reign of his predecessor, was now modified. The revival of learning had been started in England with which he was in hearty sympathy, and all things seemed to point to a prosperous and successful reign. After his ascension to the

throne he soon began that patronage and extension of learning which did so much for England. Under his nurturing hand Cambridge and Oxford arose from their apathy and the translation of the scriptures into Latin brought them near the masses. About this time there arose in Wittenberg, in Germany, a man who was destined by his controversies with the king and the Pope to be the leader of the mighty change in England known as The Reformation. Being convinced of the depravity of the Catholic church he took a stand against the indulgences sold by some of the priests under the pretence that those who bought indulgences bought themselves off from the punishment of Heaven for their offences. By this he gained the displeasure of the king and the Pope. In answer to the assertion of Luther, Henry, with the aid of Sir Thomas Moore, wrote a book with which the Pope was so well pleased that he gave Henry the title of the Defender of the Faith.

The Pope also issued flaming warnings to the people not to read the books of Luther under the pain of excommunication. But in spite of all this they were read everywhere and their influence was spread far and wide. That worthy Pope did not see that there was not room enough in Europe for two such powers as Catholicism and a Free England. But Henry's fair promises soon proved worthless. Having early married Catharine of Aragon from political reasons, he afterward became enamored with a court lady, Anne Boleyn. He sought a divorce from his former wife and by the aid of an ambitious churchman, Wolsey, obtained it. By obtaining this divorce he incurred the Pope's displeasure. But Wolsey by his opposition to the union with Anne Boleyn incurred the king's displeasure and in defiance of the Pope was depos-

ed by Henry. In the controversy which followed, Henry was declared head of the English church and Protestantism was founded in England. Anne Boleyn soon fell into displeasure and was beheaded. He immediately married Jane Seymore who died leaving a son, Edward, Henry's successor. He then formed an alliance with Germany by marrying Anna of Cleves. He next married and beheaded Catharine Howard. And finally he closed his matrimonial career by marrying Catharine Parr. Thus briefly we have followed Henry through his ignominious marriages and divorces. But now to return to the results caused by his divorcing Catharine of Aragon. As said before he incurred the displeasure of the Pope, and to show his displeasure the Pope issued a Bull of Excommunication against Henry. Henry retaliated by suppressing the monasteries which, he said, had sank into a state of ignorance, drunkenness and profligacy. He even went so far as to rob of their jewels and rich offerings the bodies of the dead buried in these monasteries. This act of suppressing the monasteries gave the king more absolute power than before and also caused much suffering among the monks and laboring classes. Many of these men were accused of treason and hanged. At last this much married man, being unable to charm (or evade) the grim spectre Death by his drawing-room accomplishments, succumbed to fate, and those corpulent features, which seem to have charmed the feminine mind slumber in Westminster Abbey.

Whatever may be said of his character, and certainly little good can be said, it must be admitted that circumstances brought about by his selfish ends effected great good in England and freed her finally and completely from the yoke of Romanism.

MOUND BUILDERS.

Memory is the ever reflective power which brings the past to predominate over the present. In her haunted world there are treasured up the looks, tones and voices that are no more on earth.

Far in our own unfathomed souls are the realms of memory; and during every lull in the tempest of life, in the hush of noon or midnight, and through all the contending hopes and fears of the busy present, the unfading picture of memory mingle with every association, forever striking the electric chain by which we are bound to the past. Works of art remain in imperishable grandeur for the commemoration of the past.

Memory peoples each desolate ruin with scenes and characters all past into the mist of centuries old, investing those sacred spots where the great and the wise and good have lived, with interest unspeakable.

Interesting indeed are the monuments bearing testimony of peoples and nations, long since obliterated by the unrelenting sweep of Time's destroying hand.

Here we see the gigantic outline of the pyramid, its towering height piercing even the clouds of Heaven, bearing testimony to the lives of countless thousands sacrificed to satisfy the capricious whim of a despotic ruler.

Here we see the ancient mounds of America's prehistoric races, the burial places of unknown heroes. These strange and savage people have not left themselves without a witness of their power, grandeur, strength and beauty remain to tell of them.

Age upon age have these massive structures stood the pressure of Time's destroying hand, testifying on the one hand to the mortality of man and on the other the immortality of true greatness and power.

But need we review the history of prehistoric races, need we search in gloomy vaults for proofs of man's mortality and evidences of the immortality of his creations? Nay, we are the architects, we are the builders of structures more lasting than pyramids; more lasting than mounds of earth and stone, yea more lasting than memory itself. Will you thus live and die, O mortal man? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year and you will never be forgotten. Nay, your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening.

Character is not the attribute of any particular faculty, but rather an assimilation of all of the faculties bound up into one contiguous whole, from which emanates our every action and every process of thought.

So in all of the departments of thought and action, shines our character, reflected from the innermost recesses of the soul.

Individual character then is a causative spiritual force whose builder and maker is God: but man has, bound up in his personal being, sympathies and capacities which ally him with external objects and enable him to transmute their inner spirit and substance into his own personal life.

All the objects of sense and thought, all facts and ideas, all things, are external to his essential personality. The process of his growth therefore is a development of power from within to assimilate objects from without, the power increasing with every vital exercise of it. Character is the spiritual body of the person and represents the

individualization of vital experience, the conversion of unconscious things into self-conscious men.

Sir Thomas Brown says: "The fundamental characteristics of men is spiritual-hunger, the universe of thought and matter is spiritual food."

He feeds on nature; he feeds on ideas; he feeds through art, science, literature and history, on the acts and thoughts of other minds, and could we take the mightiest thinker that ever awed and controlled the world, and unravel his powers, and their constituent particles to the multitudinous objects whence they were derived, the last probe of our analysis, would touch that unquenchable fiery atom of personality, which had organized round itself such a colossal body of mind, and which in its simple naked energy, would still be capable of rehabilitating itself in the powers and passions of which it had been shorn.

In our rapid passage through this scenery of life and death, what more lasting memorial can we build than an unsullied name?

Character should then be the living principle of the soul of thought and volition determining the direction, giving the impetus and constituting the force of our faculties.

When all have done their utmost, surely he hath given the best who gives a character erect and constant, which no shock of loosened elements, nor the forceful sea of flowing or of ebbing fates can stir from its deep basis on the living rock of manhood's security. Then character becomes an angel of promise, when set free from earth, she points to the ruins which have marked her steps and beyond them to the place of her heavenly birth, to where she may safely build, where her views may have no bound,

where her pictures fade not: she follows to life's latest day, becoming the "anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast," brightening by her eternal promise the darkness of the grave, and through the "valley of the shadow" following still.

Beyond, her glories are absorbed in the glories of that world where all is real and known, where hope is lost in fruition.

G. W. R.

ATHLETICS.

Grove City met Westminster upon the gridiron October 21, and were defeated 8 to 0. The game was one of the best and cleanest seen here for many years. Grove City kicked off, Westminster got the ball in 4 minutes had it on the 5 yd line, here an unlucky fumble lost it. G. C. fumbled and again the ball was Westminster's. Taggart was sent across for a touchdown, Guilford missed goal. The second half was but a repetition of the first, goal was again missed, both teams fumbled much, Westminster losing much time, and Grove City the ball frequently.

Wolf, Patterson, Peacock, Flowers and Taggart did the finest work for Westminster, and Weakley and McDonald for Grove City.

While Grove City was here the date for the 28th at Grove City was changed to the 30th, and on that date Westminster went to Grove City to play the last game. Everything went along smoothly until time for the game to begin, when Westminster was informed of a change in the rules from Harvard, Pennsylvania, Cornell, to Yale-Princeton. This being such a radical and unlooked for change that Taggart, objected telling Grove City that we had never practiced the Yale-Princeton rules and it would be an impossibility to play them. At this

Weakley got angry and informed the management "to play Yale rules or go home." Westminster left the field and after a little dallying went to their hotel. The team was followed by a crowd of boys and toughs throwing stones, dirt, eggs, etc. In short the treatment was barbarous, no attempt was made by Grove City's management to stop this ill-treatment.

Later, false reports were current in the daily papers, one that Wolf remained upon the field and said that he would rather have lost \$100 himself than have had his team do as they did, that his connection with it was at an end, that he was on salary, etc., all of which were false, as he counseled and agreed with the action taken and still remains as one of our valuable backs.

Westminster not wishing to meet Grove City under such circumstances challenged them to meet upon neutral ground but this was refused and now it is doubtful whether the colleges will ever meet upon the Athletic field again.

Patterson proved himself a valuable coach for the tacks.

When foot ball games clear \$14,000 a piece for the two contesting colleges then foot ball is worth something and the managers needn't worry about expenses. Such is the amount the Yale-Princeton game is said to have netted. Needless to say the foot ball manager still worries some about expenses at Westminster.

The eleven is the strongest ever representing the College; the tacks are as fine as are any team in this end of the state.

The cancelling of the P. A. C. game was a disappointment, as up to this time we had not been scored against, having scored 108 points ourselves.

Westminster played Youngstown Y. M. C. A. eleven on Thanksgiving day.

With such material as Wolf, Flowers, Peacock, Taggart, Anderson, Scott, Shira, and Guilford the management next year should be able to send forth an eleven able to cope with any of the College eleven in this part of the state.

Biggers' work at quarter in the Thiel game was remarkable; he is the best in that position we ever had.

Manager Pierce says we will be able to play the "best of them next year." He is arranging games with the large colleges.

Boals' track team is getting in shape rapidly.

C., '66.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Cornell goes back to the examination system this year.—Ex.

Western University of Pennsylvania has an exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition.—Ex.

One-sixteenth of the college students in the U. S. are studying for the ministry.—Ex.

Eleven of the twenty-three men who received honors at Harvard last year were prominent athletes.—Ex.

Ohio has more colleges than any other state in the Union, with Illinois next.—Ex.

Princeton has two hundred and thirty-nine men in her freshmen class.

The college reading-room at Yale has 54 dailies, 67 weeklies, 7 quarterlies and 1 tri-monthly.

The faculty of Ohio Wesleyan University has decided that hereafter all students of that institution must abstain from tobacco in any form.

There are eighteen college bred men in the U. S. Senate.

The University of Berlin is the largest in the world; over 8000 students have enrolled.

Cornell will have 2,000 students this year.—Ex.

The general sentiment among American college students favors Cuban freedom.—Ex.

The students of St. John's college, Shanghai, China, issue a paper printed in English.—Ex.

Cambridge has an annual revenue of more than £300,000.—Ex.

Harvard sent out a class of 678 men this year. This was the largest class the college ever sent out.—Ex.

The University of North Carolina has just celebrated its centennial. It is the oldest university in the South.—Ex.

CHRISTMAS VACATION.

Attention of students and their friends is directed to the advertisement of Pittsburg & Lake Erie R'y Co., in regard to special arrangements for Holidays. The P. & L. E. Company are giving better daily service between Wilmington Junction, New Castle and Pittsburg than ever before. Through coaches are run and fast time made. They have arranged to check baggage through from student's room to his home and provide him with a through round trip ticket before leaving the college for Holiday vacation. Students should give their name to President Ferguson in order to secure the above.

Miss White, the telegraph operator reports the number of telegrams sent this term to amount to over 500. Not so bad for a little town.

THE HOLCAD

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

EDITORS.

L. M. WRIGHT, '96.....	EDITOR IN CHIEF.
A. G. BOAL, '96.....	ASSISTANT.
LYDA B. LAKE, '97, } W. D. GAMBLE, '96, }	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
GEORGIANNA ORR, '96 }	
J. C. HANLEY, '97, }	LOCAL.
J. R. MILLER, '69.....	ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
LYDA B. LAKE, '97, } W. D. GAMBLE, '96, }	MUSIC AND ART.
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W. S. McCONNELL, '96.....	BUSINESS MANAGER.

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NOVEMBER, 1895.

Visiting alumni will once more have an opportunity to applaud the efforts of the young society representatives.

Another year has rapidly passed away, perhaps before you read this paper you will have observed Thanksgiving, 1895. A few remarks are in order. What does the day mean to you? Do you try to give others cause to be thankful? If so, you will have a very pleasant Thanksgiving. We still delight in the old fashioned dinners, the reuniting of families, and the general good time that is enjoyed. Not so many years ago Foot Ball Games were popular on that day. Now they are not so common and in another year may not be played at all, because the season will close earlier.

We owe our readers an apology for the late appearance of this and previous numbers of THE HOLCAD. The blame rests, not with us but with the printer. The editors handed the copy in in ample time, but for reasons best known to the printer the HOLCAD was permitted to wait. Hereafter the HOLCAD will be printed by Miller, Pyle & Graham, of New Castle, who have a reputation for promptness.

One of the most helpful addresses delivered at the Northfield Summer School, our delegates tell us, was Mr. Moody's on "Sowing and Reaping." His text was taken from Gal. vi: 7, 8. "Whatsoever a man soweth" etc. The following points of division in his discourse are very suggestive. A man expects to reap when he sows, he expects to reap the same kind of seed that he sows; he expects to reap more; and ignorance of the kind of seed makes no difference. The address was published in Northfield Echoes and may be found in the reading room.

The second lecture in the Westminster course was given Thursday, November 14, by Hon. Henry Hall. Owing to the large number attending the lectures this year, it was necessary to secure the Second United Presbyterian church. The subject of Mr. Hall's lecture was "The Coming Man." Everybody was well pleased with "The Coming Man." Mr. Hall has a way of stating dry facts that makes them popular.

The lecturer was almost talking to his own people. He was raised in the immediate neighborhood and is well known in and about New Wilmington. Though not a college bred man Mr. Hall is much interested in education. He spent several hours in looking through the college buildings.

The Lecture Course has had an auspicious opening. The chapel was literally packed, a larger crowd being present than usual. Robert Nourse was the first lecturer and, judging from the remarks he pleased the audience well. His subject was "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" the famous story from the pen of the late Robert Louis Stephenson. Mr. Nourse dealt first with the story from the objective point of view and then from the subjective point. Within us there is a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, bye and bye, one or the other gets the mastery, it depends on the individual. The Westminster Course is one of the oldest courses in this section of country. This fact is brought out when obtaining talent. Some men have been here nine times. It is hard to to get good and tried men who have never appeared here. The remainder of the course will be given in the Second United Presbyterian Church.

After a lapse of several years Philo and Adelpic literary societies will meet in friendly contest. The students in college to-day know but little of the differences which heretofore existed between the societies. Nor is there a disposition on their part to look into the past. Whatever the trouble was it should have been finally settled in the year in which it happened. New students have enough troubles of their own, without inheriting more.

"Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act—act in the living Present!

Heart within and God o'erhead!

Life is too short to be occupied in continually quarrelling or living apart on account of differences. This contest will surely awaken the dormant energies of every society man. Society contests are, in some ways, more exciting than any other. It is of such vital importance that we win. The rays of interest are therefore focused to a small point and excitement becomes intense.

Westminster's representatives have been misrepresented in the daily newspapers, It may have been an accident for which a rival college is in no way responsible. Nevertheless the foot ball team and its many admirers who visited a nearby town not long ago, have been held up to the public gaze as lacking in many of the characteristics of true manliness. We refute the statement or statements. It is not every crowd of stalwart young men that will coolly take a shower of stones, dirt, over-ripe tomatoes, and other nondescript articles and offer no resistance. We are proud of the men who, when illtreated had consideration, and pitied the misguided youths who sought to rile them. It is something to restrain one's anger. Self-control is an element of manliness. Not satisfied with illtreating her visitors within their own territory some one, (or more perhaps,) writes the whole affair up for the newspapers in a manner not calculated to make one feel forgiving. But, when we consider the language used, it was a kind of English—not far removed from Billings-gate—we must forgive. They know not what they do. Truth will out Westminster representatives behaved admirably. Indeed so good is the behavior of our athletic teams when away that compliments are received on every side. Our men remember that not only their own, but Westminster's honor is at stake. Even our hired(?) men, our salaried(?) players, our ringers(?) are examples of well behaved gentlemen.

The new Carnegie Library and Music Hall in Schenley Park, Pittsburg, which has just been dedicated and personally presented to the city, is one of the finest in the country. Pittsburg may well be proud of her present, and more than Pittsburg, or even the Greater Pittsburg, will rejoice in

it and in a patriotic way call it their library. The influence of such an institution upon the citizens of a large district cannot be limited or measured.

Mr. Carnegie has given wisely and well. No monument can be more lasting than this. He will live in the hearts of the people in generations yet to be. Many wealthy men might, to their profit, seriously ponder on the following sentence taken from Mr. Carnegie's speech: "The man who dies possessed of available millions which were free and in his hands to distribute, will die disgraced. He will pass away unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Within this building are a music hall, a museum, and an art gallery. Provision has been made for the maintenance of these departments by the giver. The city of Pittsburg is to support the library. Of its beauty within and without we will not speak, for many who read this will make it a point to see this noble gift in the near future.

May we be pardoned for expressing the hope that some day soon, there will arise a man of large heart and noble mind, who, like Carnegie will spend his surplus wealth in building libraries,—for colleges that are not large. He may not reap so much fame, but he will have the sincere thanks of many a student, who through his beneficence has been permitted to widen his field of knowledge.

Westminster is to have the next Inter-collegiate, Oratorical Contest. This is the first time that this contest has ever been held here. It was only after careful consideration that the committee decided to accept Westminster's invitation. It is no small honor to hold this contest here. With the aid of every student we will make it one of the most successful contests. In the

first place we must look well to the comforts of our visitors as we expect to have a good many.

Eight colleges are in the association, as follows: University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.; Bethany, Bethany, W. Va.; Waynesburg, Waynesburg, Pa.; Western University of Pennsylvania, Allegheny City; Geneva, Beaver Falls; Thiel, Greenville; Allegheny, Meadville, and Westminster. Representatives of six of these colleges met in the Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburg, November 9, and made arrangements for the next contest which will be held April 17, 1896.

Last year Westminster carried off the honors, winning first place: Mr. Herbert Heslip '95, was our representative. We will try and be in the race this year. Not only will the winner have the satisfaction of bringing honor to his college, but in addition he will receive a handsome gold medal bearing the name of the association, the colleges composing it, and his own name.

The contest this year will be better than last year, because a much longer time will be given for preparation. The man who wins the preliminary will have hard work before him. All the colleges will put forth greater efforts to secure first place.

Special rates have been promised from Pittsburg. It is quite easy to reach New Wilmington now. A train leaves Pittsburg at 5:20, P. M., on the P. & L. E. R. R., and reaches Wilmington Junction at 7:11. There is no change of cars on this train. Returning a train leaves New Wilmington about 8:35 A. M., from the Junction there is no change of cars.

Since our Thanksgiving vacation consists of only one day, not many of the students make a visit home.

LOCALS.

Oh! the snow! Have you your skates ready?

Mrs. H. C. Swearingen, *nee* Miss Belle Comin, has been visiting friends in town.

Miss Jennie Miller spent a few days during the week at her home in E. E., Pittsburg.

We are glad to know that Miss McClure is able to attend the evening entertainments, although she has to be supported by Mt. Peak.

The Y. M. & Y. W. C. A. enjoyed very much the visit from Mr. Brodnax, the traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. He succeeded in arousing a greater missionary spirit in our college.

Miss Martha McBride recently spent a few days at her home, and in visiting friends in Allegheny.

Prof. McLaughry (during recitation on Bacon's Essays). What are some of the faults of young men? Miss B——. They embrace more than they can hold.

Mrs. Ward Snodgrass, formerly Miss Bertha Wilson, is spending a few weeks with her mother.

Mr. John Moore has been suffering from an attack of lumbago.

Mr. W. E. Dickson and sister spent Sabbath with friends in Beaver Falls.

The Juniors now are hard at work
And will doubtless have orations
That will rouse the people of the town,
And resound throughout all nations.

Miss Ina Hanna has been unable to meet her classes for about a week on account of sickness.

Miss Emma D. Anderson visited Miss Franc Barr and gave an interesting talk in Chapel on her work in India. She will also give her stereoptican entertainment under the auspices of the two Christian Associations.

Col. Erskine, '73, of Wheeling, W. Va., visited friends in town recently.

Miss Fannie Beggs, '93, spent a few days recently, visiting her brother and friends.

Thanksgiving vacation lasted but one day. Heretofore we have had a furlough 'till the beginning of the following week, but it has been arranged to have a few days added to the Christmas vacation instead, and the change proves satisfactory to all the students.

C. G. Jordan, '91, witnessed the Grove City-W. C. foot ball game

Rev. W. H. Moore, of Doylestown, Pa., a graduate of the college, paid a visit to his parents recently, and preached a very interesting sermon in the Chapel to the students on Sabbath evening.

The lecture on Thursday evening, Nov. 14, by the Hon. Henry Hall, was listened to very attentively by a crowded house, in the 2d U. P. church. Mr. Hall's theme was "The Coming Man," and all who heard it expressed their high appreciation of Mr. Hall as an orator.

Westminster was represented by Mr. Boal at the meeting of the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Association in Pittsburg, Saturday, Nov. 9. At this meeting it was decided to hold the next contest in New Wilmington. Westminster is to be congratulated in securing this event, as other towns larger and more centrally located were anxious that this contest should come their way. West-

minster was very successful last year in carrying off first place and it is to be hoped that she can maintain the same position at the coming contest.

Prof. Mitchell was laid up for a day or so with a slight sickness.

A new flag-stone pavement has recently been laid from the south side of the college building to the Science Hall. This will prove a great convenience to all, as well as add to the attractions of the campus.

† The last foot-ball game on the home grounds was played Saturday, Nov. 16, with Butler. The home team was somewhat weakened by some of the best players being laid off, yet notwithstanding this fact we succeeded in shoving the Butler boys at will, and after a game of only thirty-five minutes the score stood 45 to 0.

Our foot-ball team went to Greenville, Monday, Nov. 18, to do battle with Thiel college of that place. Westminster maintained her former reputation by not allowing her opponents to score. The result was 22 to 0. Bigger received an injury in the early part of the game, which interfered with fast playing on the part of our team.

The new electric light plant has been finished.

A glee club has organized among the male students. Miss Gertrude Clark is instructor.

The long-drawn out trouble between the Adelpic and Philomath literary societies has at last been amicably settled, and as a result contests will be held this year as one of the features of Commencement week.

Several names have been added recently to the Friday evening calling list at the Hall.

Acting on the suggestion of Judge Mehard, mention of which was made in last month's *HOLCAD*, the several literary societies appointed committees to confer with members of the Faculty, to discuss the advisability of adopting some uniform plan for literary work. The committees met on the afternoon of the 21st, and decided upon a study of the Elizabethan Age of English Literature, an outline of which will be prepared, together with a list of subjects, upon which members of the societies will be expected to prepare essays, orations and debates.

Messrs. J. M. Donaldson, '93; W. B. Anderson and W. M. Bigger, '94; C. T. Littell, H. H. Nevin and R. E. Owens, '95, visited friends and ——— in town during the past month.

Lost—on Saturday afternoon. Nov. 16, a bundle of *male*, about as large as B. M. The finder will please return same to Miss R.

Out of sight—Manor's moustache. (Did some one say chestnuts?)

Miller thinks attending the theater a first-rate manner of mourning for a dead child.

The gymnasium, which has been undergoing extensive improvements for several weeks, is now ready for use. The building presents a very neat appearance on the outside, and the interior arrangements are well adapted for the use for which they are intended.

M. Witherspoon, '99, spent Thanksgiving at home.

The dedication of the new Chemical Laboratory has been postponed until the first week of next term. At that time Gov. McKinley is expected to deliver one address and Mr. Julian Kennedy another. Mr.

Kennedy is a Mechanical Engineer and graduate in Chemistry. His address will be of the practical order and will deal largely with the industrial pursuits of mankind.

Mr. E. E. Seavy, the popular New Castle photographer, visited New Wilmington recently and took a picture of the famous Westminster Eleven.

CAST : { A Westminster Football Player,
Small Boy.
Policeman.

ACT I.

(Scene., Streets of New Castle.) Enter Foot-ball Player and Small Boy.)

S. B.—Say, mister, what time is it?"

F. P.—(Looking at watch), "8:50 P. M."

S. B.—"That is ten minutes to nine. Time to get your hair cut."

F. P.—(Grabbing at boy), "You young ———."

(Chorus of Small Boys), "Get your hair cut, ten minutes to get your hair cut."

(Foot-ball Player, chasing Small Boy, disappears around corner of Mill street.)

—Curtain—

ACT II.

(Scene, around the corner.) (Policeman discovered coming up street). (Enter Small Boy with Foot-ball Player in full pursuit; Small Boy dodges and makes his escape, while Foot-ball Player runs into arms of Policeman).

Policeman—"What's the matter here?"

F. P.—"T-th-the yo-young ras-rascal insulted me. Told me to get my hair cut. Ten minutes of nine. Ten minutes to get my hair cut."

P.—(Pulling out watch). "It is eight minutes of nine now. There is a shop just across the street; hurry along, you still have eight minutes 'to get your hair cut.'"

Tableaux.

Curtain.

NOTICE TO BARBERS!

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Manager of the Football Team, for the following work, viz:

For the cutting of fourteen heads of hair, described and specified as follows, to wit:

(1) Five of a mud-brown color, not very large, with no abnormally developed bumps for the storage of gray matter, thus making the work very easy on these.

(2) Six, the color of which cannot be stated definitely, owing to the fact that they have not been washed since the day the team was rotten-egged at Grove City.

(3) One blue black. The barber must be "on side" when he cuts this head of hair.

(4) One pure crimson—same shade as Grove City college colors.

(5) One variegated. This will be an exceedingly large undertaking, owing to a very noticeable increase in size as a consequence of not as yet having his team scored against [this specification is liable to change after any of the games yet on the schedule.] We also advise the person receiving this contract to be provided with a first-class fowling piece, in order that he may bring down any pheasants which may be frightened from their lodging place beneath one of his bonny curls.

Any further information relating to this matter, such as style of cut, shampoos, etc., may be had upon application to the above named office. For this work barber's shears may be used, but there will be no objection to a mowing scythe.

Bonds, with two sureties, must accompany each bid

Management reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Given under our hands and seals.

"NIMROD,"

"RED."

"Coop" will act as official, and see to it that there is no "off-side" playing.

EXCHANGES.

"Make thy garden as fair as thou can'st,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance, he whose plot is next to thine
May see it and mend his own."

The *Bethany Collegian* comes to our table this month in a new cover. It is an excellent paper throughout. It contains a well written article on "Memory"; also the second article in the marriage series, "Marriage from Her Standpoint," and the first of a series of "Legends of Bethany." Also an article, "Biz," relating to a peculiar custom of the students of Bethany College.

The *Wooster Voice*, of Nov. 9, discusses the Pros and Cons of Fraternities in College Life.

We clip the following from the editorials in the *Anchor*:

"Students at College must face the most important problems of life. It is a question of firm resolves and a strong individuality versus petty notions a mimical character; an earnest striving for a noble ideal versus a continual struggle in the slums of his own indifference. It is a question of a philanthropic Christ-like life or a life that kindles the torch of immorality and skepticism with which to brand humanity. Fellow students make life worth living; and remember "youth is the seed time of life."

The editorials of the *Hiram Advance* are especially worthy of attention as they contain many helpful ideas.

The *Delaware College Review* for October contains a very interesting sketch of Mozart.

Of all the words of tongue or pen

The saddest are "It might have been,"

But sadder are these which we daily see;

"It is, but hadest ought to be."—Harte

Strongest minds are often those of whom the world hears the least.

'Tis well that when the goal is gained
Of one ambition strong
There is another not attained
That urges me along.—Frank G. Sweet.

"A word to the wise is sufficient"
Is a maxim we've frequently heard,
And now what we want is a maxim
To tell us just what is that word.—Ex.

'Tis strange to say the least,
In this advancing hour,
The grinding mill of college
Is still run by horse power.—Ex.

The editor sat in his sanctum
Penning a beautiful thought;
Next day came his compensation,
The professor recorded a naught.—Ex.

When its stormy an' rainin'
You'll hear folks complainin';
An' then, when the weather is dry,
You'll hear 'em all sayin',
('Twixt preachin' and prayin')
"The crops 'll jest burn up and die!"

There jest ain't no pleasin'
With fire or freezin',
No matter what people may say;
In spite 'o the weather
We'll get home together,
But we'll growl all the way—all the way—Ex.

His head was jammed into the sand,
His arms were broke in twain,
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone,
He ne'er would walk again.

His lips moved slow, I stopped to hear
The whispers they let fall;
His voice was weak, but this I heard,
"Old man who got the ball!"—Ex.

McSwatters.—"I hear that your son is
half back on the Harvard foot ball team;
how is he on his studies?"

McSwitters—"Full Back."

"The mouse has no business in the eagles nest."

"The pick strikes deeper than the thunderbolt."

"Some people are like a foot ball, blow them up, and you can kick them as high as you like."

Etymology of 'Restaurant'—*Res*—a thing and *Tauras*—a bull—Restaurant, a bully thing.

THE HOLCAD.

Morgan House,

S. O. MORGAN, - - Proprietor,

This house has been refurnished and is now open to the public. Stabling attached.

RATES, \$1.50 PER DAY.

— E. E. SEAVY, —

PHOTOGRAPHER

12 N. Mercer St., New Castle, Pa.

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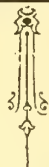
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Caught come in and see us.



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a bill of Groceries and
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George A. P. Co.

Yours Very Truly
Wm. A. Clark

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XII.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JANUARY, 1896.

No. 5.

THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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JANUARY, 1896.



Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them.—Ecc. 12: 1.

The New Year is not present with us, only a new day. So it will be continually; we shall see but one day at a time . . . If each day is lived aright the whole year will be right; if each day is wrong the year

will be all wrong. . . . Each day is a white page to be written; write it beautifully, and the book of the year will be beautiful. J. H. BLISS.

Don't. Reader, if you are not now a student of Westminster college, or never have been you cannot perhaps understand how it grates on our ears to be called *Wilmington College*. It is unfortunate that there is one name for the college and another for the town. Remember Westminster College is in New Wilmington, Pa. *Don't confuse the names.* In the future we will have the name of the village changed to Westminster to avoid all confusion.

The New Science Hall has been formally dedicated. A full account of these services together with some of the speeches appears in this number. It is not necessary for much to be said at this time. It may be proper to remark that Westminster has made very rapid progress in the past three years in the bettering of her equipment. Special effort has been put forth in behalf of the Science department. As a result two well equipped halls are at the service of the students. It is evident from some of the remarks made by the speakers that it is not the purpose of those in charge to stop with this accomplishment. There is always room for improvement. No college

yet is perfectly satisfied with its attainments but reaches out for more and more. This is progress. May the friends of Westminster never cease to take an interest in this progress and further its interests in every way.

On Advertising. Do you read advertisements? Nearly everybody does in these enlightened days. They are a reliable source of information and vie with the literary departments in attractiveness. We wish to call your attention to our advertisers. Some new ads appear in this number, some that have never appeared in the HOLCAD. By means of our advertisers we can give you a better paper because they pay for the space used in telling of their wares. Did it ever occur to you that by patronizing these advertisers and mentioning, of course, that you saw it in the HOLCAD, that you would greatly benefit this paper and indirectly the college and the *Business Manager*? Think over this.

War and Rumors of War. To the young men and women of to-day the term war has no such meaning as it had for their fathers and mothers. Experience has not taught them its meaning. They only know of its horrors from reading and hearing the experience of others. For this they may be thankful. It does not require a very strong imagination to depict the awfulness of a modern battle. Men would be mown down almost faster than they could be brought up and arranged. It would be terrible beyond description. Much silly talk has appeared in the daily newspapers about war between England and the United States, and there is a large class of people that have a good

deal of fighting blood in them that would be glad (so they think), to hear of war being declared. Wiser people think it would be foolish to fight over a disputed boundary line in another country and on another continent, and so it would. Such a matter can be arbitrated. It is not easy to stand aside and see a weak nation imposed upon by any stronger country, even if it be the British Lion. But the men who occupy positions of power in the two governments know that it is for the best interests of all to arbitrate. The world knows that Americans are brave, and if national honor be at stake, or if we are wronged, or if, for any reason it is necessary to fight to preserve this country and its institutions there will be no lack of courageous men to do the Nation's bidding. Until then let us be found diligent in the pursuits of peace.

Armenia. Poor, stricken Armenia. Can it be that 500,000 Christians have been slaughtered in Turkey and none of the great nations of the world endeavored to put a stop to such inhumanity? The latest reports are, that the persecutions continue and many are the victims of the Moslem fanatics. The ruler of Turkey is not so powerful that he and his forces could defeat the world in battle. Almost any of the civilized nations would soon defeat him. Why then do they hesitate? It is a matter of dollars. How powerful is money! Poor defenceless women and children are being slaughtered daily because the moneyed interests of Great Britain would be injured if they interfered with the treacherous ruler of Turkey. The Red Cross Society has undertaken the immediate relief of the destitute fugitives. Before long it is hoped that some decisive measure will be taken to put a stop to such atrocities. But on account

of various treaties made in the past there is a hesitancy on the part of those in authority to act. But the saving of human life should be a consideration of more importance than money or treaties.

"The Reign of the Demagogue" was the subject of the brilliant oration delivered by John Temple Graves, on the evening of Dec. 9. Mr. Graves spoke at a disadvantage, his otherwise clear voice becoming hoarse towards the close of the evening. He clearly depicted the rise of the demagogue from the ward politician to those that aspired to the highest offices of state and nation. From the disgusting characteristics of the demagogue the attention was directed to the grand and noble men of both North and South, living and dead, whose lives proved that they were free from this blight. As touching tributes were paid to Lee and Lincoln, to Grant and Gordon, and to many others, the audience applauded vigorously. Full of the true patriotism it was such an oration as young Americans need to hear.

An Encouraging View. In the January number of the *Century* will be found an interesting editorial on "Encouraging Developments in College Life." The editor, who has observed widely, speaks wisely on many topics of interest to thoughtful students. Athletics, college morality, "cribbing," and the usefulness of the smaller colleges are the principal points discussed. It is encouraging to notice that the editors of the large periodicals are taking more interest in colleges and students than formerly. The college graduate is better appreciated now than in days gone by. This may be because he is more practical.

THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. J. R. MILLER, D. D.

[Dr. Miller graduated from Westminster College in 1862. He has become widely known as a writer of devotional literature. Among his best works are, "Making the Most of Life," "The Every Day of Life," "Secrets of Happy Home Life," and many others. Some of these books are to be found in the college library. At present Dr. Miller is editor of the Sabbath school literature of the Presbyterian church, published in Philadelphia.—Eds.]

The beginning of a new year is apt to make us thoughtful. How have we lived in the old year which is never to come back to us? How have we done the work which the Master gave us each day to do? What progress have we made in self-conquest or in the putting on of the graces and beauties of Christian character?

Then as we enter the new year there come inspirations to better living and doing. Our regret for the faulty and irreparable past blossoms into a determination to avoid the same mistakes and failures in the future. This is right; indeed it is precisely what we ought to do when we find an unsatisfactory retrospect. There is no use whatever in mere tearful regret. It builds up none of the ruin over which it weeps. It brings back none of the lost opportunities whose irrevocable flight it deplores. Tears are well enough in their place. We ought to be ashamed of our poor living, our many sins, our broken resolves, our un-Christian-like Christianity.

But something more than shame and regret is required if we are to get any benefit from our experience. The true science of good living is not to get along without making mistakes but rather never to repeat the same mistake a second time. The outcome of our retrospect, therefore, should be the prompt amendment of whatever is seen

to have been wrong or unwise. We surely ought not to shrink from close and searching dealings with ourselves. We ought to be courageous enough to look ourselves and our past honestly in the face and then to turn resolutely and forever away from whatever is not good or right. Instead of standing with morbid contrition and weak simperings over the things in our past that shame us, we should pour all the energy of our penitence and sorrow into new and better living.

No doubt every one nods approvingly at this point and inwardly resolves to do just this. But everybody did the same a year ago, and what came of it? Did the abundant blossoms yield corresponding fruit? Must not many of us confess that the good was short-lived? The mistakes that we were so sorry about in our quiet thoughtfulness and which we said we would never repeat, have we not repeated them? Is this, then, the best possible in Christian life? Must we go on forever in this poor career of mistake, failure and defeat?

Certainly we need not do so. There is grace enough in Christ to help the weakest of us to live victoriously. The fault must be our own. We do not hold ourselves under the pressure of earnest thoughtfulness. We allow the serious impressions of our better moods to fade out. We write our good resolutions in the sand and the first wave that rolls up obliterates them. We do not make earnest enough business of living.

If this new year is to prove any better than its predecessors we must take hold of ourselves with a good deal more vigor than we have been wont to do. We must bring more energy to the performance of our common duties and to all the smaller and larger fidelities of life. We must set ourselves

resolutely and heroically to the work we have to do, the plain, small tasks that the common days bring to us.

It is the want of this courageous devotion to duty that makes our New Year's good intentions so feeble and so fruitless. Indolence never achieves anything worth achieving. No true victory over a bad habit or over an evil temper or disposition was ever won save through struggle and anguish. No one ever rose to real nobleness in life save through persistent toil and costly self-discipline. The New Year ought therefore to mark a new era of courage and fidelity in living.

It may help us to maintain our good resolves through the year, if we renew them each morning and try to carry them out for only one little day at a time. A year is a long time to span with our purpose of strong and earnest living; but any one can live well for one short day. However sore the pressure of temptation may be, we can resist it through one day. We can at least make the first day of the year beautiful and full of blessing to others. Then when the second day comes we can do the same with that; then with the third and with the fourth, and so on to the end. One day is all we really have to make beautiful and fill with good. We have nothing to do with any to-morrow until it becomes to-day.

To make each single day, as it comes, radiant with completed duty and with a pure record, is to have a year at the last over which regret shall shed no tears and penitence bring no blush of shame to the face.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Miss Hannah Peebles is unable to take charge of her classes this term on account of ill-health, but they have been provided for by some of the dignified seniors.



THE NEW SCIENCE BUILDING.

Prof. and Mrs. Hahn rendered a vocal solo.

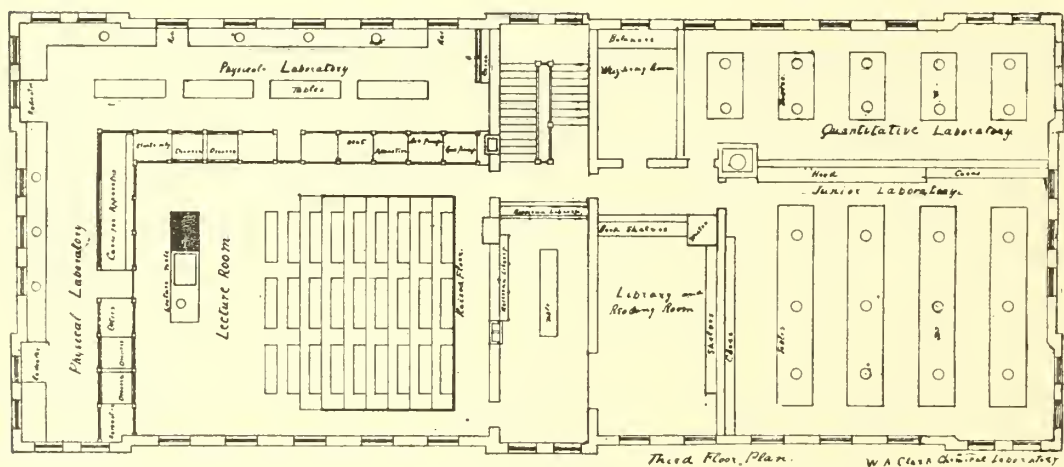
(Address of Julian Kennedy, printed in full.)

Following this address, Miss Mary Ferguson favored the audience with a piano solo.

Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell said: It seems fitting and important that institutions of learning should cultivate a study of the natural sciences. We hear much about the conflict raging between science and religion. This conflict is fierce and deadly.

It will be impossible for the church to meet its new environments without the aid of science. Already the church has been greatly aided by a study of nature and it will, some day, find a place in which it must stop, unless its supporters enter this field of investigation and reconcile revelation and nature. We may study the book of nature and science in a reverent and devout spirit if we will, or through pain if we must.

It will be good for the man of faith to



THIRD FLOOR.

There is a tendency to mutual misunderstanding between religious teachers and scientific students.

Christians to-day cannot afford to neglect the pursuit of the study of the natural sciences. The man who believes that this universe was created and is ruled by a living God, will find a pleasure in scientific investigation that the worldly man does not know of. The natural sciences should be studied in a devout and reverent spirit, for both the natural and the moral are from the one God, and should be studied together.

stand beside the scientific man and see the workings of the divine hand. Religious men need to study science, and scientific men need to study religion. He who studies the wonders of nature and does not see the hand of an all-wise Creator misses the better part of his study. In these institutions the study of nature and religious truth should be combined, for we are commanded to "taste and see," and there is no way to know that God is good unless we "taste and see." It is a great fallacy to believe that it doesn't matter what a person believes if he

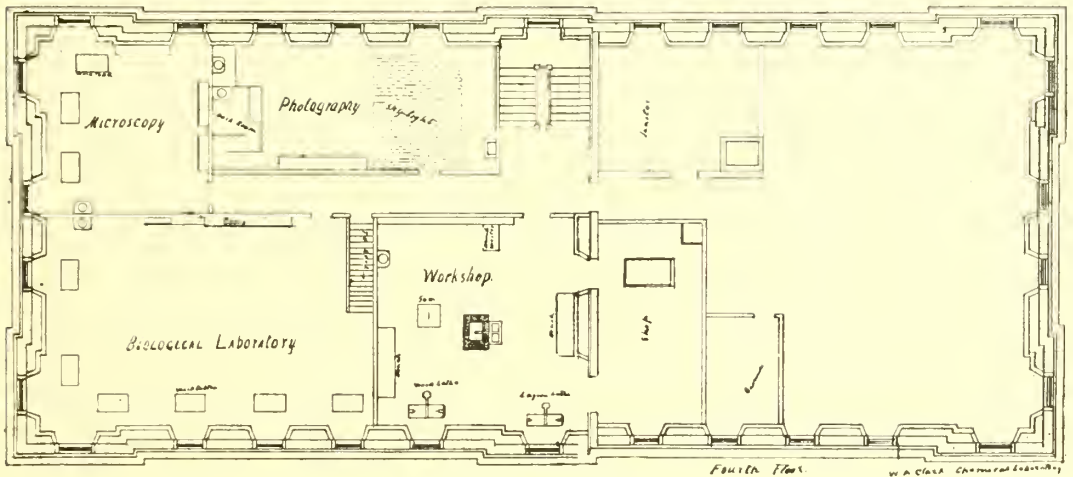
be sincere in that belief. Man must have a knowledge of himself. Most men are conscious that they have natural organs. They must go higher and know that they have a soul. We take food for the body, and God for the soul. The rich young man bowing before Jesus, and asking "What lack I yet?" is a picture of a soul thirsting for God. The lunatic who thought himself a locomotive is not farther wrong than a man who denies the existence of the soul. Men cannot be fed by the things of the world

making farther investigations in nature, that the workings of science and revelation may be proved to be the same.

Here we may stand with the astronomer, and looking through the telescope see God in the farthest horizon. Here, also, we may look through the microscope and see God in the smallest grain of sand.

I congratulate the friends of Westminster College on the building of this hall and the attainment of these enlarged facilities.

Judge Mehard was then introduced and



FOURTH FLOOR.

They long for something higher. Men must not rob him by too much study of science. Heretofore the pulpit and science have been at war. Faith has raised her song of gladness while science has railed. The revealed word of God in nature will finally be seen and read by all men.

We need religious men of the first rank in science. Men point to scientists who have rejected revelation. We want those to whom we can point, that are religious. We owe a debt of gratitude to those who have reared these walls, for the purpose of

said: Ladies and gentlemen: It would be improper for me to take much of your time this afternoon. We have been here long enough, and received food for thought. Let us give heed and digest what we have heard. It would be strange if any of us would fail to lay hold of the truths to which we have listened. We have been told that chemistry teaches the quality and quantity of substances and how to use them. It enables us to see that nature contains many things we cannot comprehend. As we learn how things may be used we in-

crease the power of man,—making his power almost equal to the Infinite. We are also reminded that there is something not apparent to the senses. I wish to unite these two ideas, and to remind the students that they are in a laboratory greater than that provided by General Clark. Here they should study the quality and quantity of that which goes to make up manhood and womanhood. We are all adding to ourselves each day, adding to our power as we gain new thoughts, as we study more diligently the use of things nature has given us. Let us first understand; and second, use. It is necessary, when we come to practical life, that we be experts in particular departments. We must gain knowledge of facts, and this knowledge will be used according to the scope of the intellect and soul that has them.

We are stamping upon ourselves our particular characters. Our character will determine the character of things we will attract. If we are intending to have that which is good, useful and true, we must have a like character. Let us then unite the two ideas,—the principles underlying chemistry, and the principles of the most important part of man.

EVENING SESSION, 7 P. M.

In the absence of S. B. Donaldson, Esq., of Pittsburg, Dr. Ferguson Presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. S. M. Black, and Miss Chapin rendered a beautiful piano solo. The first speaker for the evening was General W. A. Clark, who was introduced in a few words by President Ferguson as the "patron, friend and benefactor of the college, and the promoter of the welfare of this community." A storm of applause greeted the General's appearance. His speech was about as follows:

To speak of one's self is an evidence of

bad taste, but you will pardon me for referring to some instances in my life. When Westminster was young in years and in fame, I had the benefit of its teaching. For three years I attended its classes, and when I quit had attained to the dignity of a Freshman. Since then I have discovered that there are a few things that I did not know.

In 1861 the Rebellion came, and at the country's call for volunteers, I left home and friends for the life of a soldier. After three years of service I was honorably discharged, carrying with me a gunshot wound.

After the war my father died, leaving the care of the family to me. I have regretted that I was unable to continue my studies in college on that account, for I appreciated the value of an education.

I am simply a business man. My whole life has been a business life, and it is not my habit to address large assemblies.

I have pleasant recollections of my school days in Westminster. I have thought for a long time that if I became successful in getting more than enough of this world's pelf for my needs I would give aid to the college that helped me. I have no desire to live in a brown stone mansion. I desire to live comfortably and plainly. And when Prof. Thompson and his good wife built and equipped the Mary Thompson Science Hall, they made it possible for me to do my little part. What I have done towards the erecting of this building, has been done freely, and I am sure that the giving affords me more pleasure than you can have in receiving. In closing permit me to say to the gentlemen of the Board of Trustees I shall never cease to have a warm interest in the welfare of this college.

Miss Gertrude Clark then sang a vocal solo, "For All Eternity," which was highly

praised by the audience. Miss Clark has a beautiful voice and her singing is most pleasing.

J. W. WITHERSPOON, D. D.,

Secretary of the Board of Trustees, was introduced, who said: I have the pleasure of being among you this evening, and the honor of speaking to you on this important occasion, not because I have anything to say of profit and interest, but because I feel it an honor to do anything to advance the interests of this institution.

When I came to this college there was a scientific department, but no separate scientific course. There was no apparatus and the text book method was followed. A donation of \$500 from a lady in Allegheny, suggested a division of the scientific department into a chair of physics and a chair of chemistry. A committee appointed to look into the needs of this department found it in a very unsatisfactory condition.

We have now come to a glorious time in the history of Westminster College. This is one of the proudest days she has ever witnessed. When the Mary Thompson Science hall was dedicated, it was a proud day. This is another proud day. We stand amazed and gratified, with gladness in our heart and praise to God who has given us help hitherto.

As long as we have men like Prof. Thompson and General Clark in our midst Westminster will not die. We are looking forward to the day when these chairs shall be endowed so that nothing can ever shake them. We are almost at the end of the century and we have something to show for having lived in it. We are increasing in our equipment. We are living in the bright light of General Clark's electricity, and among you to-night none are more thankful than I. I congratulate the faculty

and the citizens, and more especially the students in having such wonderful equipment and opportunity for advancement. What a grand opportunity there is for you to graduate as men and women, equipped for the battle of life! I have congratulations for all who are interested in the welfare of Westminster College.

A difficult vocal solo was then rendered in an excellent manner by Prof. Daniel Hahn.

Hon S. H. Miller, of Mercer, was on the programme for an address, but was unable to be present.

Hon. Newton Black, of Butler, was called and although not prepared made a few appropriate remarks, in which he expressed himself as being glad to see the continued prosperity of Westminster College.

Misses Gertrude Clark and Anna F. Caldwell rendered a piano duet in a finished manner.

Letters of regret were read from Drs. McClurkin and McKittrick, Hon. Thomas W. Phillips and others.

The Science Hall was open for inspection and many availed themselves of this opportunity to examine the interior. The Hall is illuminated throughout by incandescent lights. Verily we are keeping pace with the outside world, and in the future—not far distant—we may hope to see a large increase in the population of the village, made up of parents desirous of giving their children a thorough education with the additional advantages of the home life.

Most of the students spent their vacation at home. Those in town had the privilege of attending the revival meetings in the M. E. church. Much good is being done throughout the town by these meetings.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY JULIAN KENNEDY, ESQ.,

THE DEDICATION OF THE CLARK CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

We have met to-day on the occasion of the formal opening of a new building, added by a wisely exercised private munificence, to those already pertaining to this institution of learning for the purpose of giving its members better facilities for the study of chemistry.

Chemistry is the science of composition of material things, and the changes which they undergo in consequence of changes in their ultimate composition.

Alchemists in the middle ages in their efforts to transmute the baser metals into gold, accumulated experimentally a great deal of fragmentary and disconnected knowledge bearing on the composition of material things, but it was not until about 200 years ago that this knowledge began, to any considerable extent, to be systematized and grow into the science of chemistry, the great bulk of whose grand fabric has been reared during the present century.

On this occasion it is very natural that we should ask, what position should this young science hold in the courses of studies followed in our colleges and universities? One of the principal objects aimed at in our colleges is to thoroughly train the mind of the student so that all its functions are performed rapidly and easily, and, therefore, when he has finished his college course he is well fitted to take up any line of study and master it with the minimum amount of labor. Another object is to impart to the mind of the student a fund of information which shall be directly applicable to his every-day work in life.

I shall not occupy your time with the

much mooted question of how much weight should be given in a college course to the study of literature and abstract science for the sake of mental culture and discipline on the one hand and the study of applied science with the object of fitting the student for technical pursuits on the other.

It is desirable that every professional man should have a liberal and broad education outside of his profession, and it is a grave mistake for any one to seek to acquire only such information as bears directly on the business he expects to follow.

On the other hand it would be unwise not to devote a large amount of time to the physical sciences as they make up a large and rapidly increasing proportion of human knowledge at the present time, and in many cases their study is well adapted to discipline the mind and to form habits of close observation. Moreover, some of the natural sciences have such a wide bearing on other sciences and on so many professions, that at least the elementary knowledge of them is an essential of a liberal education.

Prominent among these is chemistry. The lawyer finds a knowledge of it advantageous, and to the patent lawyer a fair knowledge of it is a necessity. A very considerable amount of training in this science is indispensable to the physician. The mechanical, metallurgical or mining engineer finds occasion to apply it almost constantly.

The application of chemistry to the various industries by which we are surrounded has had a growth within the memory of many of us here to-day, which is phenomenal.

Did it occur to any of you while you were hastening along the railroad to this gathering, how much the science of chemistry had to do with building the railway at

a low cost, and of a quality to insure the safety of the travelers on it?

When the ore is dug out of the earth, say at Lake Superior, it is tested by a chemist, and his determinations of the composition of different samples show that ore from certain parts of the mine is fit for the manufacture of steel rails, and this is kept separate and shipped for that purpose. When it arrives at the furnace it is again analyzed, as well as the fuel and flux, and the furnace manager uses these analyses as his guide in fixing on the amount of these different materials to put into the giant furnace, in perfect confidence that he will get good metal, and a large quantity of it.

When the iron goes from the furnace to the Bessemer converters the manager again proportions his material according to the analysis he obtains from the chemist, not only so as to get the right proportion of the various elements, in his finished steel, but also so as to obtain the right heat in his converter to get the most rapid and economical working.

We note that not a step has been taken from the ore to the finished steel which has not been based on the determinations of the chemist, and we find that at mine, furnace and steel works, in every case the chemical laboratory is a prominent and essential part of the plant.

Not only is every operation in making the steel rail guided by the chemist, but his determinations enable any one to send to the works a sample of steel which has proved satisfactory for his particular requirements with the certainty that it can be reproduced quickly, surely and cheaply.

To such perfection has the art of steel making been brought, largely through the assistance of chemistry, that although steel

rails are now furnished at one-fifth the cost they were thirty-five years ago, it is an almost unheard of occurrence for one to break in the track.

I should be well within the mark in saying that the inventions of Kelley, Bessemer, Mushet and others which make up the Bessemer process, have added fifty million dollars a year to the wealth of the United States. These inventions were largely chemical.

The engineer who designs the locomotive which draws the train must not only proportion all the parts for their work by mathematical methods, combined with educated judgment and experience, but when he has done all this he must with equally good judgment decide upon the quality of the material to be used in the various parts and specify the physical character and chemical composition of the materials used, which, of course varies in different portions of the machine. Steel which would be excellent for the boiler, for example, would be worthless for the tires, and vice versa.

To illustrate to the extent to which this watchfulness is exercised, it is customary to specify the chemical composition, not only of the paint, but of the varnish used in finishing the locomotive. The oil used on locomotives and coaches is tested chemically and must fill certain chemical specifications.

Chemistry is used to determine the purity of nearly all kinds of food and thus to protect the public from the bad effects of adulteration.

It is also of almost incalculable advantage to the agricultural interests of the country. It has taught us the qualities of different soils and the treatment required by them to adapt them to produce certain kinds of grain and fruit. By its aid the values of

different fertilizers for various crops are accurately determined, and in many other ways it is of great advantage to all who till the soil.

The merchant buying silks tests them chemically and it will shortly, no doubt, be fashionable for ladies to do the same thing while shopping. Not only does chemistry enable the buyer to be sure of getting a good article but it cheapens the cost of many manufactures by showing how to use waste products.

In the manufacture of gas for cities there is left what was practically a waste product, coal tar. This sticky, ill-smelling material would seem to be about as unpromising stuff to utilize as could be conceived of, yet it has been found that from it can be made aniline from which the almost infinite number of aniline dyes are produced, as well as colored ink and numerous other articles. Thus, from what was a waste material there are now made the beautiful dyes which may be seen on the gowns of the ladies everywhere and which have almost entirely displaced indigo, cochineal and other dye stuffs formerly used, giving rise to an industry which produces goods valued at many million dollars every year.

Surely these achievements, and many others equally wonderful, far surpass the wildest visions of the old alchemists who sought so earnestly and persistently to change base metal into gold. They did not succeed, but in their feeble way they laid the foundations for the work of their successors, the chemists, who have certainly transmuted baser materials into gold almost beyond computation, and in their young, vigorous and rapidly growing science have placed in the hands of mankind the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Examples of the material benefit to the world which are constantly being conferred by the science of chemistry, could be multiplied indefinitely. The waste dumps of gold mines of 20 years ago are through improved chemical methods now sources of greater wealth than was extracted from the rich ore, and in hundreds of other cases, both in mining and manufacture, improved chemical processes are saving enormous sums from material formerly thrown away as worthless.

It is computed that by the utilization of waste products in the manufacture of coke in this country eight million dollars a year can be saved.

From the preceding it will be seen that chemistry is very intimately connected with a great deal of the practical, every day work of the world in the arts and manufactures.

Chemistry itself is not only a science but an art and the student who devotes himself to it will find that he not only learns the principles of science, but that through his laboratory work (which is a necessity for the study of even the elements of chemistry) his eye and his hand is both trained and his faculty of observation greatly improved which, of course, is a very great benefit. The eye quick to observe and the hand trained to skillful manipulation are as valuable to man in many cases as a great amount of information or good reasoning powers.

The student who has worked carefully and diligently for two weeks on a complete quantitative analysis of a difficult object, and who takes pride in his work and looks forward with pleasure to finishing it in two or three days more and then finds his beakers broken on the sand bath by the explosion of a sealed tube in which

his neighbor has been carrying on an experiment on the critical point of vaporization of ether, if he starts afresh and goes over his work conscientiously, will have received a lesson in patience which will be useful to him ever after, and if he refrains from profanity, will be greater than he that taketh a city.

The study of chemistry also develops the mechanical abilities of the student, who, if he is successful, generally learns to be a fairly good glass blower, and becomes quite ingenious in constructing apparatus for special work, and learns a great many other useful things which are not strictly in the line of chemistry.

In the preceding remarks I have tried to show that chemistry is a science of which every one should know something, and some should know as much as possible. It is a science which has become so vast that no one can hope to become familiar with a very small portion of it. I judge that an able man could spend a lifetime in the study of the chemistry of coal tar and its derivatives, without becoming thoroughly familiar with all that has been done in it even up to the present time. The student can, however, get a good knowledge of the elements of chemistry, and a comparatively full knowledge of some special branches of the subject. It would be folly for any one to expect to become an authority on more than a very small portion of the subject. It is so vast that it must be subdivided, and the authorities of the future will be specialists in different branches each of which—especially in what is termed organic chemistry—will continue to grow so rapidly that they will have to be further subdivided, and each man's work concentrated on a still smaller fraction of the whole.

While I have tried to point out briefly

some reason why the study of chemistry should be given a prominent place in the college course, I do not wish to convey the impression that I think that technical studies should be pushed into the foreground to the exclusion of others, for I believe it to be the proper function of a college to send out men who may be lawyers, doctors, chemists and engineers, each eminent in his chosen specialty, but each, first and foremost, a gentleman of broad and liberal education.

The proportionate amount of time to be given to the study of chemistry in the regular college courses, I have no doubt will be judiciously decided by the Board who have so ably managed the affairs of this institution, and I feel confident that in the exercise of a wise and conservative progressiveness they will continue to hold fast to that which is good in the older systems of study and at the same time will be quick to add anything new which commends itself to their judgment.

Outside of the regular college courses it is to be hoped that the facilities now provided for the study of chemistry may be utilized to a very large extent by advanced students intending to make a specialty of this branch, and I have no doubt that in the future, among the many who will be prominent in advancing the science of chemistry and successful in applying it to the arts of peace and war, though we hope entirely to the former—a large number of the special students of chemistry in the Clark Laboratory will occupy honored and prominent positions.

It requires no prophetic ability to predict that from the establishment of this laboratory there will constantly flow out streams of knowledge which will become mighty forces not only in the way of increasing the

sum total of human learning and culture, but also in improving the material condition of mankind so that as the workman of to-day is surrounded by comforts which were not enjoyed by kings or queens three hundred years ago, the workman of the future will have at his command comforts and conveniences which are not now dreamed of even by the wealthiest.

While this laboratory will be a constant source of good in the way of dissemination of useful knowledge, and in the increase of wealth in this great land of such boundless possibilities, not the least good which it will do will be to serve as a constant reminder to those who have accumulated large portions of this wealth to endeavor to make a wise and judicious use of it in benefitting their fellow men as has already been done by its founder.

The success of this Laboratory will depend not alone on the wisdom of its founder or its complete and admirable arrangement, but to an equal extent upon the earnest and persistent efforts of those who pursue their studies in it, and I feel sure these efforts will be commensurate with the opportunities offered and that they will be crowned with a full measure of success.

Besides these factors I desire to call your attention to another to which this institution more than to its buildings; more than to its laboratories and museums; more than to its library; more than to its endowment, owes its success in the past and will owe its prosperity in the future,—the earnest and unselfish work of that noble, self-sacrificing band of men and women, the Faculty and Instructors of Westminster College.

The Holcad is on sale at McKinley's Drug Store. Fifteen cents a copy.

LEAP YEAR.

From an old magazine of 1832, one of the students copies the following paragraph which in turn was taken from a volume bearing the imprint 1693, entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrimony." It is appropriate for 1896.

"Albeit is now become part of the common Lawe, in regard to the social relashuns of life, that as often as every Bissextile year doth return the Ladys have the sole privilege during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men; which they may do either by words or looks as unto them it seemth proper. And, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of the clergy who doth refuse to accept the offers of the Lady; who doth in any wise treat her proposals with slight or contumely."

Chaplain C. C. McCabe delivered his lecture, "Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," on Thursday, January 9, 1896. The large and well pleased audience applauded vigorously his bright sallies. It is a pleasure to look at the bright side of a subject which heretofore to most of us had but one side and that the dark side. This lecture, altho over thirty years old, is ever changing and is ever new. A strong patriotic sentiment pervades the whole and is just such thoughts as need to be presented to the American youth. The references to the war talk of the present were timely, and the sentiment expressed by the Chaplain that war over the Venezuela affair would be extremely foolish, was heartily applauded.

Chaplain McCabe spoke highly of the treatment received at the hands of General John B. Gordon on one occasion and of the manliness of the General then and now.

The pictures of the editorial staffs, foot-ball teams and glee clubs are the special features of the *Washington-Jeffersonian* and others.

GEN W. A. CLARK.

A SKETCH.

It is interesting to know about men and women who have done something. The life history of most persons serve either for an inspiration or a warning. Knowing that many readers of the HOLCAD wish to know something of the life of the one, who, by his gift, has increased the usefulness of Westminster College, an interview was sought with the donor, that from his own mouth the story of his life might be told. Seated in the library of his comfortable home General Clark talked freely of his life and plans.

To begin at the beginning, Gen. Clark was born in the village of New Wilmington, March 25, 1845. His mother was a daughter of Maj Francis Scott, a cousin of Gen. Winfield Scott. The father was a merchant in the town, his store being on the corner now occupied by John Wright. In addition to his business in New Wilmington his father was engaged in the oil business and was one of the first operators in the Franklin field. In 1861 Gen. Clark had been a student at Westminster three years and had reached the Freshman Class. The war breaking out at this time he enlisted, but being so young it was necessary for him to secure permission from his father, which was granted, and he at once joined the famous Roundhead Regiment, then being formed by Col. Leasure, of New Castle. His war life covered a period of three years and six weeks in which time he was always at the front, never receiving a furlough. At this point the General showed the writer a badge of honor containing a long list of battles. Out of this list, which numbered about thirty, General Clark took active

part in twenty-one. Some of the most important of these were Bull Run, South Mountain, Fredericksburg, The Wilderness, Siege of Vicksburg, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and the Mine Explosion. After the Mine Explosion, being wounded, he was sent to the hospital.

Receiving an honorable discharge he returned home where he found that it would be necessary for him to assist in keeping the family. Two years after the death of his father everything was destroyed by fire. When the insurance had been settled very little was left, for in those days people did not heavily insure.

Taking all the money that he had (\$800) he and his wife moved to near Franklin and obtaining a lease he drilled for oil, the investment taking most of his capital. This venture proved successful, the new well yielding thirty-five barrels a day of lubricating oil worth then, about \$7.00 a barrel. His further search for oil was successful, and it is now twenty-seven years since his first well came in. Several years have been spent in Butler and Philadelphia. In all, he has lived away from New Wilmington about fifteen years. While in Philadelphia he was with the Standard Oil Company.

THE GENERAL'S HOME LIFE.

About one square west of the center of town is to be found the home of General Clark. It is a comfortable home furnished in good taste and lighted with electricity supplied by the Electric Plant built by himself and now owned by W. A. Clark, Jun.—being the father's Christmas gift to his son. The family consists of the General, his wife, his daughter Gertrude and his son

William. The General takes great interest in his home and family and enjoys its peace and quiet above other things.

AN INCIDENT.

When speaking about his business interests in the oil and gas territory of Butler county, the General related an incident about Andrew Carnegie which is as follows: Before gas was extensively used in Pittsburg some men interested in the scheme of piping gas to that city, (Andrew Carnegie being one of the number) were looking over the field in Butler county. General Clark, being along, suggested to Mr. Carnegie that in the no distant future they would be puddling iron by means of gas. The Iron King laughed at the idea, said it had been tried and failed and explained in detail why it could not be done. Gen. Clark's suggestion amused Mr. Carnegie and his friends so much that they made it the basis of their jokes for the day. Two years later in the Carnegie works iron was being puddled by means of the heat from natural gas. Being in Pittsburg soon after this had been successfully done, Gen. Clark happened in Mr. Carnegie's office and was about to suggest something about puddling iron by means of natural gas, when that gentleman begged him not to mention the subject, acknowledging that the prediction had come true and that it was his turn to be laughed at.

THE USE OF WEALTH.

General Clark believes in getting the use of his money while he lives. To hoard and pile up money for others to use is not a pleasant thought to him. He prefers to spend it now, while he can see the good that it does. As he expresses it: "An ounce of praise is worth more than a pound of obituary."

"That which first set me thinking about

the disposition of surplus wealth," said the General, "were the articles on the subject by Andrew Carnegie, which appeared in the magazines." He agrees with Carnegie that it is unwise to distribute money among the people as a free gift because it tends to pauperize them. He differs from him a little as to the way in which to spend this surplus money. Carnegie's idea is to give free libraries and music halls, while Gen. Clark believes that more good can be accomplished by giving money to schools and colleges. A statement made during the conversation, and worthy of thought was this: "If the men whose wealth is comparatively small would give a few thousands for benevolent purposes, this world would be a more desirable place in which to live. Not all are expected to be millionaires, but each one can follow the example of a certain widow and her mite."

THE TITLE OF GENERAL.

"There is one thing that I am proud of. I am proud of the honors which my soldier friends have given me since the war. In the Union Veteran Legion, I was promoted, first to Major, then to Colonel, then Junior Vice Commander and in 1893 I was made National Commander at Cincinnati and the title of General was conferred." And he further stated that these honors were more highly prized because they had been given to him by men who had a right to confer such honors, if any men had.

AS A BUSINESS MAN AND PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN.

As a business man Gen. Clark has been successful. His oil and gas interests, located in Butler county, are at present very profitable. Largely to his efforts this town is indebted for its water works, the most complete of its kind in the United States,

supplying pure spring water all the time at small cost, thus greatly lessening the danger of infection from old wells. The electric light plant is his work and it will be several years before it will pay. The large building on the East Diamond, not only beautifies the corner upon which it is loca-

ted, but gives better facilities for business. In many other ways Gen. Clark has benefitted the town, and as he expects to live here in the future no doubt he will continue to help beautify and improve the village and the college which is now the recipient of his gift.

JOSEPH HARDY NESSIMA.

Joseph Hardy Nessima. Is he not a hero who could write and live these words? Young man, fighting once, do not stop there. Fighting the second time, do not stop there. Do not stop even after fighting the third time. Your sword shattered, your arrows all spent, yet do not stop fighting till every bone is broken and every drop of blood is shed for the truth.

I think if I could tell you the story of this life without dates, without such names as Johns Hopkins, and Amherst, New York and Boston and ask you to place it in history you would immediately refer it to one of two periods—The time of the patriarchs or the New Testament time of miracles. But Joseph H. Nessima did his preparatory work in Phillips Academy, was graduated from Amherst, was ordained a minister of the gospel in Massachusetts. He lived in the same days with us, why he has only been gone from us a little less than five years.

Born in Japan, in the house of a prince, he had a political future before him. But the desire of his young life was for knowledge. He ran away from his duties to study Dutch and received a flogging as a result. After much trial he was allowed to go to a seaport town to study. Here he learned a little Chinese, supporting himself by teaching a Russian the Japanese lang-

uage. Here also he came across a book containing the main facts of the Bible. He read, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." These words made a great impression on his mind, for he writes: "One reflection came upon my head, that although my parents made and fed me, I belong indeed to a heavenly father; therefore I must believe him and I must run in his way; then I began to search for some vessel to get out from the country." Remember, he knew if he left Japan on this errand his only fate, if he returned, was death.

Three of his friends helped him and he was taken on board an American vessel bound for China. On this vessel, having only \$4.00, he had to work his way. To him this was a terrible disgrace and once or twice, when ordered to do some menial work he thought of drawing his sword and cutting down the men who seemed to be insulting him. But when he realized that in this way his great aim could not be attained he refrained and submitted.

Arriving in Shanghai he succeeded in getting the captain of the Wild Rover to allow him to sail with him to America, provided he work his way, for he had sold his only possession (a sword) to buy a New Testament printed in Chinese. This he spelled through, beginning at Matthew until he came to John 3:16. He felt that here was just such a Savior as he needed,

He was on the Wild Rover for one year, during which time the captain taught him English, but when they finally landed in Boston the Captain went to see his friends and left young Nessima with the "rough and Godless men of the ship," doing hard and rough work, to which he had never been accustomed. The captain had given him a little money and with it he bought in the streets of Boston a second-hand copy of Robinson Crusoe, and here he first learned that he might pray to his Heavenly Father as to a personal friend, and from this on every night, he "prayed to the God, please don't cast me way into miserable condition. Please let me reach my great aim."

And here comes one of the strange things as we see it. Years before, Alpheus Hardy had gone to Phillips Academy to fit himself to enter college that he might be a minister of the gospel. But his health failed and he says himself:

"One evening alone in my room my distress was so great that I threw myself flat on the floor. The voiceless cry of my soul was, 'O, God, I cannot be thy minister.' Then there came to me as I lay a vision, a new hope, a perception that I could serve God in business with the same devotion as in preaching, and that to make money for God might be my sacred calling. The vision of this service, and its nature as a sacred ministry, were so clear and joyous that I arose to my feet and with new hope in my heart exclaimed aloud: 'O, God, I *can* be thy minister! I will go back to Boston, I will make money for God, and that shall be my ministry.' From that time I felt myself to be as much appointed and ordained to make money for God as if I had been permitted to carry out my own plan and been ordained to preach the gospel."

This same Alpheus Hardy was the owner

of the ship in which Nessima came over. When he was told of the young Japanese, and knew from himself the reason for his coming, he took him as he might be his own son, sent him to the academy, to college, to the seminary and supported him as a missionary in Japan.

While in the Academy he publicly accepted Christ. Of his work in college it only needs to be said that when President Seelye was asked for testimonials for Mr. Nessima when he was to return to Japan he said, "You cannot give gold."

Here is the next strange event. In the winter of 1871-72 the second Japanese embassy to this country reached Washington. Needing an interpreter they sent for Mr. Nessima who had been in this country about seven years. His principal duty was to prepare a paper on "The Universal Education of Japan." This was so carefully prepared and was the result of such close and clear observation that it was taken as the basis of the report made by the embassy, and somewhat modified, it is the foundation of the system of education in the empire to-day. While with this embassy he wrote to Mr. Hardy, "I am ready to march forward, not asking whether my powder is dried or not, but trusting simply and believing only that the Lord of hosts will help me to do my duty."

With these men he visited the principal cities of the United States and Europe. By his faithfulness and his conscientious adherence to principle he gained the confidence of these men, a confidence which lasted till the day of his death; and when he went back to Japan and wished to start his school these men were at the head of the government, and to his intimacy with them and their firm confidence in him the Doshisha University owes its existence. Before

sailing for Japan he met with the American Board at Rutland, Vt. Here he wanted to ask for the money to found a Christian College in Japan. After consulting Mr. Hardy who said, "Joseph, the matter looks rather dubious, but you might try it," he went away to think of his speech. He spoke about fifteen minutes but to the consternation of the secretaries said, "I cannot go back to Japan without the money to found a Christian College, and I am going to stand here till I get it." And it was but a few minutes until they had raised \$5000.

And now having reached Japan his great work began. To found a Christian school in a country whose life, whose religion were the direct opposite of Christianity was no light task. A people who for centuries had opposed everything new, must of necessity hold most tenaciously to the old religion. A people whose greatest faults were lying and licentiousness must oppose the gospel principles. To stand where leaden rain was falling as fast as pelting drops in a thunder shower were not so hard as to stand day after day, week after week, year after year, pleading to be allowed to do the best thing for the nation.

At last the governor of the province where he wished to establish his school, knowing that Nessima was plainly violating the old law, laid the matter before the head men of the government. These were some of the same men for whom he had acted as interpreter while they visited in this country and they said, "If it is Nessima, it is all right, let him alone." But the consent of a government does not remove all trials in such an undertaking. This one sentence tells much, "Oh that I could be crucified once for Christ, and be done with it."

His school established his highest aim was not yet reached. It must be a University

with Medical, Law and Scientific schools as well as a Theological school in order that it might draw the best men of every *class* under its Christian influence.

But his health, never strong, had been badly shattered by his long and wearing work and Mr. Hardy had him visit the United States for rest. But he could not rest, Japan's need was burning in his brain. While attempting to rest in a small town in Maine he found no Sabbath school there, and here in our country this Japanese started a Sabbath school in which he always took a great interest.

His health a little improved he returned to Japan to work even as before. Besides his regular school duties he did much work of the evangelist, establishing and building up churches. At this time "The Doshisha had a large school for girls, a training school for nurses, a preparatory department for young men, thirteen dormitories, a large recitation hall, a chapel to seat 600, a large library building. Mr. Harris of New England had given \$100,000 to endow the science department."

And now comes the one event common to all; he had worked until the last, and then with the words peace, joy, heaven, on his lips he entered into rest January 23, 1890.

Review his life and say if it is not a miracle. A Japanese boy 16 years old leaves home to seek knowledge; finds *God* in the words so common to us, "In the beginning God created the heaven and earth;" finds a Savior in mid-ocean; finds a God in whom he can pray in Robinson Crusoe; dropped down in Boston without money, with very little of our language; he finds a Hardy; (what would one of us do if set down in Boston this afternoon, penniless and friendless, nine times out of ten if depending on ourselves we would beg or die). An em-

bassy appears in this country, he is called to meet them; returns home to find the old rule gone and these men, his friends, at the head of the government. Does it not seem like the plot of a novel and not living facts that we might have seen. Is it not a miracle?

This is only a skeleton. If I could show you the man as he appears in his letters, in notes from his Diary, you would cry out, "The Hero of Japan, a Hero of the world was in our midst and we knew him not."

ANNA DUNCAN, '99.

THE EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE

BY PROF. JOHN MITCHELL,

[Professor of the Greek Language.]

The conference of United Presbyterian educational institutions was held in the chapel of Cobb Hall, the University of Chicago, December 26 and 27. The delegates were Dr. Grier, Allegheny Seminary, Pres. Spencer, Cooper Memorial, Pres. Thompson, Tarkio, Prof. Johnston, Muskingum, Prof. Swan, Monmouth, Prof. Mitchell, Westminster.

There were present also many leading United Presbyterians from Monmouth and Chicago.

The first subject on the programme was, "How shall we make the educational work a more prominent feature of the work of the Church and interest the masses in that work?" Some of the ways mentioned were: Bring it before the Young People's Institute, before the General Assembly, use the church papers, a proper use of athletics, have the assembly appoint a general secretary of education, hold up the idea that this work is fundamental to all other work of the church and is the basis of success in all other lines. Let presidents, professors

and agents preach and talk education everywhere. One speaker said, "Establish a great university at Pittsburg, or give Westminster a million dollars and make it the university," another says, "Judicious advertising but not the kind that is intended to deceive the public," as is sometimes done by some institutions; wider opportunity for different classes of students and greater variety of courses of study; keep in touch with the public schools, for many young persons go to college at the word of a teacher in a lower school.

There was at first some difference of opinion as to whether the teaching of Hebrew should be left to the seminaries, but the decision was unanimous that it should be so.

The discussion of the system of ranking students and its relation to the Assembly's appropriation, led to the question whether or not the appropriation should be divided equally. On this point there was a decided difference of opinion, the western delegates generally favoring an equal distribution, the eastern favoring the present method of giving the largest share of the money to the institutions having the largest enrollment in the college classes. This plan places Westminster at the head of the list. After a thorough discussion of the whole subject, it was agreed to take no action on the subject at present.

The further examination of the various ranking systems as they were presented in the reports of delegates, showed that they differed but little in results, and it was apparent that no college was using any unfair means to increase its share of the appropriation.

The question, "What should be the requirements for entrance to the Freshman class?" was referred to a committee to con-

sist of one member from each college faculty, the committee to report at the meeting next year. The member from Monmouth was made the chairman.

Shall journalism be taught in the colleges? Some said yes, if we had the money; others thought such technical work ought not to be put into the already crowded college courses. But many suggestions were made as to how efficient preparation for this work might be obtained; for example, the study of the English language in its Grammar, rhetoric and literature, extensive courses in sociology and political economy, the study of latin and greek, as suggested by the great journalist, Mr. Dana, of the *New York Sun*. There was not a teacher of English in the conference, but every member emphasized the importance of this part of the college work. The thought was English should be studied.

President Thompson, of Tarkio, read the report of the committee on resolutions. It is as follows:

That we favor the presentation each year at the General Institute of our Young People's Christian Union of some topic relating to the educational work of the church. Also that we ask Presbyterian Societies to put such topics on their programs as frequently as they can.

That we petition the General Assembly to appoint a General Secretary of educational work, who shall devote his whole time to the work of stirring up an interest in the educational work of the Church and raising the appropriation granted by the Assembly.

That we appoint a committee to prepare an address to the pastors of the church to enlist their interest and assistance in our educational work.

That it is the sense of this conference that so soon as the educational ideal of the people will warrant it, the classical, scientific and literary courses of our colleges should be parallel and of four years each, a certificate only being given for shorter courses.

That it is the sense of this Conference that the

colleges should give more attention to the teaching of English Literature and the precise and correct use of the English language.

That we enter our protest against the action of Presbyteries in admitting as students of theology men who have no adequate knowledge of Greek and who are otherwise poorly qualified intellectually.

That we express our appreciation of the courtesies extended to the Conference by the authorities of the University of Chicago and by Dr. and Mrs. Harper.

Dr. McDill was appointed to present the second resolution to the General Assembly at its next meeting. Drs. Spencer and Thompson were appointed to prepare the address referred to in the third resolution.

The next meeting of the Conference will be held in Chicago at the call of the chairman. The time fixed is the last week of December, '96, or the first week of Jan., '97.

After the meeting on Thursday evening the delegates were entertained by President and Mrs. Harper at the "President's House." This was a delightfully pleasant hour. Dr. Spencer told of the days when Dr. Harper was a senior in Muskingum College. Dr. Grier told of Dr. Harper's work in Hebrew. A very interesting account of the founding of the University of Chicago was given by Dr. Harper. Its financial success was explained so that the college men present might know how to get the millions they so much desire. Many important particulars of the present working of the great institution were briefly told.

The members of the conference and the friends who attended its sessions were unanimous in approving of the meeting. They believe that much good will come from it and that larger possibilities and larger demands are before us in the near future. The kindest feelings towards one another was found to exist among all the institu-

tions, even questions of money did not disturb this feeling. It is hoped that at the Conference next year there will be a larger attendance, as good a spirit and that more important results will be apparent.

In replying to the note of the secretary conveying a copy of the last resolution, President Harper says, "I hope that next year the members of the Conference will think it wise to come to the University."



General Gordon, February 6, 1896.

Junior orations begin on Friday evening, January 17.

Messrs. Phthyon, Edgar and Raney are in school this term.

Miss Winn is arranging for a class in stringed instruments.

Miss Dora Barr, who is this year in Grove City, spent vacation here.

Miss Maud McDonald, of Avalon, is the guest of Miss Beulah Stewart.

Seavy the Photographer will be in the Science Hall, Monday, February 3.

Mr. Marvin J. Thompson spent a few days here with friends last week.

Miss Lyda Imbrie, of Emsworth, enters the Senior class in the Literary course.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Janet McNitt and Mr. F. W. Maxwell

This edition of the Holcad is larger than the usual edition in order to supply the demand for extras.

Miss Bertha Black who has been teacher of music in East Palestine, O., is home for vacation.

Query:—Has Prof. Freeman turned over a new leaf or is Miss H. taking advantage of Leap Year?

Every loyal student should be a Holcad subscriber. Are you? One Dollar pays for a year's subscription.

The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. social on Saturday evening was enjoyed as usual. The program was quite good.

Miss Loa Mitchell suffered from a severe attack of rheumatism during vacation, and is not yet able to be in school.

The Gymnasium looks like new and is well equipped. It is open for the ladies on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons.

The Base Ball Team goes into training soon. Manager Pierce has dated some good games for next season. Win? We'll try.

Misses Zenista and Abigal Moore spent their vacation with friends in Pittsburg and neighboring towns. They were visited by their parents who reside in Peoria, Ill.

Miss Edith L. Winn, the teacher of stringed instruments, in company with other music directors made a concert tour through the eastern states during the holiday vacation.

Among new students are Messrs. Chas. Landgrave, Weldin, O.; Ernest Raitt, Newburgh, N. Y., and Misses Jessie Heasley, Fay, Pa.; M. J. Warren, Knoxville, Ohio, Mazy Brooks, New Wilmington.

The Saturday evening Missionary class is taking up Grant's "Religions of the World" this term. It is a very interesting as well as profitable study, and one that every Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. member should take advantage of. The class begins with bright prospects and will be led by Mr. W. Wenner.

COLLEGE WORLD

Yale is to build a hospital for contagious diseases to cost \$10,000.

The first Ph. D. given by the Chicago University was conferred upon a Japanese.

Cincinnati University has been given \$50,000 for a new building. It will also have a new gym.

President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University is in favor of foot-ball as the national game of colleges.

A large museum has been given to Dartmouth College which, when complete, will be one of her finest buildings.

Ex-Gov. Russell and Mr. Roosevelt, who are very prominent in politics at present, are graduates of Harvard.

The Bridgman school for girls, at Peking, China, has recently determined to receive no more girls with bound feet.

Only recently has England realized the importance of the college journal. Her first college publication comes from the University of Edenburg.

The University of Paris has over seven thousand students, and in this as well as in other universities of France there are no classes, no athletics, no commencement day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs and no fraternities.—*Ex.*

Prof. Von Halst, of Chicago University, has been so pronounced in his opinions regarding the President's position in the Venezuela boundary dispute that his fellow teachers have felt it necessary to disclaim all share in his opinions.

Dr. Wm. R. Harper, president of the Chicago University, graduated from Muskingum College, in Ohio, at the age of 14, delivering his commencement oration in Hebrew, and received the degree Ph. D. at Yale when only 19.—*Ex.*

The six boys in the Morrow House are known as the Busy Bees. They work so hard, that the hum of their voices and the whirr of the brain wheels can be heard from 6 A. M. to 12 and 1 P. M.

MUSIC AND ART

Misses Dindinger and Reiber are new art students.

There are five new students in the conservatory this term.

Pianos are manufactured in Yokohama, Japan, by natives and sold at the price of \$75.

The movement in favor of a monument to Dr. Geo. F. Root is meeting with hearty response and approval from all quarters.

An exhibition of all of Mr. Tompkins' paintings will be made in New York this season. This is an event of much interest to all students and lovers of American art.

Paderewski, the great pianist, who is making a tour of the country, gave two recitals at Pittsburg on Monday night Dec. 16, and on Wednesday afternoon Dec. 18. On each occasion a large and enthusiastic audience greeted him. On Monday night the program contained selections from Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Chapin, Rubinstein, Liszt, and one of his own compositions. The hearty applause which followed each number showed the highest appreciation of his work. His rendering of Chapin's Valse in C sharp minor Op. 64, No. 2, called forth such vigorous applause that he was obliged to repeat the selection. He favored the audience with several encores including his famous minuet. In ten performances Paderewski has drawn over \$50,000 in a few eastern cities.

Gen. Gordon has had a very busy season, lecturing to large audiences everywhere. Two thousand people heard him in New Castle in November, and many were turned away unable to find standing room.

A CARD OF THANKS.

The following card of thanks appeared in the Atchison *Globe* recently: "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Matleby desire to express their heartfelt thanks to the curious friends who attended the funeral of their daughter, and hope their curiosity was fully satisfied."

EXCHANGES

All dentists' advertisements are not pulling ones. — *Printers' Ink.*

The Exchanges for the month are even more attractive and interesting than usual. A number of them are special holiday editions, containing Christmas stories and poems of high merit.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the struggle for the prize,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hustler—Advertise!

—*Printers' Ink.*

The stories and sketches in the *Sibyl* are excellent. The magazine opens with a prize article entitled a "Literary Criticism of Mother Goose," which is something new in the line of a critique, and very interesting. This is followed by a prize story, "Cupid at Basket Ball."

The *Phaetra* comes to us up to its usual high standard. It contains a very interesting account of how Thanksgiving Day was observed at Wilson. Among the events of the day were a game of basket ball between the Defenders and the Invincibles, a Thanksgiving dinner with a large number of toasts, and the usual Thanksgiving play given by the seniors.

LIFE.

Two children playing in the street,
Two rosy lips in kisses meet.
Two lovers stand by the orchard wall,
Where the apple blossomes thickest fall.
Two lives bound fast for ever more.
A lonely child by the cottage door.
Two grassy graves laid side by side,
Thus ebbs and flows life's fitful tide.

—*University Forum.*

Some tangled hair
With ribbons there;
Eyes underneath, half hidden.
Of lips a pair,
That have an air
Of whilom fruit in Eden.
A winsome face
A dainty grace
A few square yards of muslin
A little art,
A broken heart
By Jove, I own its puzzlin'.

—Ex.

The *Harmonite* opens with an interesting continued story, Beryl Berrand. The Symposium in this number on "What elements of character go to make up, or are essential to one whom we call a 'good fellow,'" has received many excellent answers. One is "a good fellow" to me is one to whom I can look up spiritually, mentally and physically, even if he is not stirred with nobler aims and ambitions than I, he comes nearer to their attainment than I. He is free from cant and sham, yet his religion is the strongest thing about him. He never leaves it at home when he goes to to a ball game or travels on the cars or is in a strange town for a few days. He is always kind, gentle and loving, and never tries to assert his superiority over a weaker brother. S. H.

"Oh! Polly, you are hard on me,"

The Junior sadly cried,
Though I spent two hours with you, last night,
This morning I nearly died."

(We smile upon his sad distress,

A love-sick boy say we.

But wait, he speaks of her again:

Let's see what she may be.)

"Yes, Polly, I've made up my mind

To let you slide," he said.

("They've quarreled," we whisper to ourselves,
And shake our knowing head.)

"You're the hardest course I've had this year."

The romance is all gone.

For we thought he spoke of some tender maid,

When 'twas only "Pol Econ."

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

The Christmas number of the *Anchor* is very attractive. It contains the pictures of the editorial staff and the football team. Among the contributed articles worthy of mention are "Originality," "Our Ideal Minister," a very interesting and instructive article on what a minister should be and how he should conduct himself, and an article on "The Deterioration of Home Life as the Result of Social Discontent," from which we quote the following: "In our days the faculties of affection in our youth are being developed in the following order:

Self,
Nation,
Lodge,
Church,
Homes,
God."

Let us reverse the order and develop our children by showing their relations to

God,
Church,
Home,
Nation,
Self.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XII.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 6.

THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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LYDA B. LAKE, '97,	
W. D. GAMBLE, '96	MUSIC AND ART.
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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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Information solicited concerning the Alumni or any who are or have been connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

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FEBRUARY, 1896.



With this issue of the *Valedictory*. HOLCAD the present staff of editor bids farewell to their readers, and surrender their high positions of honor. Our work has been sometimes pleasant, many times unpleasant. The goal of our wishes has not been attained nor all our hopes realized. We wish to thank all who have helped the work by literary con-

tributions and in other ways. We would call the attention of all the students to the importance of making the paper worthy of the college. We greet the new staff and wishing them success in all they undertake we hope they may accomplish what we failed to do.

Washington and Lincoln.

The month of February is noted as the month in which many great men were born. To the loyal American it contains the birthdays of two men whose memories are kept fresh from year to year. It is important that the youth of the land should be taught history that they may know through what terrible struggles the Republic has come forth. Around the names of Washington and Lincoln cluster the memories of two important wars. Can the thoughtful read without a thrill, the story of Washington and his army at Valley Forge? Can one read of Lincoln, as he signed the Emancipation Proclamation and struck slavery the blow that in youthful years he had promised,—can one read of these deeds and not feel the desire for a deeper devotion to country? They were true citizens. The nation has need of the same to-day. Long live the memory of these two men, let their praises be sung, let all give honor to their names. Let us not forget the tragic fate that befell Lincoln. There are still enemies of the country with-

in our borders. These would see our institutions overthrown, our laws trampled under foot, our government destroyed. We must watch.

The Literary Societies. The work in the literary societies, has been better this year than for some time. This term's work is especially good. The contests which are to come off next term (of which there are four) have, no doubt, added greatly to the interest in the work. Acting on a suggestion of Judge Mehard's, made in a chapel speech some time ago, the societies have adopted a systematic plan of work. As outlined now it covers "The Elizabethan Period." The ladies' societies have found it a good plan. Its success is still doubtful in the other two societies. There are scarcely sufficient books in the library for the number that are to use them in preparation. Again it is not every one that is interested in the Elizabethan Period. Their researches may be made in another direction. This could be said of any plan suggested. Perhaps two or three lines of work would come nearer suiting all.

The French women, members **Peace.** of the Women's International League of Peace, have sent an appeal to the German women to co operate in the efforts made for peace. A part of it reads: "The women of France, to their sisters in Germany,—German mothers, sisters, and women. The character of war in its true nature is being more truly recognized. It is murder *en masse*, which becomes more and more barbarous by the terrible effect of the new weapons. The human spirit at last revolts against the thousand-year-old terrible conception of military glory.

Every army fighting another leaves behind torrents of blood and tears. Together with England's women, we ask the women of all nations to join in an international league having for its purpose peace and general disarmament. May the women of Germany join that league. Your interests and ours are the same. Unite with us to achieve the greatest victory ever won—the general disarmament." This is right. May the days of war soon pass. War as it is now is nothing less than cultivated barbarism.

New Wilmington or Westminster? Take your choice. We would like to have the opinion of the students on the change of name for the village. We favor Westminster, so do many others. It would be awkward for a year perhaps but we would soon get over that, as it seems so natural to say Westminster College, Westminster, Pa. Even now letters come to this office addressed Westminster, Pa. It is true, oftentimes some little delayed, until Post Office authorities have figured out the location of Westminster. Write your choice on a piece of paper, with your name and send to the editors.

Cuba. There is still much uncertainty as to the fate of Cuba. One day we are told of the victories won by the Spanish troops and on the next it seems as tho the insurgents were fighting their way to sure victory. The Spaniards have more trouble on their hands than they thought for. The new general, a man of experience, does not seem confident of success in the immediate future. It is, no doubt, hard to fight an enemy that rarely shows itself. The Cubans with but few men, by means of their guerilla warfare are able to put

many to flight. They have long worn the yoke of Spain and if they succeed in freeing them all Americans will rejoice.

The Bachelor of Arts is *The Bachelor of Arts* the name given to a monthly magazine devoted to university interests and general literature. It is published at 15 Wall St., New York. The February number which came to our table is full of interest. Some of the best things in it are "College Life at Dublin University," "Opening of a Scotch University," "Historical Land Marks Near Amherst," Athletic Department, conducted by Walter Camb, and the Book Notices. The Bachelor also offers a prize of \$125, for the best original story of college life. Terms of contest are printed in another column.

Long continued applause greeted the appearance of Gen. John B. Gordon on the occasion of the delivery of his well known lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy." The interest, which was thus early manifested in the evening, (owing, no doubt,) to the fame of the distinguished gentleman, was kept up until the very end with unusual vigor. The climax was reached, when the speaker held aloft the flag and called on old and young to be loyal to the country of which it is the emblem. Time and space forbid a full account of the anecdotes of the war, or the tributes paid to the brave men of both armies. Throughout it is full of that true patriotism, which we sometimes forget in the mad rush for wealth, and which in times like these, we stand in need.

In spite of the most disagreeable weather of the whole winter, five hundred people

were assembled in the Second U. P. church to listen to Senator Gordon. Better weather would doubtless have largely increased the attendance.

As has already been stated in these columns, the *Famous Lecturers*. minister Lecture Course is one of the oldest in the state and one of the first in the country. It may be a surprise to some of our readers to know the names of a few of the men of note that have graced the lecture platforms in this community. Wendell Phillips, of anti-slavery fame, was here shortly before his death. Joseph Cook, who has been here two or three times, was so surprised at the large audience that greeted his first appearance, that he called New Wilmington, "The little giant lecture town of America." Russell H. Conwell has appeared here some ten or twelve times. New Wilmington was a favorite stop on his route. John B. Gough, the famous temperance orator, and Theodore Tilton, one of the most gifted orators, appeared, once each. Geo. R. Wendling, who is still popular with the citizens of this community, has been here nine times within thirteen years and will probably appear again next year. Many other men of more or less fame have lectured here in the past. It would be interesting to trace the growth of this course from the very earliest date. Probably but few towns of this size can boast of as clean and wholesome entertainments. The best is demanded and received, and it speaks well for the general intelligence of the village and its nearby neighbors.

Since writing the above the names of Burdette, Eli Perkins and Dr. Gunsaulus have been suggested. Burdette has been here twice, the others once. No doubt there are many more of equal fame who have been here.

The true boundary of man is moderation. When once we pass that pale, our guardian angel quits his charge of us.—*Feltham*.

"Ah!" exclaimed the cannibal chief, smacking his lips; "what kind of a minister was that we had for dinner?" "Your excellency," replied his companion, "I should say it was a prime minister."

BACHELOR OF ARTS.—FICTION PRIZE.

For the best original short story of college life the Bachelor of Arts offers a prize of \$125 to its undergraduate subscribers. (See editorial).

TERMS:

1. Each story must contain not more than 4000 words.
2. Mss. should be sent to the Bachelor of Arts, 15 Wall St., New York, marked "Prize Contest," on or before June 1, 1896.
3. Each story must be signed with the full name of the writer, who must be an under-graduate, and a subscriber for one year to this (Bachelor of Arts) magazine.

THE HUGUENOT.

Every century has had its great men and historic events; its Alexander or Calvin; its Washington or Malanthon; its revolution or Reformation. Every century stands out boldly to future generations for something. But no century in human history arises so majestically as the 16th—like a mountain peak around whose base grow luxuriant reforms that transform it into a mountain of beauty, but whose crown is enshrouded by clouds of mystery and ignorance. What a two-fold century! What error and injustice, yet what truth and justice! What tyrants and despots yet what

reformers and liberators? It develops a Jesuit and inspires a Huguenot.

The sixteenth century dawned upon nations in uneasiness and apprehension. The whole religious life was crushed under the weight of the ecclesiastical institutions of Rome. Gloomy misrepresentations of the true faith filled Christendom. The child-like voices which had lisped "Abba Father" were silent. The ecclesiastical system was the one ark which could sail troubled waters; priestly intercession the one refuge from woe eternal; masses the sole escape from purgatorial fires, and in priestly hands alone were the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

But like the sun rising in his strength, God's recovered truth burst upon the world. To souls groping for the truth as blind; to men reaching forth to grasp the Christ; to spirits worn by fasts; to tremblers who had offered for their sins the precious sacrifice of heart and life; to crowds which had thronged the roads to Rome in search of unattainable pardon; to the nation sitting in the region and shadow of death, the light sprang up.

The doctrines of the reformation took early root in France. The new view soon spread. Persecution did not check them; on the contrary the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. The spectacle of men and women suffering death for their faith, expiring under the lash, and praising God in the flames commanded the attention even of the incredulous. The searcher after knowledge beheld the corrupt state of a religious world. The invention of printing brought forth the book, known to be the very title-deed of Christianity—the revelation of God's will to men. The scriptures showed man standing on a narrow space of time between the eternity of the

past and the eternity of the future, and that the future depended on the present. Sentiments of rights were evolved, and the long down trodden peasant raised his cry for liberty of conscience and freedom of worship. Kings, warriors, statesmen, scholars, people, all seemed to move in a cloud of fear, or under the sense of mystery, as if haunted by the presentiment of a mighty change. Everything was hushed into a very agony of pause as nature holds her breath before a crash of thunder. The fore-runners had performed their mission and the reformation came.

Thus arose the two parties, the one submissive to the bulls of the sovereign pope, the other submissive to the decrees of an almighty God: the one dominated by a Roman Vatican, the other prompted by a quickened conscience; the one a Roman, the other a Huguenot.

The life of the Huguenot was preeminently a life of struggle. Listen, it is the hour of prayer at Vassy, and sweet strains of praise arise to a loving God. But in the distance is heard the clash and clatter of a coming army. On it flows and engulfs the worshippers, and sixty are there deemed worthy to seal their faith with their blood. The Huguenot survived a Vassy and he heroically endured a St. Bartholomew. In the face of persecution he arose in favor until, by proclaiming that famous edict of Nantes, Henry the IV immortalized his own name and brought the Huguenot to the climax of his power. With this the Huguenot secured equal rights and privileges with all other subjects of the realm. Ah! but it lives through but a century of trickery. A century passed. The most magnificent of French rulers, more grandiose than grand; a warrior, but a coward; a king, but a slave ascends the throne. With the

ascension of Lewis the XIV the enemies of liberty gain control. The Edict of Nantes is revoked and France's religion must be that of France's king.

Conversion to Romanism, death or flight faced the Huguenot. Does the King fancy that by his mere command the religion which had been gathering strength from the crying experiences of ages would crumble in a day? Does he imagine a people prompted by the smile of a faithful conscience, not by the rod of a haughty tyrant, can be lead to cast aside the faith of their forefathers? Does he not know a Huguenot? He might as well ask the planets to change their courses, as the Huguenot to change his creed. The veteran now eighty years of age, pointing to his hoary head, exclaims: "For sixty years I have rendered to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; let me render unto God the things that are God's." He laughs at thy threats, O King. He can face thee, O King, rather than the angry countenance of the King of Kings. He can withstand thee, O King, with all thy armies, thy jails, thy galleys, thy gallows, but he can never endure the pains of a smiting conscience.

Flight became necessary, exile a duty. The heroism of conviction was displayed not in resistance, but, if the paradox may be admitted, in flight. Some crossed the frontier, sword in hand; others assumed disguises and crawled leagues to avert the cruelty of their persecutors. Some put to sea in frail barks, preferring the severity of wind and wave to the certain cruelty of their fierce human oppressors. The number that sought and adorned England, America, Switzerland, Russia, Prussia and Holland was legion.

After a lapse of three centuries, the Huguenot stands out uniquely for what?

What especially characterizes the Huguenot, having so long been under the scrutinizing eye of time? What is his characteristic sphere, and where does he reign supreme?

He stands out uniquely as the personification of liberty of conscience. He heeds not the babblings and threats of a hostile world, but listens to that mysterious something within, which says thou shalt and thou shalt not—"that summit of his nature where it touches God." The brave upholder of the faith, with courage that does not fail, with a fidelity that endureth forever, he stands unmoved by the favor of kings or the hatred of bloody men.

The noble advocate of right! Inscriptions on brass and marble do fade away with age, but that inscription of Right on the face of history is sharp and clear, and the name of Huguenot shall last for aye.

The Gods of conquering Rome have fallen from their niches in the Pantheon and gone down to oblivion, but those statues of Faith and Hope, Trust and Virtue, Courage and Conscience will stand forever in the galleries of human history and in the Pantheon of Memory.

J. M. F., '97.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

Up in the Catskill mountains early in the summer of '94, in a humble home, almost a cabin, was a grey-bearded kind-eyed man working patiently away with pencil and brush, busily intent upon the canvas before him.

This canvas was a small one, not larger than fourteen by twenty-six inches, yet it was destined for a place of honor in the great Art Gallery of the World's Fair. Its subject is "Sabbath Morning." Seated in

an arm-chair before an open door is an old man with the sunlight of a beautiful still Sabbath morning in early June shining upon his head bowed over the pages of a Bible open upon his knees. His face is wrinkled and seamed with the care and hardship of a poor man's life. His hands are rough and coarse from toil. Everything about him both in his person and surroundings speak of poverty, yet the expression on his face, as he bends over the pages of Holy writ, is suggestive of the verse found therein,—“Take therefore no thought for the morrow.”

The other figure, similarly bowed and worn from toil, is that of an aged woman—his wife. She sits opposite in an old rocker. She is dressed in a coarse grey gown, and about her shoulders is thrown a small plaid shawl of uncertain age and tattered fringes. Her hands are clasped, her body leaning forward as with rapt attention she listens to her husband as he reads from the book so dear to her.

The painter of this beautiful (though simple picture) is no less a person than E. G. Brown, the American artist. For America can claim him, though England was his birthplace.

He came to this country when about twenty years of age and it is in the land of his adoption that his artistic nature found free vent and his wonderful talent first showed itself. In England it had been the old story of an artistic son and an unsympathetic father.

Perhaps Brown is best known to an American public by his faithful delineation of street-boy life. He has taken the ragged sharp-eyed little street Arab, whom many another artist of perhaps equal fame has passed unnoticed by, and has worked him into his great pictures and painted him as

he really is, from the crown of his hatless, unkempt head to the sole of his dusty bare feet.

It is the truthfulness of the picture which has appealed to the hearts of a nature-loving people.

Brown's method of work is all his own. For instance, he never in his street urchin pictures uses a trained model. Instead he goes out into the street, selects his model, lures him into his studio and begins work. He sketches rapidly the outlines of head and body, meanwhile chatting in a friendly way so the little fellow will not become weary and pose more like a wooden dummy than the restive chap he is. He then goes on with another figure in the same manner, working a little while every day with each model. In this way the boys are kept fresh and bright and the finished picture has none of the stiff appearance that it must unavoidably take on if painted from trained models assuming the part.

Brown gives the greatest attention to detail. His backgrounds are carefully studied while every article in the surroundings of his figures is painted with as much exactness as if they were the central object of the picture.

His models are posed in life exactly as they are to be represented. If a boy is to be painted standing on a pavement he is posed on a pavement, not on a carpeted floor. The difference in the effect of light falling upon the stones of a flag walk and the soft rep of carpet being taken into consideration.

Brown is essentially an artist of the people. The subjects of his best known pictures are all taken from the everyday life of common people.

He strikes the keynote of sympathy in every heart, for after all, what so appeals to

one as do the pathetic pictures of the pleasures and perplexities of the poor little street waif, the joys and sorrows of simple home life, or the beauty and repose formed in aged and worn faces.

Things and people, that we pass and re-pass without a thought, are brought in all their beauty and expressiveness before our minds by the ever ready brush of a master hand.

Among his more famous street boy pictures are "Heels Over Head," "Perplexed," "The Card Trick," and "Training the Dog."

Many amusing stories can this genial man tell you of his experiences of the poor folk he paints. His power seems to them quite miraculous. They offer to buy his pictures, perhaps saying they will give five dollars for what the artist realizes as many hundred.

While painting upon the city wharves, in the country or at the seaside he is usually surrounded by a crowd of these people who ask him all kinds of ridiculous questions. These he answers patiently, serving, (as he himself says), as a loadstone to draw them off from his brother artists whom their conversation would annoy.

Personally Brown is a quiet unobtrusive man; something over sixty years of age. He has the kindest of faces, a genial manner and a merry twinkle in his eye. He is one of the few people that much honor cannot spoil. He has the happy gift of adapting himself to circumstances and people.

Such a life cannot fail to prove an inspiration, both as an artist and as an unselfish Christian gentleman. S.

Junior Orations are now sticks in the wood-boxes of our memories, and the books of the Library may quietly repose on their shelves to gather the dust of another year.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE.

The world we live in is full of exquisite beauty—beauty which holds the poet's fancy, supplies the artist with varied subjects and reveals to the scientist the great and wonderful plain of creation.

"A yast cathedral, boundless as our wonder
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky "

Yet we go through life blinded, having eyes which see not, ears which hear not and minds hardly capable of appreciating the beauties and wonders which surround us.

How grateful we should be to science which has searched into the secrets of the universe and revealed to us its hidden wonders. "Infinite space crowded with unnumbered worlds. Infinite time peopled with unnumbered existences; infinite organisms hitherto invisible but full of delicate and iridescent loveliness." Life in every imaginable form, from the lowest to the highest, from the ugliest to the most beautiful, organic and inorganic, each performing its particular mission, teaching us the significance of that great mystery, Life.

Where the untrained eye will see nothing but dirt, science will discover grand possibilities. The mud we tread on in the street is a mixture of sand, clay, soot and water; separate the sand allowing the atoms to arrange themselves, and they will give us the opal; separate the clay, burn it and the most beautiful porcelain will be the result; or if allowed to purify itself still further it will give us the sapphire; take the soot and under proper treatment it will be turned into the diamond; while the water purified and distilled will become a sparkling dew drop or crystalize into the beautiful snow-flake.

How wonderful the power of man to take the rough material from the earth and fashioned into forms of rare beauty or usefulness. His conceptions how grand! his thoughts how noble.

But how much more wonderful is the power of the Divine Creator of the Universe who framed it and all that is in it for our enjoyment. Should we not feel grateful for such manifestations of His goodness? And do you not think He is pleased when we study, and understand and appreciate His glorious work.

The love of nature is a great gift; a true insight into its beauties, something to be desired.

The rocks speak to us in a language of their own, telling us of the countless ages in which this earth of ours has been forming.

The flowers seem to be intended for the solace of humanity. Wordsworth tells us that

"The meanest flower that blows can give,
Thoughts do often lie too deep for tears."

The trees clothed in their verdant foliage and swayed by the breeze from Heaven seem like ministering spirits giving comfort to the weary hearted.

The refreshing power of water on the earth is not much greater than that which it exercises over the mind of man. The running brook is music to our ears as onward it flows through mossy groves, telling in accents sweet and low that

"Men may come and men may go
But I go on forever."

Who can describe the effect the ocean has upon one, its vastness is overwhelming; its power and majesty fills us with awe.

We could hardly imagine what this world would be like without colors; it is very difficult to understand how we perceive colors, yet it exists and without it the world

would be a dreary waste. The glorious spectacle of the heaven whether the ethereal blue of the mid-day sky or that light which fills the senses with a deeper feeling of the beautiful, the light of the breaking or declining day when the whole horizon glows with a resplendence of quivering lights and changing hues, a diadem of glory.

Or if one prefers the stillness of night when the firmament is glorious with its myriads of radiant lights, so beautifully, so spiritually bright; and the moon in peerless majesty like an Angel of Love is casting down a serene and tender light upon a sleeping world.

These beauties are surely intended for some divine purpose; perhaps to incline our thoughts upward toward a higher life—for

"If God has so arranged
A fading world that quickly passes by
Such rich provisions of delight has made
For every human eye.
What shall the eyes that wait him survey
When his own presence gloriously appears
In worlds that were not founded for a day,
But for eternal years."

ANNE CALDWELL.

NOTES ON SOME NEW BOOKS.

Antony Hope, whose "Prisoners of Zenda," and other "Zenda" stories, have attracted so much attention, is about to publish a volume of short stories with the title, "Comedies of Courtship." This is a departure into a new line, but as the author uses his inimitable facility in plot making already shown in his other stories, these cannot fail to add to his enviable reputation as a story-teller.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has a new story, "Sentimental Tommy," in Scribner's which bids fair to eclipse his famous "Little Minister."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has gone back to the days of Queen Anne for a plot

for her latest novel and exposes herself to the arrows from the shaft of Thackeray's admirers by encroaching on ground sacred to Henry Esmond. The full title of the book serves as an explanation of her object: "A Lady of Quality: Being a most curious, hitherto unknown history, as related by Isaac Bickerstaff, but not presented to the world of fashion through the pages of 'The Tattler.'"

Mr. Stephen Crane, a young newspaper man of New York City, only twenty-five years old, is being highly lauded by the London readers of his novel, "The Red Badge of Courage." The Saturday Review calls it "inspired" and says it is greater than the works of Zola or of Tolstoi.

The "Critic" remarks that Mr. Alfred Austin, the new Poet Laureate "has one thing in common with his predecessor—his Christian name. Tennyson has occasionally been called 'Alfred the Great.' He will be called so oftener hereafter."

"Pansy has just published her ninety-fifth story for young people under the title of "What They Couldnt," a story of home made miserable by the attempt to keep up appearances, and Miss Martha Linley has found material for another "Elsie" book in the historic ground of the war with Tecumseh and the battle of Lake Erie, and tells the story in "Elsie's Journey on Inland Waters."

"Joel, a Boy of Galilee," is a most beautiful tale of the life of Christ, written by Annie Fellows Johnston.

There will soon be published in book form two stories that won prizes offered by the New York Herald. They are "A Fool of Nature" by Julian Hawthorn, who won the first prize of \$100.00, and "Your Money or Your Life," a story of life in a western city, told by Edith Carpenter.

Professor Richard G. Moulton, of Chicago University, believing that the Bible judged from a literary standpoint alone is the finest piece of literature extant, is arranging it according to the form of modern books—making the distinction between prose and poetry, omitting the division into chapters and verses, and is publishing one book at a time as he finishes it. "Ecclesiastes" and "Wisdom of Solomon" are to be published during February—all under the title of the "Modern Reader's Bible."

M. McL.

FAITH THE LESSON OF HISTORY.

Faith is the lesson of all history. The final impression which is left on the human intelligence, after the study of the facts and philosophy of history, is that there is a superintending, wise, all comprehensive and efficient controlling force entering into it. And this is traceable through all periods and all conditions, in periods of peace and advancement, and awakening intelligence and invention, and progress in literature, science and religion. And in periods of unrest and degradation, and bondage of the human intellect and corruption of human heart, and abandonment of all principles of righteousness and morality. The mind is repelled somewhat by the statement of this truth, when it holds before itself these periods when darkness and cruelty prevailed.

And we ask the question: What relation has a wise and righteous purpose with the atrocities and cruelties, the oppression and injustices that have marked human history in its onward march through the centuries? How is the lesson of faith to be drawn from these periods in history which exhibit the cruelest oppression of the holiest lives

and the wickedest penalties visited upon the most righteous principles.

When the future historian comes to study the conditions of history at the present time, will there be any basis for his conclusions that the atrocities of the Turkish Government upon the Armenian Christians are subject to, and controlled by, and will result in the exaltation of the mighty forces of truth and right? We have not far to go for an answer to these questions of the human mind.

The holy men of God are described as strangers and scattered over the face of the earth, but are addressed as the elect. They are strangers only in the limited and narrow circle of the human vision. They are the chosen, the appointed of the infinite and eternal purpose, which keeps on through light and darkness, sunshine and shadow, victory and defeat, exhibiting in all alike its efficiency and gradual and blessed own unfolding.

And this is the lesson in every period of turmoil and unrest. And all the upheavals which have marked the governments and the social life of the race have finally contributed their testimony to the establishment of the truth of an all-wise superintending purpose in all history.

This is clearly seen in the preparation of the world for the Advent. There was no period in history so perfectly adapted to the introduction of a new Kingdom of truth, as that period distinguished by the three great civilizations of the world. The period of power, of culture, of spirituality, of administration, of learning, of worship.

Back of the power of the Roman government this great superintending purpose is seen in the preparation of the world for the easy and safe movement of the messages of truth along the highways of trav-

el and commerce, and in the development of that most perfect medium of speech, the Greek language, mingling with all the native languages so that the new revelation of truth might be heard or read by all. And the personal embodiments of truth in the members of the Jewish nation were scattered through all lands, carrying with them in their personal life and sacred books the knowledge of the true God. And all this centering in a period of history distinguished by the greatest intellectual activity and at a time when the nations, despairing of their own ability to lift themselves to higher plains of morality and intelligence, were awakening to a sense of the need of something higher, something better.

And in addition to all this they had a longing and an intense conviction that a deliverer of the nation would come. Through all this can be traced the golden thread of a virgin purpose, preserving a blessed continuity and unity, and securing in a climacteric glory the highest good to the nations of the earth.

The same thing is traceable in the history of individuals, in whose lives at different periods in history all the great and sacred interests of their race apparently centered, and were dependent upon the safety and perpetuation of a single individual. As in the case of the Jewish slave under the burning sun in the midst of the unspeakable cruelties of a heathen government.

Or as in the life of the great Apostle, who as a prisoner on his way to the Imperial City in the midst of a mighty deep, and the sun and moon and stars did not appear in many days, and the fierce enroeldon broke in terrific fury on the sea, and all seemed to be left to the capriciousness of wind and wave: still the forces of nature and the forces of the human mind and heart

were all drawn into line with the mighty and all powerful directing force which gives safety and hope to the world.

The condition and attitude of the governments of this world, at the present time, awaken apprehensions in the minds of all thoughtful people, and the heart grows sick at the possibilities of cruel and desolating wars: but even a superficial study of the history of the past warrants indulgence in the brightest hopes, and nerves the human spirit to the noblest efforts.

For out of all history comes the one supreme lesson: that there is a God, ruling and controlling the destinies of mankind. Then considering the world's history as a whole, and from any standpoint, whether religious, social or philosophical, it appears to be conducted by a dominant and benign purpose to build up the race in the knowledge of that which is true and holy, and through the generations as they come and go, to reveal more and more clearly higher truth to the world. And all the great events which have happened are object lessons to train the mind in the high and holy exercise of faith. And all the conflicts of the generations with evil and the seasons of quiet and prosperity, the days of darkness and distress when hostile nations have been marshalled against each other in war, the times of peace and plenty, of famine and want all alike hold aloft the lesson of confidence and trust in the eternal principle of truth and right and establish beyond controversy the truth of an on-moving self-perpetuating purpose.

With this lesson well learned the world may confidently turn to the future, and with the seeds of love and thought already sown: hope for a still more glorious consummation in "That *one far off divine* EVENT, to which the whole *creation* MOVES."

M. E. P., '97.

A TALK ON LIBRARIES.

LIBRARIAN ANDERSON ADDRESSES WESTERN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

Librarian E. H. Anderson, of Carnegie library, Pittsburg, delivered an interesting and instructive address yesterday afternoon to the students of the Western university, Allegheny, on the subject of "Public Libraries." In the ancient libraries, the first of which he said was established by Rameses I. in Egypt, 3,500 years ago, the books were looked upon as treasures to be preserved, rather than used, and were not public libraries in the modern sense. For several centuries after the invention of printing books in European libraries were chained to the shelves.

The first library founded for the dissemination of culture among the masses was started in Philadelphia, by Benjamin Franklin, in 1732, as a subscription library for young tradesmen. This was the forerunner of the free library of to-day. In 1847 Boston decided to levy a tax to maintain a free library at public expense. New Hampshire now has a law compelling towns to establish free libraries, and Massachusetts authorizes such a levy, and its libraries have 1,233 volumes for every 1,000 inhabitants. Pennsylvania stands at the bottom of 20 northern states with only seven for each 1000 inhabitants.

The Boston public library is the largest in the world, containing over 600,000 volumes, and Chicago has 200,000. After the school and daily newspaper, he said, comes the library in legislative power. The circulation of fiction and juvenile books in the United States averages from 70 to 80 per cent., but statistics show the percentage of novel-reading decreases steadily after a library is established. The most fruitful

work of a library is with the boys and girls. Libraries should be cherished and maintained by the public, as no function is more important to the state.—*Pittsburg Post*.

EIGHT WORD POEMS.

IN A NUT SHELL.

GREAT snake,
Boy quake,
Horror froze,
Garden hose.

HIS REMEDY.

Noble earl
Lost bets;
'Merican girl
Title gets.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

New woman :
Old man ;
Made one ;
Best plan !

—*Pittsburg Post*.



Miss Elizabeth Barnes is visiting friends in Pittsburg.

Jas. Black was in Pittsburg recently on important business.

WANTED, by Berry, a hat. Address 2001 College ave, cor. Main.

Miss Lyda Imbrie spent a few days recently at her home in Emsworth.

Miss Elizabeth Wilson has gone to Chambersburg to attend Wilson College.

The advent of electricity is a fruitful subject for Corner Grocery Philosophers.

Mrs. R.—Miss H., where are you? Miss H. (from under the bed)—It wasn't "me."

Two of our students are going to Ann Arbor next year. Beware of mesmerism !

It has recently been discovered that Miss K—— has a very strong Will (McC——.)

The Society Halls will soon be illuminated by electricity. Good oil lamps for sale.

Any one desiring information concerning work done by tailors will call on Miss T.

Mr. W. J. Brandon, from Grove City college, has entered our ranks in the Senior class

Improvements at Westminster still continue. The chapel is now lighted by electricity.

Miss Jean Wilson, of Allegheny, a former student of this place, is visiting Miss Hattie McLaughry.

Gen. Gordon was the guest of Rev. J. M. Mealy, D. D., on the occasion of his recent visit here February 6.

One of the young ladies at the Hall thinks that when Professors are sick they should be fed with an ink stand.

Mr. T. W. Pierce, '95, who is attending law school in Philadelphia, made a flying visit to the town last week.

No snow! no skating! but plenty of mud. Very discouraging indeed to those desirous of taking advantage of Leap Year.

Wanted—a transparent umbrella for one of the young ladies, the Hall is in danger of being knocked from its foundation.

The Busy Bees have been more than usually active during the mild weather. So industrious that neighbors can't sleep.

Miss Gertrude Clark left on the eighth for Boston, where she will continue her musical studies at the Boston Conservatory.

Several of the students have had attacks of La Grippe and the girls at the Hall have not escaped. All are recovering now.

Seminary seniors are receiving calls and poor college seniors are looking for places in which to free the long imprisoned thoughts.

Miss Agnes Reed, '94, is teaching in Ingleside Academy, McDonald, Pa. Mr. Owens is suffering from nervous prostration.

On the day of prayer for colleges, Jan 29, the students listened to a splendid sermon from Rev. I. T. Wright on the sin of unbelief.

Two of the young ladies in the Hall have gone into retirement and now spend most of their time in solitary seclusion under the bed.

The First church has greatly improved their music by the addition of a new organ. Miss Ashenhurst fills well her position as organist.

Chambers and Littell have recently composed a poem on life at Westminster. The HOLCAD will endeavor to secure it for early publication.

Perry Kuhn, Jr., has very acute olfactory organs,—he can "smell electricity" and will be employed by the new company to detect leaks.

Interested citizens are considering the advisability of securing a Town Clock to be placed on the Clark Building. Verily the town do move.

John G. Woolley, the noted temperance apostle, will be here March 17. Admission to all 25 cents. This lecture is *not* included in the regular course.

Some of the ladies at the Hall have opened a lecture bureau, and are prepared to arrange dates for any of the students who may be inclined towards a platform career. Several are needed immediately to fill dates at Fayette.

Peacock spent a few days in Cleveland during the past month. He also had a very pressing engagement to fulfill at a town not many miles from Cleveland.

Prof. Thompson in Astronomy—"Where *in the heavens* should we look for the Vernal Equinoctial point at sunset on June 21st? An audible smile goes round the class.

Miss Alda Kraeer left Monday afternoon, Feb. 10, for Boston, where she will enter The New England Conservatory of Music. The best wishes of many friends go with her.

Hereafter the Chorus Class will practice behind locked doors. Prof Hahn is afraid some of the harmonious strains will escape before he can capture them for his grand concert.

Work in the laboratory has become so interesting of late that Prof. Freeman has found it necessary to have another member of the senior class added to his staff of assistants.

Faculty, students, and people of the town manifest their deep interest in Prof Mitchell during his serious illness. We earnestly hope that he may be able to combat the treacherous fever.

Miss Anna Duncan has charge of the work for the ladies in the Gymnasium. All the different departments are being better equipped why cannot we have more attention given to elocutionary training?

Lost—on Monday, Feb. 3, at Ladies' Hall, one pair overshoes, size 12 $\frac{1}{4}$. Any information concerning same will be thankfully received. A reward will be paid for the return of the shoes and no questions asked. Address all communications to the Financial Agent of Westminster College.

The electric lights in chapel make quite an improvement. Would that the class rooms were thus lighted, then in Geometry "while morn walks o'er the dew of the high eastern hill" we could see the figures on the board.

Last week, one afternoon, two people were discovered in the act of taking a cross cut through the fields on their return from a walk. Will some one who knows please explain why they did not come back as they went—the long way.

The Sweedish Quartet, March 6. This is the last entertainment on the course for this season. Reserved seats on sale at usual place. The Sweedish Quartet is one of the best concert companies on the road. Everywhere they have been highly praised.

The New Wilmington Electric Light and Power Co. have organized and the following officers have been elected: Pres. and Sec'y, W. A. Clark, Jr.; Gen. M'gr, Prof. W. J. Shields; Chief Engineer, Gear Sewell; Chief Lineman, T. M. Black. Edgar, Trainer, Shira and others are in the line of promotion.

The days have come and the days have gone
And a year has passed away;

And the HOLCAD crew
Will bid adieu

To all their patrons to-day.

To those that stand on the college strand
All ready to take the helm,

May your voyage be
O'er a tranquil sea

And success be your golden realm.

The detective work of some of the Juniors is surpassed only by the thrilling adventures of Sherlock Holmes. With only a piece of the class colors to guide them these disciples of Pinkerton discovered a clue to the programs which disappeared so

suddenly on the second night of Junior orations. After working on the case for fully four minutes and eleven seconds, during which time they neither ate nor slept, these latter day "sleuths" went forth and rescued the stolen property from its concealment. 'Twas a hard task, tho.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

H. D.—On the evening of Feb. 2, I saw a young man step to the side of a young lady as she came from the First U. P. church, and they started towards her home together. But when they had gone a short distance the young man suddenly turned back, and sought the company of another young lady. Can you inform me who the young gentleman was, and what was the cause of his strange actions?

Ans.—Oh, yes! It was Cooper, Jr., and he was merely the victim of a case of mistaken identity.

Z. M.—What young lady at the Hall has become very fond of cider since the holidays?

Ans.—The answer to the above question will appear in the next number of the HOLCAD.

O. K. S.—A and B have laid a wager on the number of hairs in Chamberlain's moustache—A betting there are thirteen, and B twelve. Can you find out for us, and answer through the HOLCAD?

Ans.—This is a very delicate matter to decide. The HOLCAD made a very careful examination of the point at issue between the parties to the bet, and found that there are apparently thirteen hairs visible to the naked eye, but upon a closer scrutiny, and with the aid of a magnifying glass, it was discovered that there are in reality but twelve, one being split, thus appearing as

two separate and distinct individual hairs. Under these circumstances the HOLCAD was about to decide that the bet should be declared off, when Joe nobly came to the aid of the wise man, and decided the matter in favor of A, for the reason that he (Joe) feels another hair coming beneath the skin.

M.—No. If you want the use of the Hall library on Friday nights, it will not be absolutely necessary to make arrangements for taking dinner at the Hall on that day, altho that would be your safest plan.

COLLEGE WORLD.

The oldest college in the world, Moham-medan, at Cairo, was 1,800 years old when Oxford was founded.

Columbia has a traveling scholarship of \$2,000, with the condition attached that the winner shall spend two years abroad.

Princeton has 1,088 students this year, 21 less than last year. The slight falling off is attributed to the raising of the standard of admission.

Amherst College will send out an astronomical expedition to observe the eclipse of the sun next August from the Japanese island of Yeso.

Only recently has England realized the importance of the college journal. Her first college publication comes from the University of Edinburg.

The Amherst faculty has lately ruled that no undergraduate who is seriously behind in his work may take part in any public game or entertainment, without first consulting a committee of the faculty.

The commissioners on the Venezuelan Boundary Committee are graduates of Yale.

The juvenility of American colleges is well shown in the following notes, entitled "Colleges a Century Since," taken from *The Colonial Magazine*:

"Yale boasted of one brick building and a chapel 'with a steeple 125 feet high!' The faculty was a president, a professor of divinity and three tutors.

"Harvard University had four brick buildings; the faculty consisted of a president and six professors, and in its halls thronged 130 to 160 students.

"Dartmouth College 100 years ago consisted of a wooden building 150 feet long, 50 feet wide and 36 feet high. English grammar and arithmetic were text-books in the Sophomore year.

"Princeton, the greatest Presbyterian college, was a huge stone edifice, its faculty consisting of a president, vice-president, one professor, two masters of languages. There were seventy students.

"The greatest Episcopal college in the United States was William and Mary's. It was under royal and state patronage and was, therefore, more substantially favored than most of our American schools. At this time, it is said in a curious old State report, the college was a building of three stories, 'like a brick-kiln and had thirty gentlemen students.' "

MUSIC AND ART.

Music is melody to which the world is the text.—*Schopenhauer*.

Mr. J. B. Miller, '96, spent Sabbath, Feb. 2, with friends in New Castle.

In ten performances Paderewski has drawn over \$50,000 in a few eastern cities.

A recital by advanced pupils will be given in the Chapel soon to which the general public is invited.

The newly organized chorus class has begun work upon a concert which promises to be one of the musical features of the year.

Only the best singers have been retained, and admission to the rehearsals is limited to the membership.

Miss Maude Stunkard has recently entered the Conservatory. East Brook furnishes a number of students, all of whom are good workers.

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, the pianist, has returned from Europe. Besides his teaching he will do a large amount of concertizing during the season.

An interesting exhibit was given recently by the Pittsburg School of Design. The painting which attracted most attention was one entitled "In Days Gone By."

One of the most promising concert singers of today is Miss Ellen Beach Yaw of California, who is now studying in London. No voice in history is comparable to hers in range and purity of tone.

The fact that some pieces of music are more popular than others does not stamp them as being superior. Were every opinion and doctrine true which finds the largest number of believers, heathenism would be preferable to Christianity.—*Karl Merz*.

Miss Hodgins has just finished painting a most beautiful plate. It represents a man with his hat off in courtesy to a woman who is approaching. The soft white in the woman's dress, the rich coloring in the man's coat and the delicate tint of the faces are all brought out by the green foliage of the background.

ATHLETICS.

BASE BALL GOSSIP.

BY THE REPORTER.

Seven home run bats have arrived for the boys.

Prof. McElree will play his usual fast game at second.

Manager Linn Breden, of the Second Team, hails from Sunbury suburbs.

A large and varied assortment of animals are to be seen daily training in the cage.

Edmunds has a new code of coaching signals beginning, "Steady, Boss," "So o-o Boss."

McPeak has decided not to play ball this season, and will devote his time to serious study.

B. McElree, algebraist etcetera, has solved the problematic in parabolas and will connect with same.

Two new curves arrived, early this month, addressed to Wilhelm. They were ordered when Harry was East last fall.

Wm. Marshall, ye pedagogue, ex-officio, will be on hand with his "Shoot 'em over," and "Somebody better come heah-h."

Guilford, our genial first baseman, has been signed by Manager Pete Porter of the Victors. He will assist in coaching the team.

Since last seen on the diamond Harry Phythyon, the popular short stop, has raised a moustache and has had his eyes focused by a specialist in Pittsburg. Unless he gets the measles or some other complication, he will play the game of his life. He has assured the manager that he will not study too hard.

Base ball games have already been secured with State College and Washington and Jefferson. The indications are very favorable for a game with Oberlin, and probably also with Hiram.

Applications for position as umpire and official scorers will be received at the office of the Athletic Association on and after March 1. Two umpires and two scorers are needed. Reference should accompany applications.

The two classes at the gym. had quite a lively contest on the afternoon of the first. The events displayed the fact that Westminster has considerable excellent material, which may be worked up into first class athletes for the spring meets.

Manager Pierce has already arranged the following as part of the schedule for the coming base ball season: State College, at State College, April 28, W & J. at Washington, May 2d; P. A. C., at Pittsburg, May 23; Geneva, at Beaver Falls, May 25. At New Wilmington, Geneva, May 16, and W. U. P., June 17.

A meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Friday evening, January 31st., at which a great deal of business of importance was transacted. Mr. Pierce was present, and reported progress in the arrangement of a schedule of games for the coming baseball season. It was voted to have the association chartered under the laws of the state, and a movement was inaugurated to make an attempt to secure the inter-collegiate field meet here next spring. The matter of entering into contest with Grove City in any athletic games was talked of, and there seems to be a great many of the members of the Association who are not in favor of having anything more whatever to do with the people from G. C. Mr. Pierce resigned the position of manager of the base ball team, and Hanley was elected to fill the vacancy.

GAMES AT VASSAR.

The following is a record of some Athletic sports at Vassar :

One hundred yards dash—won by Miss Vassar. Time, $15\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

Two hundred and twenty yard run—won by Miss Haight. Time, $36\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

Running Broad Jump—won by Miss E. Lester Baker with a jump of 11 ft. 5 in.

Running high jump—won by Miss Laura J. Brownell, with a jump of 4 feet 8 inches.

One hundred and twenty yard hurdle race—won by Miss Ida C. Thallon. Time 25 seconds.

EXCHANGES.

Laughter's wrinkles mock those of time.

Life, like the waters of the seas, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven.

Every difficulty slurred over will be a ghost to disturb your repose later on.

The Woman's Edition of the Bucknell *Mirror* reflects great credit upon the ladies of the institution.

The article on "Harmony and Discord," in the *Ravclings* for January 31st, is well written and deserving of notice.

"Why is leap year fatal, please?"

Asked a little girl of three ;

"If she misses then, its Miss for life,"

The old man said, said he.

Freshman year, "Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore year, "Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior year, "As You like it."

Senior year, "All's well that ends well."

The *Dynamo* contains an excellent article on "Moral Culture in College Life," which shows that much depends on the culture of the morals while in college.

In the beginning man was created with a funny bone and to this day he laughs in his sleeve. He is the only animal that laughs except woman who at present laughs more than man, perhaps on account of her sleeves.

To be yourself may be good or bad. To follow your own inclination regardless of the welfare of others is extremely selfish. But to adapt yourself conscientiously to your surroundings without becoming artificial is certainly commendable. Be yourself, but be your best self.

WILL SHE?

When the coming woman gets here,
Will she offer up her seat ;
Will she offer her umbrella
When there's rain, or snow, or sleet ?
Will she help us in the wagon ?
Will she bait the fishing hook ?
Will she step into the water
That we, dry, may cross the brook ?
Will she seize a rail and rescue
When a bully chases us ?
Will she push the wheezy mower
Every eve and make no fuss ?
Will she run the locomotive ?
Shovel coal and handle brakes ?
Will she level mount and forest,
Carry bitters for the snakes ?
Will she march to bloody battle,
Snap her fingers at the hurts ?
Well, I guess not ; she will merely
Hide behind her husband's skirts.

—ADELBERT.

THE HOLCAD.

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"THE ETERNAL EPIC."

A flaming sword guards the entrance to the "Tree of Life." Clouds of misery and woe float o'er the sin-cursed earth. No longer is visible the countenance of Him whose throne is Heaven. The anthems of joy, chanted through the realms of the Holy City, are hushed; and in stead is heard the bitter wail of angelic hosts. "The throne of eternal love" becomes one of stern judgment, from which sallies forth the painful sentence of death. Man, the husbandman of Eden, 'made after the image of God,' has erased that bright and glorious image and descended to the depths of sin and folly. Doomed to eternal toil and suffering, life a burden and death a fear, stands the yet glorious wreck of the crowning work of God's creation. That once pure immortal dove—immortal still though rent from its greatest source of life—where—

Oh, where shall it find a nest,
A place where it may but rest!

What mental agony shrouds that once invincible hope! Fallen from that paradisaic eminence of God's favor, to the lowest extremity of life and hope, well might the crowning work of the Almighty's hand have exclaimed from the very depths of his soul—"Oh, wretched man that I am!—Woe unto me, for I have sinned!" Ah, well might he have pleaded in doleful strain—

"Oh, take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger cannot reach!"

Awful indeed, the dusky gloom occasioned by the eclipse of that heavenly luminary! But shall the darkness, black with sin, *forever* hover o'er the quivering soul of man? Shall the light, beaming from the smile of the Almighty's face, ne'er dawn again? In the midst of this fearful dilemma of man's existence, "light arises in gloom"; the Incarnate God issues forth from the portals of Heaven and penetrates the dismal darkness of sin; He lends a friendly hand and speaks a soothing word; and, lo, in this time of need, He 'pours into the wounded heart of man the "balm" of Gilead," and extends to him the "bread and water of life."

"The human mind refuses to believe in a universe without a purpose," and so in that soul are awakened powers that will not, *can* not be silenced. From it is heard a voice saying, "All hope is not lost." The celestial atmosphere fans the last and only smoldering ember of dying hope and despair, and it flames into bright and glowing possibilities. Believing in his ability to enter and possess the realms of that place, where all is good, noble, God-like, man wakes from the swoon of death, thrusts off the dark pall of despair, and rises from the "slough of despond" to aspirations of a new life. His bosom throbs with joy, for he realizes that eternal life is within his grasp.

But having surmounted the precipitous billows of despair, is man content merely to float on the eddies of the sea of life? 'Tis true life's

ship is anchored to the "Eternal Rock of Ages," safe from the tempests of hell ; but rests man's ambition here? Are no higher possibilities attainable?

The supernatural in man recognizes the voice of God in the voice of nature, and turning aside to her fair array of works, radiant from the touch of the divine hand, man calls forth the assistance of his mental powers in unraveling the tangled skein of mysteries. With Hereulean efforts he strives to reduce the chaotic mass to order ; but reason gropes on in darkness, devoid of methodic truth, till God brings order out of confusion. Then knowledge assumes the form of utility.

Nature unfolds herself at the magic touch of man. Science reveals the secrets of her structure. The caverns of earth give up their treasures. The chemist's fire reduces to their several elements the earth's components. The dome of Heaven, displaying with countless diamonds of light the handiwork of God, affords opportunity for abundant research ; and man, wishing to learn the truths that bring him nearest his Maker, marks out the paths of the circling systems in boundless space, and with heavenly inspiration foretells ethereal mysteries.

Perceiving that possibility is the stimulus of life, the mind of man rises higher and higher on the ladder of philosophical research, till truth—no longer subject to confusion—is firm and sure. And the Christian philosopher, his soul aglow with divine love, exclaims with all holy reverence, "Oh, God, *Thy* thoughts are *my* thoughts!"

But has the acme *yet* been reached? Rests the mind of man on the outstretched pinions of past recollections? Rise no other grander thoughts than these?

Clothed with knowledge and wisdom, the elements obedient to his will, and all nature subservient to him, rightly does man believe that he is co-operating with God. He is

master of all he surveys. He has *already* reached lofty heights on the scale of science.

"Yet heights more lofty heights reveal,
And fill the soul with nobler zeal
To reach the summit in the skies "

All nature, in its primitive state, fresh from the hand of God, was grand. This footstool of divinity, in all its beauty and sublimity—girt with crystal seas, adorned with shining lakes and silvery streams, with its whispering forests, its blooming gardens, its verdant vales, and its towering mountains that are kissed with the dews of Heaven—*all this* won the approving nod of the Omnipotent God. But man, through divine inspiration, has transformed it. He has created a world within a world ; a world of science ; a world of art. To his skillful hand has been given creative powers almost divine ; but whilst the universe sparkles with artistic beauty, and the wheels of science are regulated through the inspiration of human efforts, there *still* appear on the heights beyond, open portals of higher achievements.

Under the sweeping hand of wandering Israel as he touches the harp's sweet strings, genius gives birth to the highest and noblest of arts—poetry and music. These God-sent emblems of purity bear aloft the essence of the mind's most fruitful seeds of thought, and the concentrated brilliancy of sparkling gems of beauty ; and to the end of time shall they soar aloft, seeking to guide the soul of man up the grade of progress to the Source of *all* sublimity and beauty.

Who can place bounds that may not be reached by the possible heights of human activity! Eager minds are *still* toiling up the sublime heights of ingenious thought, ever urged on to nobler effort by the constant discovery of higher possibilities. Yet there are heights *still higher* on this ladder of progress—there are yet innumerable portals standing ajar.

In the dazzling light of science and art, and

the more glorious light of Christianity, 'tis true man becomes only a "little lower than the angels," and "when at last the veil is drawn that hides that viewless store, what may *now* seem the great infinite, impossible, becomes a new realm of possibilities, transcendently glorious and sublime." 'Tis *then* that man, the hero of the eternal epic, composed by divine intelligence, shall have the dark glass of impossibility removed; and at the dawning of those golden hours which shall characterize the endless ages of eternity, he shall stand, a victor crowned, before Him to whom nothing is impossible. By X.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

The eloquent Bethune expressed the truth in regard to woman's worth in the field of modern literature, where she has certainly won a place both large and high, when he said: "What the elevation of woman has done for the reform of social manners, her educated mind has done and *is* doing for our books." American literature owes much to woman. In no other country are there so many female writers or so large a proportion of women of superior education. America has furnished her full share of women useful and notable with the pen, "and it is among the elements of her centennial glory that her list of those who have written wisely and with an attractive pen is long and bright.

Woman stands as a bright star in the realms of literature. A portion only of the stars in the galaxy of women who love literature and have been successful in the paths of literary endeavor can be named here. Margaret Fuller Ossoil was, it is thought by many, the grandest woman of the nineteenth century. She descended from an educated and refined parentage, and she gave herself to study with a thoroughness and enthusiasm seldom if ever equalled. It has been said of her: "Few eminent scholars, struggling in youth for university honors, and preparing for a career of exclusive literary labor, have made such

attainments, in the same period of life, in philosophy and various learning, as Margaret Fuller accomplished long before she was twenty.

On account of reverses of fortune she was led to become the teacher of the younger members of the family, and afterwards to teach others. She was a noted conversationalist and also a noted writer. The most popular newspapers of the day contained many articles from her pen. Her greatest work, from a literary standpoint, is "Woman in the Nineteenth Century."

She lived in the hearts of those who knew her, and those who came to her in sympathy for reforms or culture always held her in highest esteem. Her name lives in the history of American literature, an inspiration to the student, a strength to the reformer, one of the noble women of whom America may well be proud.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is a name that will live as long as there are lovers of freedom and haters of slavery in our broad land or even in the world. She was a great reader, even at an early age. The novels of Sir Walter Scott were among her favorite books. Her deepest sympathies were aroused for the slave, as well as her anger for the abuse and cruelty inflicted upon him. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin," her chief work, she clearly sets forth the condition of the slaves and the inhuman treatment they often suffered and received.

This book has had a wider reading than any other book written by woman. In the United States alone it has had a sale of half a million copies and probably more than a million have been printed in the English language. It has been translated into forty languages, and also repeatedly dramatized and represented upon the stage with great success. Mrs. Stowe has written other books of great interest. She rightly holds a very high place among the literary women of our land. Her writings had undoubtedly a wide and marked influence, inducing those political changes

and military events which preceded the emancipation of the slave.

Alice and Phebe Carey, sisters and sister poets, are lovingly remembered. Their early opportunities for education were slight, but they were gifted with rare ability. They are chiefly remembered for their poetry, which was very popular at one time. Alice also wrote stories and sketches which are full of charming pictures of domestic life. Their names are almost always associated together. It has been said of them, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

Emily Judson, better known by the nom de plume of Fanny Forrester, was a literary woman who struggled upward through circumstances of poverty and discouragement to a high place among the writers of our land.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart Phelps Ward "possesses the artist's responsiveness in a high degree, but little of the artist's restraint." She is very sensitive to the significant beauty of the world and no less sensitive to the appeal of human pain. Her passionate sympathy gives her the power of thrilling the reader.

She early showed her ability for telling stories. When quite young she used to entertain her schoolmates by the stories which she improvised for their benefit. Having this unusual imagination she also developed a conscientiousness as definite and her word could always be relied upon. She received the best education provided for woman at that time, but left school when nineteen years of age and devoted herself to mission work. At length her literary genius demanded her attention and she began to write for magazines. Her pieces were always received favorably, thus encouraging her to greater achievements. Her chief literary works are "Gates Ajar," "Avis," "Dr. Zay," and "A Silent Partner."

No other woman among the writers who have arisen since the war has received in such fullness the spiritual inheritance of New

England's past. Her life and work are among our choicest treasures. Both force and sweetness blend throughout her writings.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's name is associated with the earnest presentaion of the wrongs of the Indian. It has been said of her "Ramona"—"a truly native flower, though gathered in a field so unfamiliar as to wear a seemingly foreign charm." It stands as the most finished, though not the most striking example, that what women have done, notably in literature, they have done nobly. She devoted herself, heart and soul, to the cause of the Indian, and eloquently set forth the wrongs and abuses which they received. Her words are, as it were, vivid word-pictures. She also wrote poetry and a few humorous works, but she is remembered chiefly by "Bits of Travel" and "Ramona." This latter is intensely alive with passionate purpose, involving the reader in its movement, even till the pathetic close.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is of English birth, yet her work has so endeared her to the country of her adoption that she may be proudly claimed by the new world. Her principal work is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which is still very popular.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott, daughter of Bronson Alcott, was a writer of fairy tales when very young. While a nurse in the army during the war of the Rebellion she wrote "Hospital Sketches." Her most popular books are "Little Women," "Little Men," and "An Old-Fashioned Girl." Her books are largely read by the youth of the land.

When engaged in the work of composition her characters seem more real to her than actual people. She merely writes of them what she seems to see and hear, but never copies and seldom corrects. She pulls aside the curtain from before these men and women characters and lets us see them as they are.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney excels in painting simple, lovely, perfect homes, and nice, agreeable young people. She has long been a

favorite contributor to magazines, especially those for the young. Her principal work is "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."

Mrs. Julia Howe has published many able papers on social and philosophical subjects. Many of her poems are of a high order of merit. They express true womanly aspiration and a high scorn of unworthiness, but their strongest characteristic is their fervent patriotism which breathes through the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." She is an active worker in the woman's suffrage movement.

This list might be greatly extended, but a sufficient number of women writers have been mentioned to show the importance and the value of their work, as well as the approval with which it is meeting. The encouragement of the great magazines, from the first friendly to woman writers, is an important factor in their development. In poetry, as well as prose, the abundant work of women during the last half century shows a development corresponding to that traced in the field of fiction. When we remember that a professional literary woman was unknown in the colonial period, we get some idea of the great advancement that has been made. The deed, and not the word, engages the energy of woman to-day.

M. G., '97.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

History, teaching by example, is our greatest philosophy. Working together with experience, it is a mighty former of character, both individual and national. Our government ought to be, and is in many ways, the sum of the world's experimental wisdom, for we have all history to show us how the nation's life should be directed, and every foundered ship of state betrays to eyes of wisdom the rocks that were its ruin.

The records of no nation are so full of models and warnings as those of the chosen people of God. Cheered by inspiring promises, trained and led by the mightiest commander the world has known, protected and guided

by the God of the universe, Israel surely had little excuse for disobedience or unbelief. But they were wayward as any people of to-day in their wanderings from the truth. One of their most flagrant crimes was committed while their leader, Moses, was on the cloud-veiled peak of Sinai, receiving the moral law from the hand of God.

Long has the faithful leader tarried, and the old impulses and habits of these freedmen, awed, but not destroyed, now bring on discontent, which culminates in their demand of Aaron, "Up, make us gods to lead us. As for this man Moses we know not what has become of him." Aaron weakly tries to stem the torrent of popular demand by requiring a sacrifice of personal adornments, but fails; and soon a golden calf is formed and worshipped with licentious revels.

But Moses, on the mountain top with God, receiving from Him comfort, strength, and inspiration, hears with dismay of these transgressions of his people, and hurries down, pausing only to plead for mercy in behalf of the erring multitude. His keen, attentive ear detects the sounds of boisterous mirth, and soon there breaks upon his view the reeling, shouting mob. His indignation suddenly bursts forth in a storm of passion, and, dashing in pieces the tables of the law, he rushes into camp, destroys the idol, punishes the multitude, and, with the aid of the repentant Levites, slays the ringleaders in disobedience. God's wrath is subsequently shown by plagues; the tables of the law, restored and placed beneath the mercy seat, are valid still; and the penitent people, again forgiven, resume their journey to the Promised Land. How fitting that the idol of Israel should have been of gold! Our model of the grasping, avaricious man, "Jew," is a synonym for all that is mean and sordid. But is it just for us to heap abuse upon the Jew, when we ourselves are guilty of the same offense? And would it not be most fitting for us, as citizens of this nation, to erect our altars before the God of

Wealth and bow at the shrine of the Almighty Dollar? Let us not too soon condemn rude Israel, but late removed from Egypt's grinding heel, when we, with light and knowledge of a later age, are just as much disposed to set before us idols of our own desires.

The common people have long been the abiders of the fates of their nations. Anything that is for their best interests is the need of the nation. Republics are especially ready to acknowledge this principle, and it is in such nations that the need of an upright voting body of common people is most evident. Bryce says: "What can be done with a people who are their own masters, if they be not submissive to Diety?"

We do not realize the extent of our personal responsibility for our country's welfare. How often does the citizen think of the conduct of the nation. "It holds no responsibility for me. I shall leave the filthy cesspool to the politician." Does he think it will grow better under the management of those who made it foul? Ah, how can people on our nation's birthday shout, "The voice of the people is the voice of God," and on our nation's voting day, by their own absence, permit the people's voice to come from those who would ruin our country, or else make their party for the time their god, and humbly bow at its command?

Our nation has said, like Israel at Sinai, "All that the Lord hath spoken will we do," but Indian, Chinaman, and Negro cry out against us. We have accomplished in two centuries the descent from family purity to family corruption, which required eight centuries in Rome; and the consecutive polygamy of easy divorce is hardening our national conscience. The nation is bound to keep the moral law, but there is not a single commandment of the ten that we have not broken wilfully. manifold are the perplexing problems before us. May the American people in this hour of need possess that love for our country and for all that is just and true, which seemed at times so sadly lacking in the Israelites!

But we cannot expect good government if the leaders in thought and action are neglectful of their duty. We have a striking likeness to Aaron in some of our legislators of the present time. That man who sits with folded hands till public sentiment is ready; who will do whatever the dear people want. Shadow of a man! Why does he not arouse himself and educate the public sentiment, so that it will be ready? Why does he not let the people know what to expect when they elect him? Ah, there we find the difficulty. He fears they will not elect him. Can we have a right public sentiment when those who enact the laws join hands with lawbreakers? The man who excuses his misdeeds on the ground that public sentiment demands it, usually goes, for public sentiment, to the whisky dealer and the Sabbath desecrator.

Upon whom then can we depend for relief from the corruption and danger of the times? Certainly not upon the man to whom party is more than principle, and tariff than the nation's life. Nor yet upon the leader who acknowledges no God, no moral obligation, and no higher law than those that they enact. Such men as these will soonest bring a nation to destruction. Where, then, shall we look?

The Christian statesman appears in the person of Moses to answer this question. Excited and extreme, he is a decided, fearless Prohibitionist. But he places truth and loyalty to truth above his party. Yes, truth above party; else reforms would never be born, we would stagnate in the slimy ooze of corruption, and with all our wealth and knowledge and resources our country would go down to ruin. But loyalty to truth is better in his sight than party, sect, or wealth, or life itself. Every great life has echoed the motto of the carpenter of Nazareth: "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness to the Truth."

The hope of our country is in the leadership of men like this. They are rising, and already

a political reformation is at hand, as broad in its designs, as rapid in its advance, and as wonderful in the results it will accomplish as was the sixteenth century reformation in religion. How may we help in this reform? By our political influence? Perhaps. By our energies and sympathies? Most certainly. But let us not have the faith without the works, the prayers without the votes. United, they will bring a wonderful reform into our nation. And those who in future years shall receive the heritage of liberty and freedom will, from their lofty heights, look down the centuries at our battles for the right, and thank us for our loyalty to God and truth and country.

W. H. D., '96.

THE TIGER AND THE MAN.

Among the remarkable events that characterized the year 1894 were the civic reform movements in this country. It has long been conceded that the government of our cities, with their cosmopolitan population, was by far the largest problem which we, as a nation, had to confront. The most populous city in our land has long stood before the world conspicuous as a city badly governed. The political misdoings in New York city have been widely discussed. Who is there that has heard of Tammany Hall and does not at once associate with that name all that is base—even in politics? How the Tammany tiger stealthily worked its way into power, first cautiously, then boldly, until at last convinced that none dare oppose, it reaped a rich harvest undisturbed; how these things were accomplished has become a matter of history.

Under the skillful management of its leaders political corruption has been reduced to a science. They soon discovered this fundamental law: "Money answereth for all things." From this they deduced their minor laws of value for man's influence, the rates paid varying from thousands of dollars for this man, to the paltry fifty cents for that poor laborer's vote. Here it was that the bribery

and spoils system reached perfection. Here it was that under the fostering care of the Tammany tiger a system of blackmail existed the like of which the world has not seen. And all this in a Christian country, in the midst of our boasted civilization. Talk, if you will, of dark ages, when benighted men bought and sold indulgences. But look now at a nation whose citizens are reputed learned and intelligent, where ignorance is a crime, look, see they too buy indulgences. Thus Tammany flourished upon ill-gotten gains. Thus its officers levied tribute and grew rich at public expense.

But at last "its offense grows so rank that it smells to Heaven." The people awake. They are aroused to action. The edict goes forth. The tiger so long unmolested at its feast is doomed.

The questions that naturally arise are: "How came this awakening?" "Who aroused the people from their lethargy?" "Who dares face the fierce beast in its lair?" Citizens had often heard of flagrant violations of the law. Many had seen Tammany and its friends trample under foot and misconstrue laws for their own benefit. But who ever thought that these lawbreakers could be stopped? "The tiger," they said, "is invulnerable." And Tammany believed and encouraged this superstition.

True, occasionally in pulpit and on rostrum some were brave enough to denounce this persistent wrong-doer. But their efforts lacked concentration. As well might the engineers have attempted to clear New York harbor of Hell Gate by setting off firecrackers upon its surface. To remove that great obstruction to navigation it was necessary to tunnel the rock in every direction, carefully place the explosives, connect all by wire, and at a given signal send the electric current on its mission of destruction. There was a moment's silence, an awful upheaval, and Hell Gate was no more. To overthrow the great obstruction to good government in New York city it was

THE HOLCAD

necessary to plan and execute. Who could do this?

You perhaps remember, not so very long ago, reading in your daily papers of a New York clergyman who, from his pulpit, boldly denounced the all-powerful Tammany. Many doubted his sincerity. They thought his aim was to gain notoriety. The Tammany tiger was not alarmed. Such things had occurred before. "Give us facts," it said. "Prove your charges."

To the surprise of all the sermons continued with alarming regularity, breathing reform in every sentence. "There was method in his madness." Facts were forthcoming in a surprising manner. But when you learned that these facts had been collected by the minister himself, not from books and encyclopedias, but by actual investigation in the darker parts of New York, you were astonished and alarmed beyond measure. Think of it, a minister of the gospel so degrading himself as to go down into the paths of wickedness and vice, simply (as you thought) to find material for highly sensational sermons. Was he not disgracing his holy office? Would he not soil his priestly robes? Such piety! Such unwonted goodness. Where, pray tell, would you have gathered the facts for the damaging evidence needed?

In the earlier days of his campaign scorn was heaped upon him; he was rebuked, cautioned, threatened, bidden to desist from such a useless task. In vain did they advise. His motto was "Perge modo," "Only go on." And he did go on until success crowned his efforts and the tide of popular opinion was turned.

All hail, say the people, to Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the moral ruler of New York city. And when at last his mission on earth is ended, nothing more appropriate can be put upon the monument that marks his last resting place than these words: "He was a good citizen" "He did his duty." And the Republic has need of many such men. Strong

must have been the faith, strong must have been the determination and conviction that led him to brave such obstacles. His success is unquestioned. The world has seen and believed.

The defeat of Tammany seems wonderful. But it could not have occurred had it not been for the carefully collected evidence presented to the Lexow committee by Dr. Parkhurst and his agents. The bulk of this evidence showed conclusively that the executive department of New York city, to use the words of one of the witnesses, "was rotten to the core."

Tammany is defeated, but not utterly crushed. Nor is the city entirely purified. There is still a Tammany. There is still a tendency to continue in wrong. Further earnest work will be necessary. We must hear again that warning cry: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

We must learn that the government of the municipality is not a party question; that the city is a corporation and must be managed in a business way; that as officers in any capacity we should ask the question: "Is this for the best interest of the majority?" not "how does it affect my party?"

Again, when Christian voters realize that it is their duty to make their influence felt at the primary, the caucus, and the polls, then will our executives rule in the fear of the law. Then will it be demonstrated that when we vote as we pray our prayers are answered. These things having come to pass, we shall see bossism, misrule, bribery, misuse of funds, and kindred evils seek a shelter. And our cities, now the hotbeds of iniquity, shall step forward and upward in the onward march of civilization.

We have reason to be encouraged. The past year has witnessed the single-handed conflict between tiger and man. We have seen the man victorious. All good citizens are becoming interested. The Christian Endeavor Society, numbering over 2,000,000 young

people, are taking up the work of Christian citizenship. Aye, the tigers of misrule are doomed. The people have spoken. No longer shall there be single-handed battle, but hundreds and thousands will fight corrupt political rings in every city. With our cities cleansed may we not hope for better things in State and Nation?

What a glorious close this to the century that has witnessed the grandest achievements of man! To all the triumphs of science and art, of education and religion, of commerce and discovery, shall we not add the triumph of the people—clean, straightforward, honest government in nation, State, and city? Shall the grand work of reform begun in this century be carried on in the next? And I hear the answer rising from the good in every city and village in the land—

"It shall be so! It shall be,
Then will you see
The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land"

A. G. BOAL.

THE MASSES.

In speaking of the masses we regard them not only as the many, but as the weighty, and the statesman and the moralist look with mingled solicitude and respect upon them as in number and gravity representing the future of our nation.

And in the progress of national life the great question of the day is, how shall we get hold of the masses. Princes and nobles and all the great rulers and leaders of our time are studying the temper of the people, and ready to confess that however little should be done by the people, everything should be done for the people.

We have respect for the masses in their most obvious aspect or regarded simply as quantity. If a great mountain impress us with its grandeur, why not that vastly more mighty and significant mass, a million of human beings, such, for instance, as make up the population of a great city. The nature of our respect

for this mass must depend upon the mind they have or the life they live; but considered as so much mere volume of human existence, they have an immense importance in our eyes. Viewed as the highest of animals, man is a most impressive creature, more than a match for the lion or the elephant. What shall we say then of a million or sixty-five millions of these creatures gathered as one people?

Now surely this sense of being one mass, or the consciousness of being part of the multitude gives us an interesting and important view of mere numbers, even without entering into the higher forms of consciousness that deal with qualities of character rather than with numbers of persons. Thus the feeling that we belong to a nation of sixty-five millions of people has within it a certain meaning and power before we begin to study the character of our people or consider the grounds of our fellowship and progress.

We are now able to feel the existence and presence of great numbers as never before, and the telegraph, the railroads, and the printing press give each of us a ubiquity unknown in olden times. Thus we not only believe, from documentary testimony, that millions of people live in the great West, but the nation is so compressed by the power of invention, that the man in New York can shake hands with his neighbor in San Francisco.

But with all the advantages of the present age, they do not fail to suggest some misgivings as to perils that arise. Since the father of lies began his infernal work lying was never done on so gigantic a scale as now, and almost every week some monstrous falsehood puts on its more than seven-league boots and travels from Florida to Maine, or from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in one electric flash. Rapidity of communication does not of itself make more incidents to be transmitted, but simply makes transmission nearly simultaneous with the occurrence, a fact in itself most significant, since much that passes as news, and is very sensational and exciting, would have very lit-

the importance if left to travel by the slow coach of the old lines of transportation.

The peculiar characteristic of our time is the pressure of news from simultaneous occurrences so that we all live not only our own life, but the life of the whole world so far as its memorable experiences are concerned. It is a new question how this facility of communication shall be employed, and we may well be startled when we think of the power put into the hands of our press of acting upon the minds of the whole nation by telegraphic signals that throw the old beacon fires into contempt and kindle the whole nation into a flame at a single word.

Necessity and not choice must regulate this mode of communication, and all messages must be sent that business and actual life demand. Yet even in what is called positive news, what room there is for selection, and what frequent cause for suppression. Newspapers that should be public educators and exert an influence for truth and morality, are from time to time filled with falsifications and filth, and not content with a week day edition some of them publish a Sunday edition, which mostly contains all the latest and choicest scandals, and the worse the scandal the more it is sought as a news item. Is this not corrupting the masses?

Now that documents, opinions and speeches are transmitted, what opportunity there is for bringing higher morals and intellectual forces to bear on the public mind, and giving sound principles and timely truths the marvelous power of simultaneous publication and popular sympathy throughout the land. Turn now to a higher view of the subject and regard the many not merely brought together in space, but as united by some prevailing spirit. They may be united by a good or bad spirit, according as a hero or a crank, an apostle or a fanatic, animates or leads them. If the question is asked whether it is easier to move great companies of men by good or bad motives, we reply that popular passions always have in

them decided elements of nobleness; and however blinded and mistaken the multitude may be in their ideas, their purposes are never wholly evil. We allow that animosities are more contagious among the many than friendships, and nothing so stirs the crowd as the sight of a common enemy, and if Demosthenes, by his terrible invective against the King of Macedon, kindles in the city a fire of wrath that burns to march against Phillip, and to conquer or die, we must remember that the fire is fed out of the deep love of old Athens, and if hatred touches the match to the lamp it is patriotism that supplies the oil and feeds it continually.

The statesman, the moralist, and the press should therefore bear this in mind, and their efforts should be to bring out the good that is in man and lift him above the bad, and so assimilate the various elements of the population as to produce the most comprehensive unity. The national life is perpetuated by stability and progress, the one being the root, the other the branches and fruit of its prosperity. He is a wise leader of the masses who looks judiciously to these two ruling powers and adjusts them effectively.

Without stability progress is restless, reckless, fruitless; and without progress stability is sluggish, stagnant, lifeless. Our nation in its fixed law and in its changing and animating men, has combined the two. Every patriot must strive to maintain the laws of our land, that the nation may be fixed in the steadfastness of a sound conservatism and quickened by the fire of progressive courage. God has given us our guiding law and our moving mind, and he will continue and renew them still. We feel this two fold gift when we look at the flag of our Union. Those stars speak to us of laws of equity as fixed as the eternal heavens; and those stripes, as they wave in the breeze, tell us of that mysterious breath which moves through men and nations, that they may be born not of the flesh, but of God.

M., '96.

THE HOLCAD,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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MARCH, 1895.

WITH new duties come additional responsibilities. This is true in any department of life, and we are brought face to face with this fact in our work as editors of a college journal. Our predecessors have labored hard and they have given to our students a paper worthy of our college. We, too, will strive not to tarnish the good name which is ascribed to THE HOLCAD. The greatest difficulty with which the editors have to contend is the indifference of those who should contribute items of interest. The columns of the paper are thrown open to the students, but few avail themselves of the privilege. On questions of importance to our college and students, we should have the opinions of many and not of a few. Even our alumni seem to forget that there is such a thing as a college paper at Westminster. And so, in entering upon our work, we earnestly ask for the hearty co-operation of students, faculty, alumni, and friends, that we may present a paper that will be of interest to all and a credit to our college.

ANOTHER season of orations has closed. Demosthenes has returned to his resting place, and the library no longer sees the greedy Junior or the avaricious Senior poring over "The New Era" and the "Winning Orations." Many hidden talents were brought to light. We were called upon to behold our ideals, as they stood before us. The Juniors feel that the severest task of the college course is over and that they can dwell in peace the rest of their college life. They doubtless feel able to impart much advice to the Sophs as to the best method of preparation and delivery.

WE have now reached the close of another school term. Looking back over it we see many things which drew us away from our duties—Junior orations and Senior essays, sled and sleigh rides, sociables and parties, but the most important was ill health. And if more attention had been paid to our physical welfare the sick list would not have been so large. Oftentimes a student has to stop work for a time because he has failed to observe some simple law of hygiene.

A VISITOR recently remarked that "a college man would always do the right thing if he thought." We are inclined to believe that sometimes they forget to think, and are consequently guilty of much unnecessary rudeness. We would mention an over-abundance of applause at public meetings. Performers like to be appreciated, but too much boisterousness spoils the effect. Let us think. Let us improve our conduct in public.

OUR steam heating plant has stood the test of the coldest weather. It has exceeded our expectations. The halls and recitation rooms are always warm. The absence of the stoves increases the problem—How should the rooms be ventilated? Prof. Mitchell's system of ventilation seems to be a model worthy of imitation.

A BROTHER'S ADVICE TO A JUNIOR.

DECEMBER 31, '94.

Dear Bro.: I hear grave reports of your oratorical delinquencies and inabilities. Now, if you were some brainless, obtuse, wordless, idealess boy, with so much to do that you can't get time to write an oration, I would scratch my head and put in a feverish week with a dictionary and Thesamus on your behalf. But you don't need help. I have more confidence in you than to work you out an oration. Moreover, I have unwelcome visions of a young man at home, sitting in a comfortable rocker, shaking his sides over the joke columns of all the periodicals that arrive, heedless of the demand made upon him by his professors. If you can't write an oration now, there are only two explanations: 1. You are too lazy; laziness should not be encouraged. 2. You haven't the brains, and what is more, you never *will* have, and you had better save money and leave college. I know this last is not the reason, for a fellow of your standing and reputation can write an oration if he gets at it. If you haven't written any, it's time you were at it. *It won't just roll out of you. Get down to it, and stay down! Work! It's the test of your college life! Don't choose your subject hastily. Better write your oration hastily than take a poor subject. If I hadn't so much to do myself, I—well, I don't think I ought to help you then. You will look with abundant satisfaction on your own oration. When you write me next, say one word about the oration, and get interested in it.*

YOUR BROTHER.

"OUT OF PLACE."

The above is the subject of the interesting lecture which President Ferguson delivered to a large and appreciative audience on Friday evening, March 8. The lecture committee secured Dr. Ferguson in place of an advertised "home talent concert." All will agree—no offense to our musicians—that it was a wise

change. We hear many good recitals, but it is rare that we have the opportunity of hearing the Doctor lecture. Before beginning the lecture proper the Doctor thought it not out of place to explain that he was a "filler," and so carefully defined that term as used by cabinet-makers. The lecturer dealt mostly with persons out of place and persons in the wrong place out of place. We hope the Doctor will lecture again.

ART NOTES.

Much beautiful work is being done in the studio this term.

Pictures were taken of the different departments in the studio on Tuesday.

A moonlight scene on a winter night is almost finished. All is quiet in the village across the river, and the only stir is by a small company as they wait to cross to their homes in the village.

"The Venetian By-Way" represents a street in Venice with gondolas passing along. The coloring is delicate and the light blue of the sky is reflected into the water. This is to be done in water colors.

The study in still life is a table with shells carelessly arranged, and a back ground of dark blue plush gracefully draped, which harmonizes with the table and shells. Miss Chapin, Miss Barr, and Miss Smeallie are at work on this.

Miss Hodgen has recently made a sale of a beautiful bonbonniere, painted by her under the instruction of Mrs. Brannmuller. The body of the dish is ornamented by graceful sprays of apple blossoms, interlaced with a delicate tracery design in gold, while on the broad, flat surface of the cover, brought into relief by a landscape back ground which portrays beautifully the fresh greens of the early spring, is the kneeling figure of Psyche gazing on her own fair face reflected in "nature's mirror," the clear water of a tiny spring. The pose of

the kneeling figure, with one arm resting on the moss-grown brink of the spring and with the other hand slightly uplifted, is particularly good, while the coloring in the flesh tints is exquisite. Any lover of rare china may well envy the fortunate possessor.

Fearing lest one of the items in this department in the February issue might be misapprehended we wish to make an explanation. It was not intended to convey the idea that the studio is a place where slander and backbiting are indulged in, but merely that the pupils are very sociable and carry on considerable coconversation, but not to an extent which would interfere with the work to be done. Under the present faithful and efficient instructor, who has brought the work done up to the high standard which is now attained, such a condition of affairs would not be tolerated.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Yale has twenty students from Hawaii.

Only three women have ever been granted the title LL. D.

Attendance at the Chicago University last term was nearly 1,600.

There are 119 courses offered to Juniors and Seniors at Yale, and just one hundred more to the same classes at Harvard.

The abolition of foot ball at the Northwestern University is being considered by a committee of the University trustees.

Columbia College has an endowment fund of about \$9,000,000, while that of Girard College even surpasses that amount.

Out of 1,112 foot ball players in eighteen leading institutions during the past season, sixty-five were disabled for a week or more.

Harvard has more instructors than any other college in the United States. Her total is 322, Yale has 194, Chicago 158, Cornell 152, Princeton 77.

The college yell is not known in any other

countries than the United States. English students simply yell the name of the college, with no idea of rhythm.

Ann Arbor students thought they were heavily restricted when the two following rules were imposed on them: "Students must neither burn the college buildings nor kill any of the professors."

MUSIC.

The musical graduates will give a recital during the first half of the spring term.

Prof. Hahn, in order to have a sympathetic audience at musicales, has introduced solo singing at notation.

The chorus class is now practicing the popular "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah," which they will give at some future time.

The musical program of the last evening of Senior orations consisted of a vocal solo by Miss Madge Nelson, piano solos by Miss Black and Mr. Miller, and was ended by a violin solo by Miss Reiber.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES.

BY C. A. MERA.

A photographic outing is contemplated for next term by the Camera Club.

Miss Hodgen has kindly consented to give the would-be-photographers a few lessons in posing subjects.

Some beautiful pieces of decorated china from the art department have been successfully photographed by students.

About eight students have added photography to their accomplishments this term. Some of these declare that it is the best sport that they have discovered.

The Westminster Camera Club is still flourishing and bids fair to become one of the most interesting and instructive organizations in the college. It has about twenty-five members.

Owing to Prof. Mitchell's illness his talk to the Camera Club has been postponed until next term. Quite a number of lantern slides have been made for him to be used in illustrating his remarks.

There is no reason why Westminster College should not have a fine exhibition of photographs at Commencement, and a still finer exhibition at the Young People's convention in Columbus. The Camera Club have these two objects in view.

Before a meeting of the Camera Club Prof. Thompson spoke about as follows in regard to the cultivation of one's artistic abilities:

"The study and practice of photography have important relations to culture of the mind. The application of the beautiful in nature and natural scenery is not so much a training of the eye as it is the cultivation of the mind that looks out on nature through the eye. This training is given in large means by landscape photography. Whoever is on the alert to note beautiful views of nature that he may photograph them, is steadily improving himself in his perception of what is beautiful, and in the ability to discriminate it from the commonplace. Thus the æsthetic faculty is steadily cultivated, and the result is that one so trained is able to see more in what comes before him, to remember it better, and many times travel, which otherwise might be monotonous, becomes delightful to him."

LOCALS.

Have you a petition?

"Did you ever walk this way?"

The new bank has begun business.

Apologies are the latest in some sections.

"Pig euchre" is becoming quite a popular game.

Wenner is now principal of the public schools.

Student (who was out late the night before)
—At the Hall!

"To go, or not to go," was the question with Thompson.

Some of the girls at the Hall have reached Peanut Heaven.

Miss Georgiana Orr spent Sabbath with friends in Youngstown.

Mrs. Dick spent a few days at the Hall visiting her daughter Grace.

J. M. C. Anderson, the shoe dealer, has moved to Lowellville, O.

Mrs. Van Swearingen, '91, visited friends in town during the month.

Thompson wants attendance upon society made optional all next term.

Miss McLarn, '94, visited at the Hall for several days during the month.

Mrs. Dr. Ferguson has been called from town by the death of her brother.

Last entertainment of the lecture course was held on Saturday night, March 16.

The Seniors want six weeks' vacation so some of the boys can "look up jobs."

The preliminary steps have been taken towards forming an oratorical association.

J. G. Smith, '94, is making a great hit as a member of the Amherst College Glee Club.

Miss Bird Clingan and her mother have been spending a few days with friends here.

Candidates for positions on the base ball team are hard at work in the gym. these days.

Salted taffy and ice cream are the proper refreshments at social gatherings in Wilmington.

"'Lousy' with preachers" is the way one of the village divine speaks of New Wilmington.

Mr. H. (in Astronomy)—The year begins on January 1, at 12 o'clock the night before.

Query: Will some one who knows kindly tell why Mr. Pierce is so fond of black eyes?

Prof. McElree taught the Freshmen and Sophomores Greek while Prof. Mitchell was sick.

Manor, Boggs, and Chamberlain were con-

fined to their rooms for several days with sore throat.

Mr. Huber Ferguson and his friend, Mr. Crowe, spent Sabbath at the home of the former.

Miss Alice Elliott had charge of the Third Prep, Greek class during the illness of Prof. Mitchell.

One of the Seniors at the Hall keeps constantly singing: "There's no place like Hom-o."

Grove City has decided that it would not be wise to contest in track athletics this year with Westminster.

It is said the Faculty will imitate the class of '94 and make a big kick against giving orations next year.

Prof. R. L. Cumnock gave the closing entertainment of the lecture course on Saturday evening, March 16.

Prof. Mitchell was prevented by illness from attending to his duties in the class-room for several days during the month.

Gibson has been elected by the Seniors to deliver the pipe oration. McKenzie was chosen by the Juniors to respond.

Why is it that one of the girls at the Hall is so fond of the "staff of life," and at the table continually calls for Bread(en)?

Mrs. Hahn was called to her home in Indiana by the sudden death of her father. She has the sympathy of all the students.

On the program of the last evening of Senior orations Miss Margaret Nelson was announced as Mr. Nevin's *Heart's Delight*.

The Juniors held a meeting last week and decided to have a Junior contest. The selection of the contestants was left to the Faculty.

A petition has been circulating among the students, asking the Faculty to have the piano played in connection with the chapel services.

C. B. Robertson, '93, of West Sunbury, and A. Mac Wilson, '94, of Kittanning, spent

the Washington's Birthday vacation in town.

The favorite amusement of some of the girls is sliding down the balustrades. They would like to see that event on the field day program.

The Juniors wanted to know if Dr. Ferguson was nervous Friday night. They advised him to take a long breath before he began.

McPeak asked Mrs. Donaldson for a piece of smoked glass with which to view the eclipse of the moon. Wonder what has weakened his vision?

Rev. Patton, of Elizabeth, Pa., an elocutionist of considerable note, has been teaching some of the students how to train the voice for public speaking.

Fears have been expressed in regard to the Ladies' Hall lest it be carried off by the strong regiment of young men that has recently collected within its walls.

Miss Bertha Houston, who has spent the winter with friends in New York, has returned to her home in good health and is gladly welcomed by all her friends here.

Trainer Guilford intends taking the base ball players out for open air work as soon as the weather will permit. A great deal of attention will be paid to work at the bat.

**Peanuts, peanuts everywhere !
On the floor and in the air;
Scattered all about the room,
But, alas ! they're done too soon.**

A certain lawyer of Beaver is after a certain New Wilmington boy with a long stick. If you would know the reason ask B. who that young lady was he met on the train.

Prof. (in astronomy)—Locate the sun at one side of the room, with Mercury six inches distant, Saturn will be at the other side of the room. Where will the nearest fixed star be?

Dr. Ferguson lectured in the college chapel on Friday night, March 8. His subject was

"Out of Place." A large audience heard him and were very much pleased with the lecture.

Philo Society elected the following persons to represent them in the preliminary contest: Owens, Boal, and Taylor. The Adelphics will be represented by King, Brown, and Hezlip.

The Saturday Evening Missionary Class has very interesting meetings, and are studying Smith's "Short History of Missions." It is a book containing much valuable information for every student.

The students were much disappointed in not having a chapel speech from the last lecturer. We are sorry he did not appreciate the situation, as lessons were not prepared in anticipation of the same.

By dint of hard work and wise economy the lecture committee, although burdened with a debt at the beginning of the year, have been able to make both ends meet and at the same time give a first-class course.

When you are called before the Faculty don't forget to take your Sunday school lesson quarterly with you. They are a great thing with which to intimidate that body, so one of the Juniors recently discovered.

Great inducements are now being offered by the Camera Club. On application to the president any one who can satisfactorily perform the duties of chaperon will be given instructions in the art free of charge.

It is reported in social circles of the college that a certain young gentleman flatters himself that any lady in the Hall would gladly accept him for an escort. The gentleman himself knows who it is. Alas! how sadly mistaken.

The Chrestomath Literary Society held an open meeting on Monday night, March 11. A large number of visitors attended and the program was one of the best that has been given by any of our societies for some time, the music especially being of a high order.

Mrs. Will Taylor (*nee* Miss Mame McDon-

ald), of East Liverpool, O., a former student at Westminster, has recently passed through a very serious illness. At times her life was despaired of, but at this writing she has sufficiently recovered to leave her room.

Dr. Ferguson attended a meeting of the presidents of the colleges of Western Pennsylvania, held in Pittsburg on February 26. At the meeting resolutions were adopted requesting the Legislature to pass a bill granting college graduates the same privileges to teach in public schools as the graduates of State Normals.

They were a merry young couple, and as they strolled along the "Lovers' Retreat," supremely happy in the enjoyment of each other's company, they were all unconscious that other eyes than theirs could see what was done, or that other ears could hear the little nothings that passed between them. But not so, for now others know how to "walk this way," too.

The closing year of the Y. W. C. A. has been very successful. The meetings have been unusually good, the members all earnest and active, and attendance large. The officers for the coming year are: Alice Elliott, president; Georgiana Orr, vice president; Myrtle Cooper, recording secretary and Lida Lake, corresponding secretary. We hope to welcome many more into our association next term.

James A. Anderson, a former student at Westminster, but who was compelled, on account of ill health, to discontinue his studies and seek a milder climate, is now attending the A. T. University at Harriman, Tenn. He had charge of the Greek classes for some time during the fall, and from reports of his success in teaching that language, it may be inferred that he has not forgotten what he learned at Westminster.

★ Manager Pierce has secured games for the coming season with the following teams:

April 15, Westminster at Beaver Falls; April 20, Beaver at New Wilmington; April 27, Geneva at New Wilmington; May 6, Slippery Rock at New Wilmington; May 15, Grove City at New Wilmington; May 20, Westminster at Grove City; June 3, Grove City at New Wilmington; June 10, Westminster at Grove City; June 17, Western University at New Wilmington; June 18, Western University at New Wilmington; June 19, Allegheny at New Wilmington.

A meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association was held at the Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburg, recently. Delegates were present from Geneva, Allegheny, Western University, Washington and Jefferson, and Westminster. A great deal of business was transacted, among which was the fixing of the date and place of holding the Inter-Collegiate Athletic contest. Allegheny College, Meadville, made an offer of \$50 above expenses for the contest, and it was decided to hold it there on June 1. The Western University also wanted the contest, but would promise only \$25 above expenses. The association agreed to strike out the running-hop-step-and-jump, the ball throw, and the high kick, leaving the events as follows: 100, 220, 440, 8,880-yards dash, mile run, 120, 220 yards hurdle, running high jump, running broad jump, pole vault, 2-mile bicycle race, throwing 16-pound hammer, putting 16-pound shot, mile walk. The following was adopted relating to base ball: "Every player must be an undergraduate, must be a regular matriculated student, must be an amateur, except members of the faculty. When disputes arise or games are protested, the question is left to the executive committee, whose decision shall be final."

EXCHANGES.

Do everything you undertake as though your future depended upon the result.—*Ex.*

Vassar students are proud to say that not one

of their students have ever been divorced.—*Ex.*

The deportment of the pupil varies directly as the distance from the professor's chair.—*Ex.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson served as a waiter and as a tutor during his college course at Harvard.—*Ex.*

Dr. Franklin once said: "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of"—*Ex.*

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun.

—*Ex.*

Criticism, when given in the spirit of kindness, is helpful. If tendered with malice, that very fact destroys all possibilities of helpfulness.—*Ex*

In all universities of France there are no classes, no commencement days, no athletics, no periodicals, no glee clubs, and no fraternities.—*Ex.*

A Freshman once to Hades went
For something he might learn.

They sent him back to earth again;

He was too green to burn. —*Ex.*

How much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbor does or says or thinks, but only at what he himself does to become just and holy.—*Ex.*

The teacher asked: "And what is space?"

The trembling student said:

"I cannot think at present,

But I have it in my head." —*Ex.*

"The way to sleep," says a scientist, "is to think of nothing." But it is a mistake. The way to sleep is to think it is time to get up.—*Northwest Magazine.*

"What is science rightly known?

'Tis the strength of life alone.

Life can'st thou engender never,

Life must be life's friend ever."

—*Goethe.*

"Hit am one ob de fust principles of jometry," said Uncle Eben, "dat er man kain't

make 'is life er complete round ob pleasure,
an' at de same time keep it square — *Ex.*

"Decline a man," the teacher cried,

The maiden colored red;

"Decline a man," the pupil sighed,

"I can't, I won't," she said. — *Ex.*

The three ends of education are character, culture, and learning, and it is clear that the first of these ends should never be sacrificed as a means of securing the other two. — *Dr. Woolsey.*

"The Senior is the climax

Of earthly good, 'tis true;

If you can cap the climax,

Why not gown him, too?" — *Ex.*

President Elliot, of Harvard, in a recent address, advised the students to appropriate the day as follows: Study ten hours, sleep eight, exercise two, social duties one, and meals three.

The conscientious Freshhmen work

To get their lessons tough;

The Jnniors flunk, the

Sophomores shrink,

The Seniors—Ah! they bluff. — *Ex.*

Should work upon a college paper be made an equivalent for an elective in the regular course? This is a subject on which we should be glad to know the sentiments of the college press. — *Ex.*

Love much; earth has enough of bitter in it;

Cast sweet into its cup when'er you can.

No heart so hard but love at last may win it;

Love is the grand primeval cause of man,

All hate is foreign to the first great plan.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Her foul weather friend—

He came to see her stormy nights,

When he had nowhere else to go;

She liked to see him at such times,

And so she called him her rain beau.

— *Brunonion.*

To our parents: The catalogue says: "Pa-

rents are urged not to furnish or to permit others to furnish their sons with an undue amount of money," but please do not think that means us and shut down on our allowances. It simply means the small boys in Prep. — *Ex.*

The first requisite (for study) is concentration, the ability to direct all the intellectual powers upon a subject and to hold them there for a definite period. One should be entirely oblivious to the busy world outside. Another is hard but honest work. He who rides through college on ponies or keys, will have to crawl or limp in the great race of life, and will get sadly left. — *Kilikilik.*

The world will never adjust itself

To snit your whims to the letter,

Some things must go wrong your whole life long,

And the sooner you know it the better.

It is folly to fight with the Infinite,

And go under at last in the wrestle;

The wiser man shapes into God's plan,

As the water shapes into a vessel.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

Politeness smooths the rougher places of life and paves the way for greater achievements. It is not a garment that can be thrown lightly aside and put on again when wanted, but is woven into the very woof of our being. Neither is it governed by fashion, but is prompted by a deeper motive, the desire to make others happy. A gift that can be acquired by all, it does not come from study of books or scientific research, but by the exercise of that subtle talent, good sense. — *Ex.*

There is a ship called Sometime,

Men watch for it and wait,

One on the shore impatient,

And one at the household gate;

Thinking, "If it come not in the morn,

Then in the eve it may";

But one I know, not thinking of his ship,

Worked till the close of day,

Lifting his eyes at eventime,

And there his ship at anchor lay. — *Ex.*

Mr. Gladstone is a believer in the theory that a man can do better mental work every year to extreme old age if he takes care of his body. He claims that the mind grows stronger and clearer as the body loses vitality, and that it is only disease of the latter that can prevent an intellectual progress that will go on to the end. He is certainly a good illustration of his working theory.

The unit used in measuring the strength of electric currents was first called "an ampere" by the French electric congress of 1881, the name being given to it in honor of Andre Marie Ampere, the French scientist, who elucidated the theory that the magnetism of the earth is the result of electric currents circulating around it from east to west.

The standard Chinese work on coinage is in twenty volumes, and the Chinese money itself is not less bulky, as a string of "cash" weighing five pounds is worth less than 25 cents.

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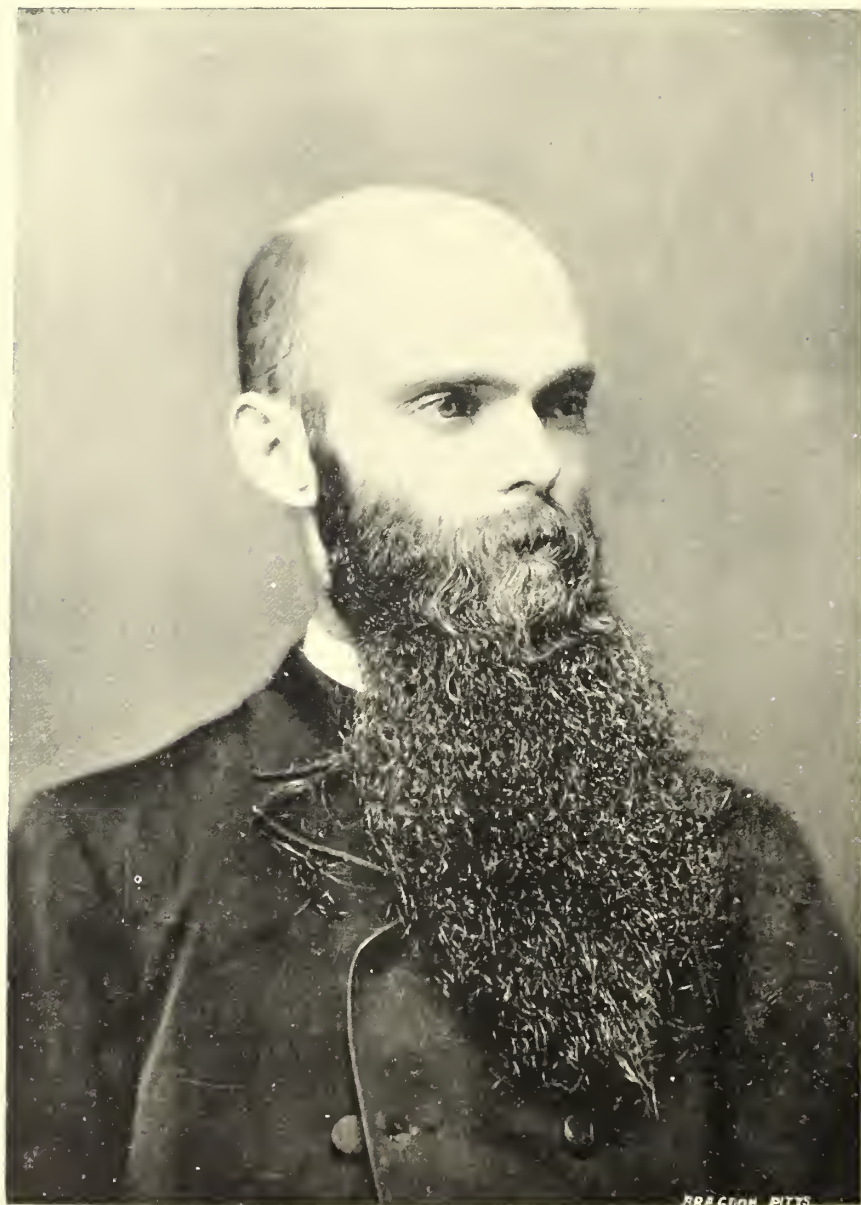
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REV. JOHN MITCHELL.

THE HOLCAD.

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APRIL, 1896.



It is fitting that the first issue since the death of Professor John Mitchell should be a memorial number, that thus may be shown the love and respect for him whose peaceful departure to the unseen world

stilled the life and activity of the college at the close of the term. For weeks the faculty and students had been anxiously awaiting the outcome of the struggle between life and death, hoping against hope that the college might not suffer this grievous loss. Though he was taken seemingly before his work was finished yet his influence will remain for years, a power for good. It will always be a pleasure to the class of '99 to remember that during his illness, especially the last few days, he was cheered by their thoughtful gifts of flowers. These were highly appreciated not only for their beauty and fragrance but for the thoughtfulness and loving regard they attested.

The funeral services of Professor John Mitchell were held in the second U. P. church, Wednesday, March 17th, at 1:30 P. M. One side of the church was reserved for the students, who attended in a body, the other was crowded with friends and acquaintances who had come from far and near to pay their last tribute of honor and respect. During the solemn and impressive services conducted by E. N. McElree, the deceased's favorite psalms were sung by the choir and one of his favorite passages of scripture, the 4th chapter of John, was read by a class-mate, Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, of New Castle. President Ferguson first spoke feelingly of his now silent co-laborer and said that in the eleven years of

his professorship at Westminster there had been no serious breach of peace in his relations with the faculty. Rev. Snodgrass, representing the Board of Trustees, made the next address and was followed by Rev. Wright, who read resolutions from Mercer Presbytery. An opportunity was here given for the reading of the resolutions adopted by the student body. Prof. John McNaugher, after reading the resolutions of the Allegheny Presbytery, praised in the highest terms the grandeur and nobility of his friend's character. The resolutions of the faculty and students of Allegheny Theological Seminary were read by Dr. J. A. Wilson, with a few additional words, and then Dr. McClurken closed the eulogiums, not (as he himself said) representing any institution but expressing the heartfelt sorrow of a friend for friend. After the services, an opportunity was given everyone of viewing the remains for the last time. The pall-bearers chosen were: Reverend J. D. Barr, Reverend — Cooper, Reverend J. Q. A. McDowell, Professor C. C. Freeman, Professor John McElree, William McLaughry. Some of those present were: Professors Hamm and Moore, Slipperyrock; Drs. McNaugher and Wilson, Allegheny Seminary; Chas. Fulton, Wm. Fulton, H. Spencer, R. R. McClure, Allegheny Seminary; Rev. McClurken, Pittsburgh; Rev. Swearingen, Allegheny; Prof. McClelland, Grove City; Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, New Castle; Rev. Snodgrass, West Middlesex; Rev. J. H. Breden, West Sunbury; Dr. Gilkey and Rev. Wilson, Mercer; Dr. Hervey, Hartstown, Pa.; Rev. Houston, New Castle. Floral emblems were sent to the house by the students and by Philo Literary Society, of which Professor Mitchell was a member, and were brought to the church before the services. The body was taken

to Fair Oaks cemetery for interment.

DR. FERGUSON'S ADDRESS AT PROFESSOR MITCHELL'S FUNERAL.

It is a strange providence that brings us together to-day. It is so contrary to all our planning and imagining. By action of the Faculty we chose Professor Mitchell near the end of last session to be our representative in the Educational Conference soon to be held in Chicago. There was a fitness in his choice because of his recognized ability and his longer service. He desired to go and in the face of some difficulties arranged to do so. It was thought by us all that the trip and the fellowship would give him a brief respite from work and needed recreation.

But in God's plan how different the issue! So far as we can judge that was the beginning of the end. The seeds of disease were incorporated then that have developed into wasting and death and desolation as we see them to-day. How different is it all from our devising! Let us learn the lesson of our own short-sightedness and rest in the wisdom of the divine over-ruling. As Solomon expresses it: "A man's heart deviseth his way but the Lord directeth his steps." We are but threads in the loom of life and God is the weaver. We put ingredients into the cup but the Lord alone knows what will be the nature of the resulting mixture.

It seems fitting that I should speak particularly of Professor Mitchell's relation to Westminster College. I speak not of his student life which was marked by great earnestness and ability, ending with his graduation with first honor in the class of '78. In the Fall of 1881 he began his work as a teacher in the College. From that time to this his relation to the college has

been unbroken and every year he has grown in the regard of his students and in the confidence of the church and the educational public. A professor is related to the college as a member of the governing body and as a teacher.

As a member of the Faculty he is related to his associates in labor. They come together to compare notes of those in their classes, to consider questions of common interest, to discuss ways and means, to frame a schedule, to investigate a case, to do a thousand things that have no other interest except that they must be done. I am sure that I say only what the other members of the Faculty would endorse when I declare that our brother was a full sharer in the work to be done, whether it was interesting or uninteresting, pleasant or otherwise. He gave his best thought to whatever came before us. He gave full consideration to the suggestions of others, while asserting his own views. Whatever friction of opinion ever occurred among us there was no permanent roughening of the skin. We often differed but paradoxical as it may seem we always agreed. When a decision was made it was the decision of us all. For eleven years and more some of us have dwelt together with our brother in friendly and affectionate regard and not once has there been a serious breach of our happy relations. I may be pardoned if I speak in a little more personal way. I cannot express to you my sense of loss. For weeks I have refused to face the possibility of what has now occurred. I can understand the language of David concerning his sense of weakness when he learned that Abner was slain. Paul wrote of Onesiphorus—*"He oft refreshed me"* and was not ashamed of my chain." I could say of Professor Mitchell—"He oft refreshed me"—by his

presence, his counsel, his fellowship, his encouragement. Together we took our homeward way from school and chapel. Together we attended presbyteries and synods and summer gatherings. I shall miss him as a brother beloved as well as a companion in labor.

But I wish to speak of him particularly as he was related to the students. Great teachers are rare—as rare as great preachers or lawyers or physicians. Yet I hesitate not to say that Professor Mitchell was a great teacher. He was so in the judgment of the best men and women of all the classes that have graduated since he came. He was so in the estimation of those who had opportunity to examine the product of his work. He secured the co-operation of pupils; he made Greek scholars.

He was a great teacher because he was a tireless worker. I would not be disposed to say he was a born teacher. His ability was due to faithful labor, rather than Socratic genius. He had indeed fair natural gifts but they were well cultivated and well used. He could ply the question from which there was no escape. He could encourage the bubble to enlarge itself to the tension that brings collapse. But his chief success was due to his intelligent labor.

His plan of the campaign was comprehensive. He saw the end from the beginning. There was an order of progress from the beginning to the end. Some things were to be learned in the first year and all else was to be excluded from view. Each year something new and fresh was added concerning the language in addition to the new ideas presented by the change of author. The student just beginning was not overloaded and the advanced student was supposed to leave some things behind him—not lost but stored away.

He not only planned his work but he worked his plan. Every day had its work and received it. He gave attention to the last detail, so that when he came to class he knew not merely in a general way but specifically just what he meant to do and was disappointed if the hour closed too soon. It was a laborious service that he rendered. For this he sacrificed many enjoyments—many an hour taken from sleep or recreation or from social or intellectual pleasure. He was ambitious to do the best for his students and to have students do the best for themselves. He was thorough and exact himself and by example and stimulating words and drill sought to make others as accurate as himself. One great lesson from his life to those who were under his influence—a lesson constantly reiterated—was this—"Do well the matter in hand." It was not simply, "Be thorough" but "Be thorough in the present task." General Armstrong said in one of the reports of his work at Hampton, Va.—"Let me say here that whatever good teaching I may have done has been Mark Hopkins teaching through me." And I doubt not that successful teachers of the classics, to whom I might point, would be as ready to attribute their success in large measure to Professor Mitchell and say—"Whatever good teaching I have done has been John Mitchell teaching through me." He lives on in the men and women who are teaching as he taught—who are building on the foundations he laid in various lines of professional life.

Let me say further concerning our brother that he was a teacher and something more—and vastly more. He was a moral and religious force in the institution. He had convictions on moral and religious matters and gave them utterance. He was

an enemy of all unrefined ways, of all immoral practices. He had a deep sense of responsibility concerning the religious influences that were about our young people. A book with an ominous title was sure of a rigid censorship before securing a place in the library of which he had charge. An unwise rehearsal in chapel or elsewhere of past experiences grated harshly on his ear. A good word for truth and righteousness received his hearty approval. Especially a word for Jesus found an answering chord in his breast. I am sure of two things about him—that he loved men and loved Christ. Whatever severity of aspect may have characterized him at any time behind it was a kindly heart, ever seeking the welfare of others, their health and culture—their character and salvation. He loved Christ and in his prayers and addresses gave evidence of the genuineness of his piety—the intensity of his Christian experience. Believing so heartily himself he sought to bring others to the same Saviour in whom he trusted. He was not content that men should know Greek alone—he would have them know Christ and eternal life. And doubtless there will be seals of his quiet ministry in the day when God gathers all his own. Such a fellow-worker, such a teacher, such a man is a treasure to any college. And when God lays him low the loss seems irreparable.

Of course I know something of him as a thoughtful loving husband and father, as a preacher and presbyter, as a citizen and man of business. Here I speak only of what he was to the college. In the presence of God's work as it respects the college we stand almost in dismay. Yet the source of our dismay is the source of our hope. Tennyson said when his friend was gone:

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

We can never get behind the experience through which we pass. It will never be as though the experience had not been. Professor Mitchell has set a pace for his department and it will not easily decline from it. Our expectation is that the same God who furnished him will carry forward his work.

But why should we dwell on our loss alone? Why stay in the region of sense? Why not rise on wings of promise into the region of faith?

While we gather sadly in this house, where is he? While we look at the desolation death has wrought in the community, the college, and the home, what has death done for him? It has done nothing he would have undone. In his last long illness I saw him as frequently perhaps as any other beside those who waited on him continually. He seemed to hunger for the voice of prayer and thirst for the word of God. Two or three weeks before he died as we talked of the will of God in the issue of his case he said: "I leave the matter with God, but if had my way I should wish to die right now." His way and God's have become one. He has gone within the veil—into the unseen holy.

We have bidden him adieu and our farewells fill our ears. But there are welcoming voices on the other side. Let us open our ears to the articulate sounds that come to us out of the open heavens concerning those that sleep in Jesus. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you. And

if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Into these mansions our friend has entered; he is with the heavenly throng of whom it is asked, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? Whence came they?" Yet the answers brings peace and quiet to our hearts. "These are they which have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Let us comfort one another with these words.

SOME MEMORIES OF PROF. MITCHELL.

There is so much of interest and of help in the life of Prof. Mitchell, that it seems a hopeless task to attempt to do justice to it in so short a time as is allotted to us. It has been such a beautiful life of affectionate trust in God and conscientious adherence to the path of duty that an interesting volume might well be written.

He was born near the famous city of Londonderry, where, amid trials and persecutions, Protestantism first took root in Ireland, and he proved a worthy scion of the old stock. Here were spent the happy days of childhood, and the rudiments of his education were received. He was the eldest child of his faithful parents, who be-

gan in his infancy to implant in his receptive mind those principles of love and sacrifice that have made him so strong a character.

His mother cannot remember the time when he did not give evidence of being a child of God. His rare intellectual ability developed at an early age, and when only four years old he read in turn with his parents at family worship, and would often ask his father to read some chapter or sing some psalm which he particularly remembered. How characteristic both as to power and subject, for the Bible was ever his choicest treasure. It was then, too, that his desire to instruct others awoke within him, and he would frequently be found in the kitchen teaching the farm hands to read in his own little book; and a Roman Catholic servant-girl, who lived in the family during the revival of 1858-9, ascribes to him her conversion to Protestantism.

The family came to America and settled in Philadelphia when the eldest child was fourteen years of age. Owing to some financial reverses, it was necessary for him to go to work, and he could not resume his studies for four years. The wife of his employer at that time, although she had not seen him nor his mother for twenty-five years, wrote the latter a beautiful letter of sympathy on hearing of her bereavement. In this she mentioned him as a "faithful lad" and "a diligent student," after he had resumed his studies and sometimes paid them "welcome visits."

When very young he realized that everyone wields some influence for good or evil, and made his a powerful one for good over his younger brothers and sisters especially. A favorite motto which he kept in his room at home was "Speak no evil of the absent."

Soon after his arrival in this country, he

united with the Eighth United Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, of which Dr. W. W. Barr was then, and for many years afterwards, the honored pastor, and has never ceased to be a true friend of the family. Of our lamented friend he writes that "his integrity was manifest from his childhood, and he kept a conscience void of offence through all his days. I think I have not known a more straight-forward, honest man, or one of more consistent piety." That he was held in high esteem by the congregation of which he had been a member, is shown by the fact that, during his last long illness, at every church service he was remembered in prayer; and during the sad, brief visit of his parents in the early part of his illness, loving letters filled with tender sympathy and anxious hope came to them from Dr. Barr, their pastor, and other friends in the church.

He was a staunch United Presbyterian, and his patriotic adherence to the church of his parents found early opportunity to show itself. When less than sixteen years of age he was offered a salary if he would superintend a Sabbath school controlled by the Presbyterian church. He declined the offer because he was a United Presbyterian. However, he had before this time been connected with a mission Sabbath school in a little room over a tavern in the lower part of the city. He had gathered up many children to become members of this school, was present at every session, and even cleaned the room and did all he could to make it bright as possible.

In early childhood he had often expressed the desire to become a minister of the gospel, but for a while could not solve the financial problem. However, by the aid of the pastor, who was deeply impressed with his talent and character, the difficulties

were removed and he entered Mantua Academy, in Philadelphia, to make the necessary preparation for college. He had to walk four miles, each way, to and from the academy, and improved his time and shortened the journey by declining Latin nouns and conjugating Latin verbs. One year at the academy and one summer vacation of private study sufficed for his preparation which included, in addition to the common branches and algebra, and the preliminary work in Greek and Latin, four books of Cæsar, two of Virgil, and four of the Anabasis. Prof. F. W. Hastings, Principal of Mantua Academy, was highly pleased with the rapid and proficient progress of his pupil, whom he found "gifted with an intellect clear and accurate, readily moving in sympathy with truth and its teacher," and remarked the habits that we know to have characterized him in later years—"assiduity in study, patience in the investigation of difficult points, gentlemanly deportment, courtesy and honor."

In the fall of 1872 the time came for him to leave home for college. This was a sad loss to his family; but he never ceased to take an interest in everything pertaining to them, and they still had his counsel. His younger brother, a boy of fourteen, remembers being unmanned by his grief and taking a long cry over his departure. It was the year that Dr. E. T. Jeffers became president of Westminster College, that Prof. Mitchell began, as a freshman, his long and successful career. As we recall him then, when our acquaintance began, little change seems to have taken place in him—a little less serious, perhaps, a little more light hearted before the burden of years rested upon him, but possessed of the same quiet manner, gentlemanly deportment and thoughtful attention to the com-

fort of others. An indefatigable worker, he never entered the recitation room unprepared; the very soul of honor, he never resorted to unfair methods for credit to himself, but would render all possible help to others. Being well grounded upon the principles of right, he never fawned upon others, nor indulged in improper conduct "to please the other fellows." If his fellow students wanted his co-operation in any plan, they must go his way, which was straight forward toward the goal at which he aimed and so gloriously reached. The true blue Presbyterian blood of his Scotch ancestors who stood the siege of Londonderry flowed in his veins, and he made no compromise with evil. A college roommate writes of him, in a letter to his now desolate home, "He was the perfection of conscientiousness, one of the noblest of Christian men." Another friend writes that he was "impressed with the honesty, faithfulness and religious sincerity of his work and purposes. He scorned everything that was vulgar, treacherous or dishonorable." He had the respect and confidence of all right-minded young men, and even those whose inclinations differed from his, had great respect for his convictions and his opinions.

Prof. Mitchell has always been a diligent student, yet was not a book worm. Even then he had time for some social recreation. He was identified with all the Christian work of the college, a teacher in the Sabbath school, and an enthusiastic worker in the literary society. No member of the Philo Society was ever more loyal to its interests than he. He rejoiced at its success and lamented its failures. Indeed loyalty was one of his traits. Indifference he could not tolerate, and whatever he pretended to support, he supported with all

the strength of his strong character. His church, the college, the Prohibition party, his family, his friends, always knew just where to find him.

Like many other noble young men he depended almost entirely upon his own efforts for financial support. Hence his college course could not be completed without interruption. He taught for one year at North Sewickley Academy, Beaver county, and another in a similar school in New Bedford, Lawrence county. Pleasant memories of him survive in the minds of his pupils of even these student days. Several attacks of illness, too, interfered with his studies, and nearly all of one spring term was spent at home, whither he had gone to be nursed back to health. This was his only long visit home after leaving for college. It was feared that his health would not permit him to follow his chosen profession; and Philadelphia Presbytery, which had assumed part of his expenses, withdrew its support on the grounds that he would never be able to serve the church. These interruptions deferred his graduation until 1878, when he shared the highest honor of his class with H. W. Lowry, now a Presbyterian minister in Wellsville, Ohio.

But this did not sever his connection with the college. That summer and the one following he taught the normal; in '78 with Rev. James Parker, Ph. D., now of Jersey City, N. J., and in '79 with Rev. S. W. Gilkey, Ph. D., of Mercer, Pa. These young men, by their association with him in this work, were convinced that he had superior qualifications as a teacher, and found him to be the same conscientious, faithful worker and devoted Christian that he had been as a student. The work of teaching was now begun in earnest never to be interrupted for a single year until his

work on earth was finished and God took him home. For two years he taught the Greenville high school, where the writer was privileged to follow him a year later, and heard from pupils, fellow-teachers and friends the same earnest praise as is to be heard from his Westminster students. As a proof of the constancy of their love for him, one of his Greenville pupils, whom he had seldom met during the sixteen intervening years, sent him during his last illness a box of choicest flowers. One spring term and the following year were spent at Grove City, and letters to his sorrowing wife from fellow teachers and friends show that his loss is deeply mourned there, too.

In the fall of '81, three years after his graduation, he came to Westminster as an instructor in English branches, was soon elected to the department of Latin, then of Greek, and for nearly fifteen years has been impressing himself indelibly on the hearts and characters of his students.

In December, 1878, he was united in marriage with Miss Margaret Criswell, a former Westminster student and a fellow-teacher at the North Sewickley Academy. Three daughters and two sons have been given them, and survive to mourn their sad loss. He loved his wife and children with such love as only great hearts like his are capable of, and his home was to him the happiest place on earth. Here the severity of the class room had no place, and each child felt perfect freedom to act its own nature in its father's presence. Whatever else may be said in his praise, a more thoughtful and loving husband, or kind, indulgent father could not be found. While others mourn the loss to the church, to the college and to themselves as personal friends, his wife and children mourn because the head of the family has been

taken away, the light has gone out of their home, yet not as one dead but only withdrawn from sight and ever present to watch them. All his home ties were strong. He enjoyed, intensely, an opportunity to visit his parents, brothers, and sisters in Philadelphia; and much of the pleasure anticipated in his recent trip to Chicago, was due to the fact that he could see his brother there.

His early desire to study for the ministry could not be gratified immediately after his graduation for lack of health, and the longer he taught, the harder it became to drop his work long enough to take the theological course. The desire could not be repressed, however, and the feeling grew upon him that he could do more good as a teacher, if he were a minister also. Therefore he crowded into his busy days and nights the necessary theological studies and completed the course, and only for a few short years was permitted to exercise the power he had so greatly desired. It was a great satisfaction to him thus to increase his power for usefulness, and he derived much pleasure from the occasions offered him to preach where there was need.

Of the fifteen years spent at Westminster college it is difficult, and seems scarcely necessary, to write for readers of the Holcad who knew him so well and so favorably. What he appeared to the student he was at heart—a true Christian gentleman; and what he was as a man he had been from childhood—a faithful, conscientious worker. Students in trouble found no friend to whom they could more freely or more safely confide their trials and their mistakes, although they knew that his advice would not come from personal experience. He had sown no wild oats, his heart was pure and his record clean. The tearful

messages that come from day to day, bringing sympathy to the sorrowing family, bear testimony to the influence he has exerted upon his school-mates, his students, and upon the church at large. One writes from a distant state that in her life as a teacher he has been her inspiration and ideal, especially with regard to the thoroughness with which he prepared for each recitation. Others mention his kindness to them. One says "He encouraged without flattery, he reproved without malice." Many write of it as a personal loss, and all unite in praising his beautiful Christian life. And as I read these tender messages, the outburst of grief-filled hearts, and notice how many lament that they had never told him how much they owed him, I think if he could only have known it, how much stronger he would have felt, and how many hours of sad depression he would have been spared. He wanted no flattery, that was not his nature; but if such a thing can be, he took life too earnestly, and was prone to look upon the dark side of many things concerning himself. He had need of cheer, and no joy was so great to him as the assurance that he had helped some one. It was hard to convince him that his work as a teacher was highly appreciated, because so little appreciation reached him; and a few of these letters might have encouraged him exceedingly had they reached him in those months just previous to his illness, when the tired body was giving way under the severe mental strain, increased in turn by the utter inability of his body to do all he wanted it to do.

It is rather a remarkable fact that, except in childhood, Prof. Mitchell never experienced the loss of a member of his own family. His father's family had been unbroken for many years, and his own, until his

death snapped the cord that bound him, and formed a link to the better land. However he was a most sympathetic man. Friends are left behind who will never forget him for his heartfelt "God bless you my brother" after the death of a dearly loved child, and for his prayer at the bedside of a dying father, begun in that quiet, tender manner of his, while all around were crushed with grief. He made the sorrows of his friends his own, and considered no inconvenience too great that would enable him to show his sympathy for his friends in time of trouble.

One says of him, "He was a true friend, and when tried was never found wanting." "He was the very highest type of Christian gentleman." "He had a conscience educated by grace and by the Holy Spirit," and did everything as under the eye of God. This accounts for the thoroughness of his work. As a student he made it a matter of conscience to do his work most thoroughly, and there laid the foundation of that ripe scholarship and devoutness of character which marked him in later years. There was not a trace of indolence in his disposition, and he spared neither time nor pains to make thorough preparation for presenting each lesson in the most attractive manner. The discipline alone of his class room was worth years of study to many a young man and woman.

He was a tireless worker; and the longer he lived the heavier grew the burden of his labors. Each year brought its new joys and sorrows, and, with them, increased responsibilities. His co-workers would gladly have relieved him of part of his care, but he would take no relief. His was a nature that could not rest nor be idle, and he must be continually working, planning and considering for the welfare of those in any

way dependent upon him. Love was the only motive that prompted a large part of his work, and the only return that could be made for it. He cared nothing for money, except as it would add to the comfort of his family, nor for fame, except in the love and respect of his students. One of his college friends—a minister in our church, who sadly deplores the loss to the college—writes: "It was not from the remuneration he received, but from personal devotion to the college that he was being held here." The long hours given to conversation with those who come to him for advice and consolation could be shared by no one, nor repaid by money. It was pure devotion to the interests of his students and patriotism to his Alma Mater and the church that overworked him, not the duties imposed upon him. If his life was a sacrifice, it was a self-sacrifice, not a required one.

It is sad to realize that we shall feel no more his cordial sympathy, nor enjoy his hearty co-operation in our labors. But his influence and the memory of his counsel will last always. The Master has taken him for other work, not because his usefulness was ended; but "being dead he yet speaketh." Shall we who have lived so near this great man—this "Hercules in the class-room," as one calls him—permit this sad trial to come into our lives and pass unnoticed? God has come very near to us, and taken one we all loved. If we live on as we have done without heeding this call of a wise Providence, we must be hardened in our sins, and will deserve no favor from God. It is fitting for us to bow in humble submission to His will, look up through the tears that blind our eyes, and say "Thy will be done;" then consecrate ourselves more entirely to God's service, and seek, each one of us by doing our own part, to carry

on the faithful, conscientious work that he was doing. By this means we might fulfill his desire, which was the spiritual growth of every student, and a higher spiritual tone of Christian living in the college. That he may accomplish by his death that which he labored so earnestly to attain in his lifetime is the sincere prayer of those who survive him and sadly mourn their great loss.

Resolutions adopted by the students of Westminster College on the death of Prof. John Mitchell :

WHEREAS, It has pleased our heavenly Father to remove from us our beloved friend and teacher, Prof. John Mitchell ; therefore,

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss of one who by his kind and loving manner and Godly example had endeared himself to us all, yet we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, knowing that what is our loss is his inestimable gain.

Resolved, That by his life and example we may be led to follow more closely that Savior whom he loved so much and followed so faithfully.

Resolved, That by his death we are admonished ; "Be ye therefore ready," so that when the Angel of death comes to us we can say as did he that we desire to depart to be with Christ which is far better.

Resolved, That while we cannot now understand this mysterious providence yet we know that all shall be revealed at the last day and we derive comfort from the thought : "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Resolved, That we extend to the sorrowing family our most sincere and tender sympathy, commending them to the God of all grace and mercy and praying that He in His great loving kindness may tenderly upbind their sad hearts and alleviate their grievous affliction, and that they in this hour of sore trial may say, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolu-

tions be sent to the bereaved family and published in the *United Presbyterian*, HOLCAD and New Wilmington *Globe*.

W. D. GAMBLE,	} Com.
RENA MILLER,	
MONROE WITHERSPOON.	

Resolutions adopted by Faculty and Students of Allegheny Theological Seminary :

In view of the death of Professor John Mitchell, of Westminster College, the faculty and students of the Allegheny Theological Seminary desire to express their great sorrow at the early removal of one who has been so signally useful to the church, and who but a little time ago seemed to have yet remaining many years of important labor at the post to which he had so manifestly been called by the great Head of the church.

Many of us have had personal acquaintance and fellowship with him; some of us have spent most profitable months and years in his class-room where he was not simply an instructor but an inspiration; and all of us have known him by reputation as a Christian gentleman, a useful minister and a professor unsurpassed in his work. We extend our sympathies to the bereaved family in their great loss of a loving, tender husband and father, and to the College which again has been called to release for the Master's service in heaven one of its honored instructors, a man attractive in personality, gifted in a large degree, consecrated to his work, and crowned with the approval and grateful memories of all who have been privileged to sit at his feet. May the Lord bless you all in your time of trial, and compensate in his own wise and loving providence for the loss he has brought so directly to you in the removal of his servant and our friend. We send Profs. John A.

Wilson and John McNaugher to the funeral as our representatives,

Signed D. A. McCLENAHAN,
Sec'y of the Faculty.

[*Transcript from Minutes of Presbytery of Allegheny.*]

In view of the death on Sabbath night last of the Rev. Prof. John Mitchell, of Westminster College, the Presbytery adopted the following message to the Faculty and Students of the college and the family of the deceased, and directs its immediate transmission that it may be read in connection with the funeral exercises :

The Presbytery of Allegheny has heard with profound regret of the death of Rev. Prof. John Mitchell, and laments the great loss which our Church and the College has sustained in this sad event. We express our appreciation of the learning, the intellectual power, the rare teaching ability, and the excellent moral qualities which distinguished our departed brother, and we praise God for consecrating such a noble, influential life to the service of Christian education, and for the great work which He enabled that life to accomplish in the mental and spiritual instruction of many young men and women. To the Faculty and Students of the College, and to the bereaved home-circle, we extend our earnest sympathy, commending you to the Father in Heaven, whose gracious will has wrought this dispensation of sorrow, and exhorting all to be followers of him who through faith and patience has inherited the promises.

W. I. WISHART, Moderator.

W. S. HARPER, Clerk.

Allegheny, 17 March, 1896.

DEATH OF PROF. CUMMINGS.

After a long season of serious illness, Prof. James B. Cummings passed from this

world to the reward prepared for the faithful. He died about midnight March 30th, at the home of his son William, in the 69th year of his age. For some time his state was critical and his death, though sad indeed, was not altogether unexpected.

Prof. James B. Cummings was born in 1827 in the state of New York. He chose teaching as his profession and to this he devoted his life.

In the early fifties he taught in the state of New York, and in 1854 accepted a position in the Cadiz Academy, Ohio. In the fall of 1856 he became directly connected with Westminster College. He occupied the chair of Natural Sciences, and for about thirty years was a faithful and devoted professor in Westminster. Those who knew him in the class-room can best tell of his untiring efforts and careful instruction. He impressed on those under his care the power of a Christian character. During the darkest hours for Westminster he stood at his post ever faithful. To the older alumni of Westminster the memory of Prof. J. B. Cummings will ever remain as one of the happy recollections of college life. After thirty years of faithful labor in Westminster he resigned his professorship and since that time lived a retired life.

The funeral took place April 2d from the Second United Presbyterian church. The funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Dr. E. N. McElree, who made some very appropriate remarks concerning the deceased. Dr. W. A. Mehard, who was for many years intimately connected with Prof. Cummings as a co-laborer and fellow-professor in Westminster, spoke concerning their happy relations as teachers and also of the prevailing characteristics of the professor. Dr. W. J. Reid of Pittsburg, who knew the professor as a boy, and also in

college life, and who knew him as a public school teacher, testified to the faithfulness and patience of the deceased.

Westminster sustains the loss of one most deeply interested in her welfare. Westminster alumni mourns the death of a beloved professor. New Wilmington will miss the untiring efforts of an enterprising citizen. From the community at large has departed the influence and power of a Christian personality.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College held in Allegheny, March 31st, Pres. Ferguson, Rev. J. W. Witherspoon and Judge S. S. Mehard were appointed a committee to consider and report at June meeting in reference to a Greek instructor. Another committee was appointed to look into the subject of college athletics and report at the same meeting. On this committee are Rev. W. D. Irons, of McDonald, Pa., Judge S. S. Mehard, of Pittsburg, and Rev. John A. Douthett, of Greensburg, Pa. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. M. M. Patterson, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., and Rev. F. S. Crawford, of Philadelphia. Miss Alice Elliott was elected instructor of German and such other studies as may be assigned her. Committees were also appointed to draw up resolutions on the deaths of Prof. John Mitchell and Prof. James Cummings. The salary of Prof. Mitchell was ordered to be continued until the end of the college year.

ALUMNI REUNION.

The reunion of the Alumni of Westminster College, which was held in the First United Presbyterian church, Allegheny

on Thursday evening, February 26, '96, was not only the most interesting, but one productive of greater results than any held before.

The address of welcome was made by the pastor of the church, Rev. J. W. Robinson, D. D., who with his usual brilliancy enlivened his hearers and caused them to lay aside unnecessary formality for the evening. This address was closed with an invitation to all to proceed to the parlors of the church where tempting refreshments were served by the young ladies of the congregation. Judge S. S. Mehard, of Pittsburg, who had been appointed chairman of the meeting, responded in appropriate words to the hearty welcome which had been extended.

The president of the college, Dr. R. G. Ferguson, being introduced, spoke at some length on the "Hopes of Westminster College," giving reasons for the basis of these hopes, and suggesting some means of attaining them.

R. K. Aiken, Esq., of New Castle, Pa., class of '90, in speaking of "What We Did at College," vividly recalled college days, with their joys and sorrows, closing with a high tribute to the efficiency of Westminster College for preparing young men and women for the real battles of life.

"The Relation of the College to the Church," was the subject of an interesting address by Dr. W. S. Owens, class '66, of Indiana, Pa. He spoke of the close connection between these institutions and insisted that if our church was to preserve her high position among Christian denominations, our colleges must be equipped for doing as efficient work as those of any other denomination.

Rev. John A. Wilson, D. D., class of '64, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, represented the Alumni on the Board of

Trustees. He spoke of finance in connection with the college, and also urged the carrying forward of the Alumni Chair movement, which was begun several years ago.

Resolutions on the death of Prof. John Mitchell were read by Rev. H. C. Swearingen, of the Third United Presbyterian Church, of Allegheny. These, after being seconded by Rev. J. K. McClurkin, D. D., were adopted by a rising vote.

Rev. John McNaugher, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, introduced a resolution favoring the organization of a Westminster Alumni Club. This resolution was unanimously adopted, thus closing one of the most enjoyable Alumni reunions in the history of Westminster college.

PRELIMINARY ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest of 1896 is to be held in New Wilmington, April 16th. The preliminary contest to decide who should represent Westminster was won by Robt. E. Taggart, '97, of the Adelphic Literary Society. The program for the evening was as follows:

Prayer	Rev. W. I. Wishart
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Madge Nelson
Oration, "In One Destiny.".....	A. G. Boal
Oration, "The Reign of the Idea.".....	R. W. Veach
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Florence Ashenhurst
Oration, "The True Hero."	William Stewart
Oration, "The Golden Calf.".....	R. E. Taggart
Piano Solo.....	Miss Allie Anderson
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Mabel Irons

Decision of Judges.

The percentages of the different contestants are as follows:

	Composition.	Thought.	Delivery.	Av.
Boal.....	89	87 1-3	80 2-3	85 2-3
Veacht.....	93 2-3	94	88 2-3	92 1-9
Stewart...	90 1-3	91 2-3	83 2-3	88 5-9
Taggart...	93 2-3	94 2-3	91 2-3	93 1-3



Extra copies of this number of THE HOLCAD may be had on application.

Miss Mary Varnum and Miss Winnie Wharton are with us this term for the study of music.

We are sorry to note that Miss Edith Welch and Miss McClay are not in college this term.

We admire Miss H's resignation. She says if she can't keep the bowl she will take the pitcher (base-ball).

Prof. Hahn will continue to treat the maladies of the students at the free dispensary on Thursday evenings.

The usual reception, given by the Y. M. C. A. to new students, was held in Adelphic Hall, Friday evening, April 3d.

Spring is here and the favorite quotation in College is that well known one from "Locksley Hall" "In the Spring."

A Camera Club will be organized this term if enough amateur photographers can be found who are willing to join.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to our young professor who looks up at the Hall with such a far-away look in his eyes.

R. R. McClure, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, senior class, preached in the First church, New Wilmington, on Easter Sabbath.

Heard at the Y. M. & W. C. A. social: (She) "I wish I could have some air." (He) "I'd rather have some heiress." (Those who hear collapse).

Prof. McElree's "Rules of Procedure" for the Demosthenes class are formidable enough to strike terror to the heart of any struggling sophomore.

Miss Nellie May Whitney, of this year's graduating class in music, has secured a position as instructor in the Music Department of Mount Hope.

We hope that the ladies of the Hall will not forget that April 24th is Arbor Day. The grounds would look much better if a forest were transplanted to the bare hill-side.

The Porter Bros. will not be seen in college this term, having purchased the meat market formerly owned by Chas. M. Fisher. Success to the old firm in the new business.

The Hall girls are debating the question as to the necessity of curtailing their expenditures for chewing-gum and saving their pennies for the coming base-ball games.

The Trig class is better (?) off than the persons in the New Testament that wanted a sign. The poor Freshmen are laboring to get the meaning of the "sines" and "cosines."

The following of the present students were at the Westminster Re-union: Misses McFerron, Frampton, Stunkard, McClure; Messrs. Black, Degleman, Moore, Seville and Weller.

Miss H—— remarks, "This is the last day." Her friend Miss S—— turns pale and gasps, "Good Heavens! To-morrow will be the judgment; I must go up town this evening."

Rev. David Pollock Smith, Principal of the Burgettstown Academy and Business College, will conduct a Normal and Sum-

mer school in the public school building of Burgettstown from May 4th to June 24th.

The Juniors would better confine themselves to a German diet (sauer kraut, limberger and beer) so that "die deutsche Worter" will feel more at home in their mouths and perhaps fall from their lips more naturally.

Prof. McElree is so deeply attached to his Greek Classes that he has requested the pleasure of their company on Monday mornings. It is needless to say his devotion is returned, (ninety-nine times out of every hundred).

Rev. Francesco Rostan, the representative of the Waldensian church, Italy, preached in the 2nd U. P. church, April 5th. In the evening he spoke in the same place about the Waldensian church and missions, and a collection was taken up for the benefit of these.

The '97's are prepared for anything. They are even equal to the task of reciting Astronomy instead of Geology, when asked to do so. This shows their extreme courtesy, since they would rather draw on their immense store of knowledge and recite a lesson not assigned them than enlighten the professor about his mistake.

Quite a number of new students have entered college this term. Their names are A. E. Eckles, Samuel J. Blackwood and George Campbell, New Bedford; Miss Maggie Venum and Miss Winnie Wharton, Jackson Center; Stewart S. Jordan, Robert McConnell and Harvey Martin, Volant; Chas. Shaefer Fulton, Key, O.; Lloyd Davis, Burgettstown, Pa.; A. C. Ellis, Sewickley; Miss Birdie Heasley, Fay; Miss Maud Williams, Eau Claire. The following former students have returned: J. J. McDow-

ell and Miss Frances McDowell, Neshanock Falls; Will Porter, J. H. McClure and Miss Laura McClure, New Wilmington; Marrior Edmundson, McKeesport.

Alumni and College World.

Cornell has organized a class in Russian.

Lafayette College has courses in Civil, Mining and Electrical Engineering.

Washington and Lee University has decided to do away with her preparatory department.

President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University favors football as the national game of colleges.

Miss Helen Gould has given \$3000 to Vassar College to found a scholarship in memory of her mother.

Franklin and Marshall now has a new Chemical Laboratory, completely furnished with work tables and all the necessary apparatus for chemical work.

The students of the University of California recently took a day off and themselves put the University grounds in order. About \$3000 was thus saved to the institution.

The following colleges publish daily papers: Cornell, Harvard, University of Michigan, University of Pennsylvania, Leland Stanford, Brown, Wisconsin and Princeton.

The catalogue of Princeton College shows a considerable increase in the faculty, there being now over eighty members in that body. The students of the University number 1,088.

Wesleyan University has a Ladies' Athletic Association doing systematic work.

This is a step in the right direction, and we hope to see the day when athletics among the gentler sex will receive more attention than at present.

Cornell University chapter of Chi Psi has purchased for \$45,000 the famous Fiske McGraw mansion at Ithaca. The mansion cost a quarter of a million and is, no doubt, the finest chapter house in the world—too fine for college students, so the sour grapes say.

There is a fraternity war at the University of Michigan. The trouble commenced several years ago when an arranged ball by the Juniors ended in a failure, and when the idea was taken up later by nine fraternities and made annually a success. This affair has been given in the gymnasium, and this year the anti-frats and the four fraternities hitherto shut out sought admission and were refused. The Faculty denied the use of the gymnasium unless all were admitted, and then they arranged to hold their ball in Toledo, but their fair ones refused to go. "Thus the matter hath itself" and is not yet settled.

ATHLETICS.

It is surely time to play ball when "May" has come back.

The probable make-up of the team will be: Davies, c.; Wilhelm and McKim, p.; Phythyon, ss.; J. J. McElree, 1st b.; Ellis, 2d b.; Edmundson, 2d b.; Ferguson, l. f.; H. B. McElree, c. f.; Marshall or McKimm, r. f.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, April 4, W. M. Porter was elected manager,

Peacock, assistant manager of the foot ball team for '96. W. J. Stewart was given the management of the second team. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the field day.

Some of the Alumni of the college are thirsting for a chance to show us that age has not diminished their strength and skill, so there is a chance for an Alumni-All College field day *sometime* during the spring term. The McKims have left the Bird club and there will, therefore, be less danger of their going out on a "fly" or fowl when at the bat.

Wilhelm began this term with the noble resolution to quit the use of the precious weed. As a proof of his utter freedom from the habit, he threw away his pipe and felt the glow of satisfaction that comes from the knowledge of a good action well performed. Soon, however, he felt a craving for the companionship of his former friend, and, going forth he gathered to his bosom the well-beloved corn-cob. Now, as before, he strolls along the boulevard scenting the air with the odor of sweet briar."

The schedule for the base ball club has been changed somewhat since our last issue and is now as follows: April 18, Eau Clair at New Wilmington; April 25, Indiana Normal, at Indiana; April 27, Kiskiminetas at Saltsburg; April 28, State College at State College; April 29, Holy Ghost College at Pittsburg; May 2, W. & J. at Washington, Pa.; May 16, Geneva at New Wilmington; May 25, Geneva at Beaver Falls; May 23, P. A. C. at New Wilmington; June 1, Hiram at New Wilmington; June 13, P. A. C. at Pittsburg; June 15, Allegheny College at New Wilmington; June 17, W. U. P. at New Wilmington. Open dates, May 4, 11, 18, 30, June 6, 8.

Degleman, manager of the track team, attended the meeting of representatives from W. U. P. and W. & J., held March 27, at the Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburg. He obtained for Westminster the privilege of taking part in the athletic meet which will occur about the first of June at Pittsburg. Our share of the expenses will probably be about one hundred dollars and the students should make every effort to raise this amount promptly and quickly. Everyone who has any possible chance of getting on the team, ought to try to get into the best possible form before the field day, which will be about two weeks before the meet, and the winners of which will represent Westminster at Pittsburg

EXCHANGES.

"When all my thoughts in vain are thunk,
When all my winks in vain are wunk,
What saves me from a rocky flunk?

My Pony." —*Ec.*

Another college paper has come among our exchanges, *The Transylvanian*, of Kentucky University. It is a Washington' Birthday issue, and contains many excellent articles.

In the last issue of *The Thielensian* is an article entitled, "May We Always Speak Well of Our College." As it is a subject in which we are all interested, each one should read it.

"Young man," said the professor as he stepped into the hall and caught a frisky freshy by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe he has," was the reply. —*Ec.*

Post-graduate, who is holding his first charge: "Professor will you get me a \$2,000 position, next year?"

Prof.: "Are you working up a \$2,000 reputation?" —*Ex.*

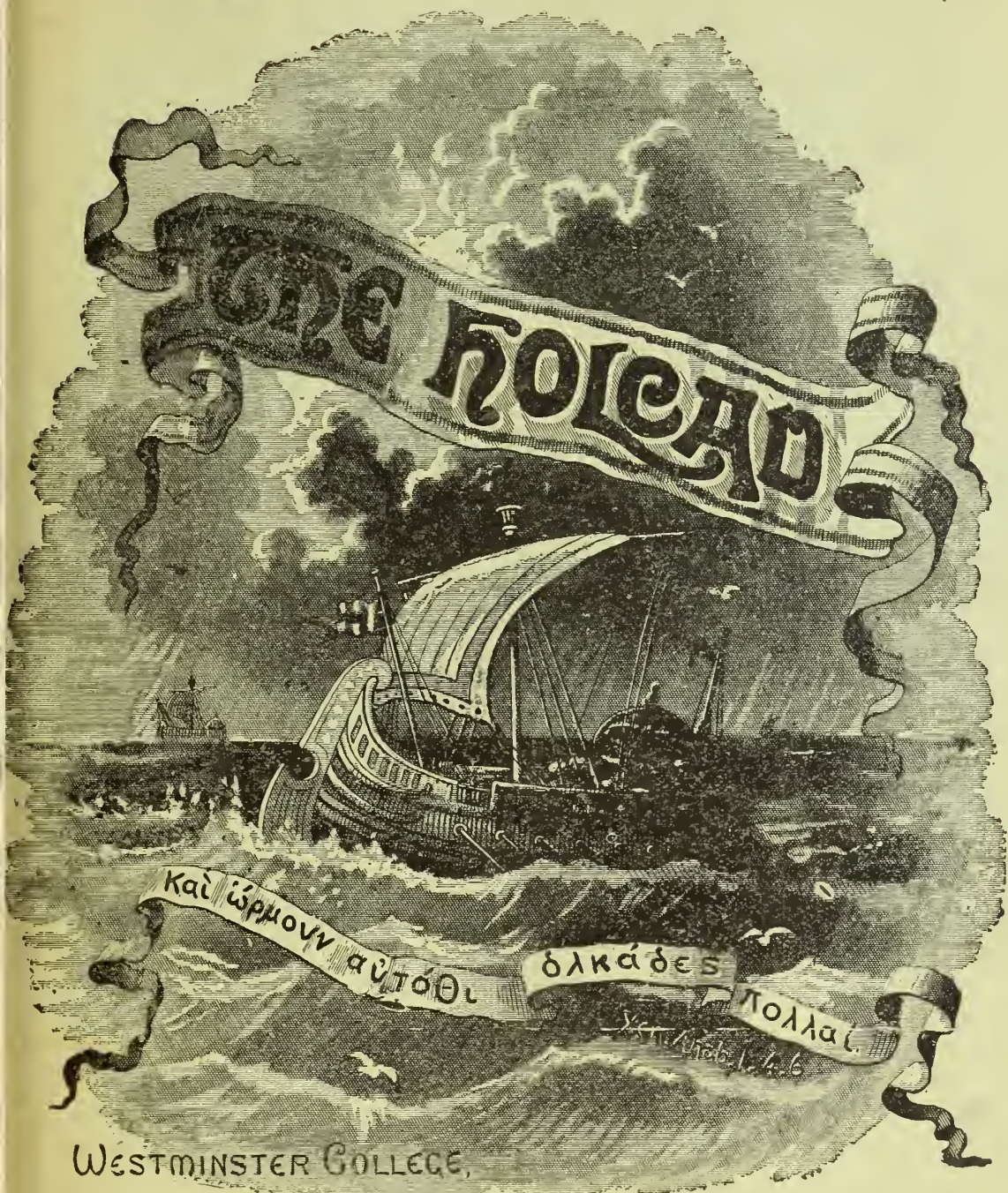
He was the cynosure of all eyes; men about him breathlessly awaited any word he might let drop; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; the room began to swim about his head and he felt as though he must fall to the floor; he sank to the seat—he had flunked. —*Ex.*

"I asked a poet once, what single word
His soul did prize all other words above.
A far-off look came to his dreamy eyes,
As with a sigh he softly answered, 'Love.'"

"I put the question to a student gay,
He smiled and said, "In pencil it is writ
Along the margin of some dreamy page,
It is the goodly word, 'Omit.'"—*Ex.*

The vote at Yale on the favorite novel studied in Modern Novel Course, resulted as follows: Lorna Doone, 114; Gentlemen of France, 45; Treasure Island, 28; Luck of Roaring Camp, 17; Esther Waters, 9; Modern Instance, 9; Phantom Rickshaw, 5; A Suburban Pastoral, 4; Marcella, 1. —*Ex.*

It is generally expected that a college training is the best thing to eradicate the conceit from a person, but there are some people whose conceit "bump" is so developed that nothing will reduce it but a little practical experience in every day life. There is consolation in the old adage that "an empty vessel always makes the loudest noise," which statement was co-affirmed by one of the professors recently, who said that when a person talks much you can put it down that he knows very little.—*Thielensian.*



WESTMINSTER COLLEGE,
New Wilmington, Pa.

Contents.

Editorial.....	1
The Golden Calf	2
The Reign of the Idea.....	5
Unwritten Biographies	8
Shrines of Scotland	10
Art in Holland.....	13
The Muscular and Other Sensations Employed in Playing an Instrument.....	16
Letter from Prof. A. M. Black.....	17
Society Work.....	13
Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest.....	19
Rakings.....	20
Alumni and College Work.....	22
Music and Art.....	23
Athletics.....	24
Exchanges.....	25

THE HOLCAD.

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NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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MAY 1896.



"Bob Ingersoll in the Pulpit."

Robt. G. Ingersoll spoke recently before the congregation of the "Church Mil-

itant," Chicago. He had been asked by the pastor to speak on the "duty of the church." He took his text from Shakespeare. "There is no darkness but ignorance." This enemy of God and man, the vile blasphemer, set himself up as the instructor in the pulpit on the Lord's day. He misrepresented and ridiculed all that is sacred. With little wit, and considerable humor he profaned things sacred in themselves. Ingersoll spoke this in a Christian church, set apart for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. A Nashville editor, speaking of the address, says, "This is all very fine, but what has all this to do with the salvation of the soul? How does it redeem man from sin?" "There is need yet of the Gospel and Gospel-preaching, Ingersoll to the contrary notwithstanding."

For some months past men in all spheres have looked upon the controversy in the Salvation Army with much interest. Some time since Ballington Booth, obeying the orders of the General, offered his resignation as commander in America. He retired, expecting to live a private life. A flood of letters poured in upon him, both from the lower classes and from the higher religious circles, asking for a new organiz-

ation. The "American Volunteers" was founded by Commander Ballington Booth and his wife. Ballington has now issued a long statement explaining in detail the reasons for the separation. His statement fixes the blame on the head of the Salvation Army. He tries to show that it is a conspicuous example of the "unwisdom of the one-man power in church government." He claims that the Salvation Army is entirely foreign to American ideas. The statement made by the Booths seems to give good grounds for opposition. But no doubt we shall soon hear a contradiction of all this from the old camp. The statement of Ballington cannot be altogether groundless. In this emergency, a statement made by him, which could not be verified by facts, would be decidedly detrimental to the new movement.

"The Golden Calf."

Self-deception is the easiest thing in the world. From earliest times, even to the present generation, man has reared for himself images to represent the deities that he adores. The first principle of reason suggests a supreme being, but the earliest records, both sacred and profane, teem with the errors into which man has fallen because of ignorance and passion. The gods of the Greeks and Romans were as numerous as the sands of the sea, and the records of the Israelites show that God's chosen people were not without their idols.

The forms of the idols worshipped by the nations of the world have only been limited by the ingenuity of imagination. It is not necessary that an idol should assume a material form, but in every instance it is that upon which the affections are strongly, ex-

cessively and improperly set. Some, realizing that there is nothing in this world worthy of their worship, have cast their eyes heavenward and made the sun an object of their adoration. Others have hewn for themselves, from crude material, the likenesses of ferocious beasts, which, by their mishapen proportions, have overawed their inventors with fear. Still others have produced images, which, by the beauty of material, the nicety of proportion and the delicacy of workmanship, have caused the world to stand in wonder! And to-day at the highest Point of the world's civilization—in the eutopia of the world's history—as nation and as individuals, we have raised on high the "Golden Calf," and our zeal in its worship outruns the circuit of the sun.

There is no other place in the world where such great fortunes are so quickly brought together as in our own country. The Micky, who, complacently smoking his pipe, steps upon our shore to-day is the millionaire of to-morrow. The farmer, to-day laboriously wresting a scanty subsistence from the soil, to-morrow discovers that his sterile land is rich in minerals, and is hurled headlong into all the luxuries and vices of sudden wealth. A capitalist, who has honestly acquired a small fortune, is suddenly dazzled by the glittering idol, and the gold, which before he touched in safety now sears his soul with its unhallowed gleam.

The devil has no ally more powerful than gold. There is no crime man will not commit in order to gain its possession. The worshiper of gold, never satisfied with what he has, is continually grasping for more. He piles high the altars of his idol with human sacrifice—he floods its temples with human blood—he throws his soul into the balance, and receives his millions in reward.

The large hearted, whole souled man, who looks to the welfare of his workmen and gives to them a just share of his gains, has no place in the worship of this idol. But let him consciously or unconsciously, enlist himself under its golden banner, and his fortunes will be heightened upon the mounds of the slain. In its worship universal brotherhood is unknown—self alone is regarded; and any heathen might point at its worshiper with the finger of scorn. Such a man, although he is usually the essence of ignorance and is always a stranger to the higher virtues of manhood, is pointed out from among men as the ideal man. The narrative of his life, of how beginning poor, the number of his victims was swelled until at last his fortune numbered millions, is heralded abroad and held up as an ensample to the youth, while a faithful life spent in the service of the Master, or a life spent in the study of man's welfare, is lost sight of and forgotten, save by a faithful few.

Man has ever been at enmity with God. The Israelites, upon whom he showered countless blessings, were ever in rebellion against him. In the formation of our government, our forefathers recognized the Lord as 'God and King,' but if one of the old Puritan fathers was to arise from the grave he would scarcely recognize in these worshipers of gold the descendants of those men, who, from God fearing consciences and unparalleled philanthropic designs, laid down the foundation of our government. Let us not deceive ourselves. In former times men were wont to point to our nation as the ideal of the philanthropist, such a place as the world had never seen and of which it had but seldom dreamed, a very paradise of universal brotherhood; but if the worship of the Golden Calf is to be the

outcome of our government, far better would it be, if the next gale that arises would seize upon this fair land of ours and hurl it into the midst of the sea. Wealth, when properly understood has the power of doing good, but, the misguided multitude, thinking the power and desire one, are too often found with bended knee before the gilded idol. Nor are its worshipers found only among the lowly, but in every class and condition of life its cause is represented, and so powerful is its dominion over this land that it is found impossible to pass a law detrimental to its interests. If a Fejii Islander was to be placed in our midst, with a full understanding of all the intricacies of our national and private life, he would return to his people with ideas of the Christian religion entirely at variance with the teachings of our Lord and Master.

As in every worship there are those who occupy the office of priests; and so hardened have our hearts become from their unceasing sacrificial zeal that the shrieks and groans of the poor, oppressed humanity affect us no more than the hecatombs of victims affected the ancient Mexicans, who in their infatuated zeal, stood with eyes fixed upon the rising sun and peans of praise fell on their lips. Humanity sickens at such a sight and our own government countenances no human sacrifice except it be offered to mammon. The Bible, the basement of all true advancement, allows of no idol worship. Good men may lift their hands in holy horror, too often with one extended for a share of the spoils—the pulpit may hurl against it all its power of truth and eloquence—the anarchist, with his ill advised measures, may hurl his deadly bomb, but in spite of all earthly means the power of the dumb god is increasing with alarming ra-

pidity. So completely have we been beguiled by the golden siren that we forgetful of our manhood and native land, have thrown overboard those opposing; and, filled with an ecstasy of delight, enchanted by the delusive luxuries of wealth, drunk with the sweetness of its melody, we have set our course toward the land from which the traveler never returns. Death is the only certainty of life but it finds few men prepared to journey through its valleys and shadows. Wealth may gain all the power and honor of this world, and, by deadening the conscience, much of its pleasure, but when the deluded worshiper reaches his appointed time, the scales fall from his eyes, and remorse he undergoes is beyond the conjecture of imagination. He looks back over his life and sees his pathway strewn with many a ghastly corpse, the stepping stones to his wealth. Unaccepted chances of relieving pain arise before him, and, assuming ghostly, misshapen forms, cause his blood to run cold. He turns his face to the wall—He dare not look into the future. He passes off the arena of the only living and true God.

Twice has this Nation been drenched in blood. Once, unjustly oppressed, did we strive for Independance; and again did we arise from civil strife with the union unimpaired and greater than ever. The question of gold worship which to-day confronts our people is greater than either of the questions that have been deiled by strife. In former times we strove for liberty: but now do we come to the rescue of souls from destruction—that cause, for which the eternal Son of God saw fit to descend from his throne and offer himself a sacrifice. "What profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world yet lose His own Soul." The wealth of our Nation derived from natural resources, the inventive

genius and all the absorbing devotion of our people to riches is fabulous; yet the disconsolate wail of the masses is that of the direst distress. The laboring classes of the nation are giving unmistakable evidence of restlessness and discontent. We have reached the point in our development where the working men can no longer be regarded as "Dumb driven Cattle." The crisis we have reached cannot be decided by force, it requires something more powerful than lead and steel to separate man from a lust for gold. Far greater is he who conquereth himself than he who taketh a city; and it is only by such methods as these that the power of this demi-god can be overthrown. In former times there were such men in the Republic, as would have died before our liberties should be trampled upon. To-day, it needs but a murmer of war to stir up the patriotism of our people, but shall we, who would spend our life's blood in defense of our Country, allow this "wolf in sheep's clothing" to destroy it? May the great God, who presides over the destinies of nations, forbid it!

The crisis is upon us. The Word of God is thundering in our ears and we cannot escape it. "Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve." "Ye cannot serve two Masters." May we, in justice to to our manhood, to our fellow man and to our God, cease to follow after Mammon and obey the precepts of our God. Then when we shall have been freed by the Sword of the Spirit from this slavery—this destroyer of soul and intellect—man, no longer putting self first and always, but making his neighbor's cause his own, shall change the disconsolate wail of the masses to a song of never ending joy.

When we consider the possibilities of

our country's future, a vision arises before us which cannot but cause the heart of every true man to throb with pleasure. No longer does man set himself with unceasing energy to rob his neighbor by means of the bloody knife, or the more deadly weapon, deceit; but united in the bonds of universal brotherhood, shoulder to shoulder, humanity has advanced to a condition of society, as far beyond our present standard, as we are superior to primitive man. No longer is heard the voice of distress and discontent. Strikes and millionaires are unknown. The laborer is a capitalist and every man a laborer. The intemperate are cast out from society and given their proper place among the beasts of the field. Each man has ample time and means to develop his intellect and streams of knowledge flow down our streets. We look beyond the river and behold the prostrate nations of the world assembled around that great white throne. A voice is heard proclaiming in words the sweetest that can ever greet the ears of a true American citizen: 'Well done good and faithful Nation; thou hast established Liberty, Equality and Universal Brotherhood within thy borders—Thou hast acknowledged the Prince of Peace as thy God and King, enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord.' "Surely a day in thy courts is better than a thousand spent in the tents of wickedness." But, as we look about us, the vision vanishes, it is a possibility, and lies with every citizen to make it an illusion or, a reality.

We stand upon the brink of our Rubicon. We have reached the Jordan of our wanderings and look into the promised land, would to God there was a Joshua amongst us, who could lead us forward, humanly may not be prepared to enter the land flowing with milk and honey, and, like Israel

of old, we may wander for many years in the wilderness, but as sure as humanity is advancing and the word of God is true, we shall enter its boundaries. On all sides we hear the Declarations of our Patriotism. To-day it is tested as never before in our history, actions speak louder than words, the land lies open before you. March forward and, in the name of the living God, possess it.

ROBERT E. TAGGART, '97.

"The Reign of the Idea."

Heroes think; the masses dream. Champions battle with giants; the multitude war with themselves.

Heroic lives are famous; while sad humanity dies as it has lived, "to fortune and to fame unknown."

With but one original force, mankind is a unit, conceived upon the universal basis of equal privileges. Yet how strange the picture of history. In the vanguard of every advance that civilization has made, can be seen the isolated form of a single leader, arousing his fellow men from the fatal slumber of indifference; quickening their thought, shaping their destiny.

Why this weakness of the masses and whence this superior power of the individual, is ever and anon the question of the ages. The reply is the failure to grasp their equal privilege, which, is a knowledge of the Idea and a utilization of its power.

Reason is the divine force in man, subduing matter and spirit to absolute ideas that represent, not ideal dreams but living realities, not the creations of a moment but the faithful toil of centuries. And each man who conceives their truth and feels the spirit of their trembling fire becomes a hero.

For, says Heine, "We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them. They master us and force us into the arena, where, like gladiators, we must fight for them." This sovereign power of the idea, imbued with the purer passions of divinely gifted men, is the reigning force of civilization.

Men may die, but the ideas they have championed are immortal. In vain did Socrates drain the cup of hemlock. In vain was Bruno consumed at the stake and Galileo dragged to an untimely grave. Snatching the torch from the hand of a dying leader a new hero climbs the heights. Up through the murky atmosphere of ages and over the dust of crumbled empires the mighty marchers have come. Eternal, the idea is no fleeting fancy. Universal, alike in the world of matter and spirit, it comprehends not only the actualities of the past but the possibilities of the future. Born not of today nor of yesterday, no man knows whence it came: and the history of the world is but the history of its development.

Man is destined by nature for society; and by her unerring laws he must be fitted to fulfill his mission. As a knowledge of Science, Philosophy and Religion increases, society develops and government becomes more perfect. Force void of judgement has proved self destructive. Public life has become the arena for deadly strife and every conflict is marked by the lifeless ruins of a fallen nation.

Society in its organization is ethical. A man with ascribed rights, independent of social duties, is a mental abstraction, ethically, he cannot exist. Greece realized her dream of individualism, but upon the ruins of her social and intellectual life. Society morally wrong can never be righted

by political machinery. Rome, with all her power, could not redeem her fatal error. She bartered manhood for immorality and the spirit of her dying glory fled forever. Human institutions are the result of qualities inherent in man, and increase or diminish in power in proportion to the varied vital force of the individuals who are its component parts.

The distinctive forces of human progress flow from the deeply hidden fountains of individuality. Environment may be potent but it is not omnipotent. All men are possible heroes. No papal power restrained the raptured soul of Martin Luther. Supreme, he overawed the majesty of Europe. Political and religious powers trembled at his voice, while rugged steel clad armies stood spellbound. Imbued with the strong conviction of a single idea, with one hand he clutched the power of Rome; with the other he liberated religious and intellectual thought. Only one man; yet from out the bosom of that sturdy son of progressive Germany, there emanated the spirit of a reformation world wide in its influence.

No political or natural environment shaped the destiny of the immortal Columbus. Master of a genius almost divine. Impelled by the motive force of an idea that kings and popes and prelates scorned, this unconscious herald of a nations sublime destiny made a discovery that burst assunder the floodgates of Europe, and allowed the pent up tide of civilization to flow westward. Could there be anything more sublime than the lives of these two men? Apart, they unconsciously strove for a common end; and, as a result of their fulfilled missions, down trodden humanity realized the dream of the ages: America. O happy

dream! With thy realization the barbarous tyranny of an empire vanished! O thou glorious Constitution! Liberty, justice and equality are thy inseparable attributes—innate ideas for which men have fought, and bled and died since the dawn of history!

Government is a divine inbreathing made manifest, and so intrinsically does it depend for its vitality upon the human soul that, if this nation would live, it must foster the power that gave it birth. History has testified that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty:" but more than that it is the price of virtue, for life without thought is moral stagnation. Awake then, O ye dreamers! Away with the reign of the dollar and the demagogue! Let reason mock their idle phantoms as out of the immortal capacities of manhood the "Divinest gift of God" asserts itself. The idea is humanities majestic inspiration, and so long as it reigns all that is noblest in man will reign, America will reign. Dethrone it and history will repeat itself. Immorality will fill the fair land with anguish, the slumbering volcanoes of social discontent will belch forth political disruption, and this united government will take her place in the silent tomb of time.

The morning is not without cause. Enthroned by nature in a palace "rock ibbed, and ancient as the sun" this prodigy of the nineteenth Century is liable to grow indifferent to her mission. Within the brief period of three years, fifty thousand helpless victims have been slain for the cause of Christ—a series of human butcheries that would put to shame the basest crimes of Nero. Yet the christian nations of the world, unmindful of the pleadings of the church, are standing with cannon muffled. How humiliating the spectacle, when proud powerful

America permits a woman to lead alone the rescue. And whence her power? Not from the warships that cost millions; not from the glistening bayonets of marshalled armies; not from a might nations prestige. The idea of the Red Cross, emblazoned in letters of fire on the soul of Clara Barton, alone has courage to break down the barriers of Mohammedanism and lead anew the cross of Christ into the jaws of the demon Turk.

Yet the outlook is far from unfavorable. Already the horizon of the dawning century mirrors the growing splendor of the idea. To quote a recent writer: "The aim of the American college is to make thinkers." And so it is, success is born of thought; and, if life has been a failure it is because men have dreamed. The secret of true greatness lies in a search for truth, and into the unexplored realms of the universe the divine light of the idea alone can guide the way. "Like Mercury leader of souls, says Hegel, the idea is in truth the leader of nations and of the world." The mind of the great Agassiz was so possessed by its burning influence that he sought no other companion. Wearied with the strife of human passions, he withdrew himself from the turmoil of society into the lofty solitude of contemplation, where, far above the clash of warring elements, he heard the voice of nature mingled with the voice of God. Such are the minds that are not staggered at the deep mystery of vital force. With prophetic sublimity they have pierced the darkness that hung like a veil over the infinite variety of life. O, what transcendent grandeur in that view! Before their untiring gaze the mist of natural selection melts into a mere hypothesis while the theory of creative design stands forth a grand reality.

Like the golden girdle of Venus, the idea has encircled the universe with a living force, which, alike centrifugal and centripetal in its nature, sends humanity whirling in an everlasting orbit of progress around the sun of truth. This ever widening circle has made the commercial interests of the world almost identical. War is yielding to arbitration; and nations are being drawn together with a bond of fellowship that the fierce conflict of ages cannot sunder; while out of the smoke and noise and dust of the world's industry is emerging the sublime federation of labor and capital.

America's mission is the evangelization of the world and her ruling idea, the realization of a perfect freedom and the immanence of Christ. To-day, her outposts are dotting the globe until the bleak shores of Alaska and the dense jungles of Africa throb alike with the music of Christian song; whose rapturous melody borne on the winds of time echoes one closing thought.

Society is one gigantic harp, each individual life a string. When the divine force of the idea smites alike the trembling chords, then will the strife of inequality forever vanish; and the harsh discordant sounds of self melt into a sweet unbroken harmony

"Where the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle
flags are furled,
In the paralymp of man, the federation of the
world."

R. W. VEACH.

Unwritten Biographies.

From a rugged rock bound hill-side there bubbles a silver stream. Winding out through landscapes of beauty, its rippling waters flash diamonds from their sunlit surface. Many a tributary separates its banks. But the stream rushes on, leaping over rocks, ploughing through meadows, wandering in-

to deep forests ever increasing in grandeur; until, a mighty river, it marks the boundaries of empires, bears on their stately fleets, and rolls on in majesty to the great ocean.

Such is the influence of thousands of those whose biographies have never been written. While the people of whom we read are those, who have invented some machine, written some great book, commanded an army or preformed some great deed. These the world thinks great and on account of this their lives are written to be handed down to generations yet to come.

Look at the Puritans: Are they not great? Starting from an obscure source, this stream has flowed down through two hundred years of history. It has been deepened by the profoundest thoughts of human intellects, and widened by the teachings of their religion until it appears in almost every land.

Two and a half centuries ago in New England there lived the most remarkable class of men the world has ever produced. On the one hand they were all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, while on the other they were calm, inflexible, and sagacious. It is regretted that a body of men to whose courage and talents mankind owes inestimable obligations stands upon the canvas of history an ungraceful figure, void of the delicate coloring of gentleness and the forms of politeness. Yet "Never" said the magistrates of Lyden "never did we have any suit or accusation against any of them."

Were not the Puritans the founders of our Republic? They gave to the world two principles, love of liberty and reverence for law, which are the bulwarks that defend society from tyranny on the one hand, and from anarchy on the other. Among the

Puritans originated those ideas which are the master principles of to-day; the principles upon which rests the governments of England and America, nor yet are their energies and their virtues dead. Dead! They are woven and knit into the fabrics of our commonwealth. See the foundries, factories, churches, common schools, colleges, representative government, universal equality and freedom in the highest, grandest sense—freedom of thought, freedom of action—all of which bear testimony to the great and noble lives of the Puritans.

Yet the stories of these many lives are untold not because they are not great but because they have not performed some heroic deed, heroic in the sight of the world and yet if they were written they would show forth more true greatness than do the lives of many that have been recorded.

Who made our country what it is? Was it the general and the inventor alone? No. It was those of whom we hear nothing. Those who toil in silence, the father at his work, the mother in the home, the soldier in the army. Are not these worthy of mention? Yet we have no account of their lives.

What would a general be able to do without the soldiers, who push forward and risk their lives while the general wins the glory? When the call came for soldiers, no stimulus was needed. The plough was left in the furrow; the carpenter turned from the bench; the student closed his books; the clerk abandoned the counting-room; the lawyer forsook his clients. All normal habits of life were suspended, and business and pleasure alike were forgotten.

This was not all. For they must endure many hardships. They were separat-

ed from their homes, wives, children, and gave up everything. Many thousands of them left home never to return. Many through the long winter nights were pelted by driving pitiless snow and hail. Some were frozen to death. Some lay shivering in the snow and on frozen ground all night through, but yet they were aroused from their icy couches, and stumbled stiff and shivering into their places in the ranks. Yet these brave men swept up the steep sides of hills, in face of sheets of fire and pressed resistlessly on until they drove the enemy from the field.

If the soldiers were brave in the field they were still braver in the hospital where these silent heroes, whose gentle patience and uncomplaining fortitude glorified the rough ward. "Not less uncomplainingly than the camel which silently succumbs to the heavy load, did these ignorant, unfed and unclad fellows turn their faces to the wall and breathe out their lives without a regret or a murmur." Oh! the Christ-like patience and the uncomplaining endurance of the soldiers.

Did not the soldiers devote their whole energies and even if necessary their lives to the furtherance of the government? It has been said that "Honor lies in doing well whatever we find to do." Are not they as worthy of having their names borne high on the pinnacle of fame as their leader, the general? Yes. Young says—

"For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot ten thousand in an hour."

Even if the Puritans, the soldiers, the patient father, the kind mother, and all those who toil in silence doing that which the world's famous men will not do, have not the stories of their lives written, they

deserve it and are the truly great men.

But alas! did not these men come from homes where there were kind and thoughtful fathers and mothers, who placed a glorious example before their minds? A liberal and older knowledge of the world has aided their early endeavors, and a plentiful advice has fastened in their understandings the wisdom of virtue and industry. Did not the father and mother toil in weariness so that their son might have an easier path? Yet even these do not have the stories of their lives written, but

"What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper;
Some liken it to the climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapor;
For this men write, speak, preach and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their ' midnight taper.'"

M. L., '97.

"Shrines of Scotland."

In the succession of nations each has its appointed place.

Each comes into being, attains, its maturity, fills its mission, passes into history and leaves its contributions to the promotion of the world and the uplifting of the race.

The character of the contribution is not always determined by the nation's extent of territory and large number of population, but the permanent forces of any nation are those which are inherent in the character of its people.

From this point of view the country and people of Scotland appear in the front ranks, "And shine in the constellation of nations with a luster unlimmed and unsurpassed."

Each nation has its rise and decline, at one time commanding the admiration of all other nations and again giving way for an-

other to take the exalted position. So we ever see throughout the pages of history nations exalted and brought low.

As scientists think that the location of a country has much to do with its progress, we find Scotland has not been deficient in this. Situated as it is between mountains and rivers of unsurpassed beauty, such as have been wrought in glowing colors by gifted pens, such Scotland today is and ever has been.

And in this romantic and picturesque country what should be more appropriate than that these hills and vales should contain the birthplace of our religion.

In the valleys abounding with handiwork of God, not man, is it not truly fitting that man should get inspirations from the silent rocks and hurrying rills of their Maker and having gained these inspirations, stand forth against all the mighty influences of disaster, conquering by the aid of the Master hand.

Here in the midst of these scenes of beauty and of poetry, Scotland raised men who are in deed and in truth Scottish worthies. Such men as John Knox, Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart and many other noble men who risked all, yes even life, for the cause of Christ which they so nobly upheld.

It can not be that these godly men struggled in vain. Not one pang of all their suffering for Christ's sake is forgotten by Him. He knew just when they were born into the kingdom. He had appointed every step of their way and has all their testimonies in His keeping yet.

The fashion of this world passes away. It is as empty as sounding brass but the word of the Lord abides forever and its fashion never changes, its watchword is "The Lord is my banner."

Important lessons can be learned here as we review the history of these men and listen to the voices of a time long passed. They are full of meaning, full of the struggles and the achings and perchance the schemings of those whose dust and ashes are quietly sleeping in their graves.

"How sweet to know
The trials which we cannot comprehend
Have each their own divinely purposed end;
He traineth so
For higher learning, ever onward reaching
For fuller knowledge yet and His own deep teaching."

How sweet to know God has a purpose from all eternity, that not one of his purposes can ever fail of accomplishment. "I am the Lord I change not."

It is only after we have been refined as by fire that the dross of our nature is taken away and the gold left.

Such trials as were endured by these men, baffling as they were with Satan in trying to uphold the rights of the church, not only accomplished good for their fellow-countrymen but refined their own natures and made them more like the perfect example—their Leader. For what did these men risk their lives? For honor or wealth? The answer of the ages is, no. Theirs were higher aims for the honor not of themselves but of their God.

Scotland should be proud of those noble men who suffered untold agonies for her deliverance.

What sustained these martyrs in the depths of the prison cells? Nothing but the promises of God, and it is said by writers that they never doubted the ultimate triumph of their sacred cause even in the most disastrous periods and amid the darkest horrors of the fierce exterminating persecutions directed against them by their despotic and mercies oppressors.

Any censure therefore, that could be justly pronounced against them must be exceedingly slight and when compared with the vast debt of gratitude due to them by the entire empire must become almost invisible, like a speck on the sun.

Still while such must be the sentiment of every enlightened lover of freedom, it is the true spiritual minded Christian who can enter fully into the feelings of these much enduring and devoted men comprehending the true nature of the great and sacred principles in defense of which they encountered the perils and suffered the extremities of poverty, imprisonment, exile, torture and death and appreciate the real value of the service rendered by them for the cause of vital piety and to the interests of the Divine Redeemer's spiritual kingdom.

Progress in the divine life is necessary to its existence and it is the joy of the believer and the food of the soul to get new views of the divine truth, new views of God's providential dealings with us not only in the great events but in the atoms that turn the scale and give the balance here and there.

What immortalizes a place so that it is looked at with awe by the succeeding generations? It is indeed because it has been the scene of deeds which have been felt through all the ages.

It is supposed that beauty is an element of the mind, that it is the peculiar construction of its taste and education that enshrouds scenes and places with attractions all its own.

The places associated in our mind with pleasant recollections whether of history, poetry or of early memories are of all others "Beauty to the eye and music to the ear."

The church of St. Giles is one of the most romantic structures of Scotland. It holds the memory of the great moral hero, John Knox, in grateful remembrance.

The ashes of this brave soldier of the truth repose beside this church, while around are the ancient dead, dust mingling with dust, awaiting the awakening trumpet that shall call every one to life. It is closely paved with flagstone and strangers and friends and foes tread upon the sleepers.

The grave of John Knox is marked by a small stone in the pavement, the stone having an iron ring attached to it. It is as a silent witness against the ritualistic modern worship in the old spot, where he once with such masterful eloquence proclaimed the truth without fear or favor and leveled his barbed arrow, fresh from the Word of God, against the idolatry of the Romish church. St. Giles is the oldest place of worship in Edinburgh being first mentioned about the middle of the 13th century. No event in the history of Scotland either joyous, sad or tragical has not sent a thrill of feeling within the walls of old St. Giles.

The Church of Greyfriars shall ever be held in fond remembrance as the scene of the renewal of Scotland's solemn covenant union with her God. The high privilege of this occasion and sublime pathos of scene sheds even to this day a hallowing influence. Says one "Never, except among God's own peculiar people the Jews, did any national transaction equal it in moral and religious sublimity."

The Churchyard of Greyfriars is fragrant with memories. Here lies James Renwick the Marquis of Argyll and many other noble martyrs for the truth of Christ "who loved not their lives unto death." They sleep together and the whole

spot is covered with a dense growth of most fragrant mint which emits savory odors like the memories of the sleepers. A monument tells the story of their lives. On the other side of the city of the dead and branching from it, the long narrow dark and gastly avenue of death where the fifteen hundred Covenanter prisoners from Rullion Green and Bothwell Bridge, languished and starved among the graves for eight months without shelter from winter's storm till most of them were taken to "the building of God not made with hands eternal in the Heavens." What hath God wrought by these martyrs as instruments? He has written the lesson of patient-endurance and willing sacrifice for the cause of truth.

When we read of moss-clad ruins and shattered arches, ancient castles and crypts and precious spots where the martyrs lie, we wonder what principle within us causes such interests not only in the burial places of the dead but the works of the dead. The answer comes "It is the touch of Nature that makes all the world akin."

It makes us realize that some day we too shall lie down and be forgotten below till the last trumpet shall summon all alike whether from the crypt of Royal Cathedral or from the resting places under the blue vault of heaven where the shadows come and go; where the gentle rains fall and the golden light gleams in summer time in autumn time and in all seasons.

The evidences of these ghastly and revolting scenes of the sixteenth century are abundant in St. Andrews.

The Castle, a stronghold erected about the year twelve hundred upon a rocky knoll washed by the tide, has been the scene of ecclesiastical intrigue, of broken hearts, of intense suffering, of tragic death and of

many a triumph of faith over the devices of the Evil One. Much of the walls and the great massive front of the Castle remains and exhibits a solidity and strength that is astonishing.

Neither fiction nor the study of the sciences can give the pure and exalted pleasure that the study of history affords, because all along its pages the finger of God is displayed in matchless wisdom and grandeur, directing every event and every purpose of man to the end divinely appointed by the counsels of eternity. The hearts of kings are in his hand and he turns them as the rivers of water are turned. By small as well as by great things the chain of events with its many links is forged to bind them to his own purpose.

St. Andrews chief attraction however lies in the memories that crowd around it and connect it intimately with the most interesting periods in Scottish History. The reformation from Popery took strong and healthy growth in St. Andrews and like the first great reformation which took place in Scotland its echoes are reverberating there still. It is often questioned and with a degree of plausibility, whether anything was gained by the suffering and bloodshed that wasted Scotland for so many years.

That question can only be answered by a careful study of God's Word. Human prudence can never answer it. This only we know there was a battle and the issue was victory.

ADELLE PORTER, '97.

Don't forget that John G. Woolley, the peerless temperance orator, will lecture in the Second U. P. Church on Thursday evening June 4th.

Art In Holland.

It may be fairly claimed that Holland is the only country which, while keeping abreast of France, has maintained a distinctly national school of painting. A glance at the galleries at the Columbian Exposition showed, that to a great extent all Dutchmen paint alike, and in a style that is all their own; a style not borrowed from France, Italy or England, but one which stands out strong yet quiet, both in choice of subject and manner of treatment.

Holland unlike France makes no attempt at the fanciful or ideal. The Dutch painters do not expect the spectator to be blind to everything but the interest in the subject, but take great care to present it artistically. It is evident that they themselves take a great artistic interest in their homes, using their peasant interiors as back grounds to throw out many of their strongest works of art. The old Dutch kitchen with its wood fire place, its roughly plastered walls hung with cooking utensils in copper and brass, goes to make up strong surroundings for the alike strong figures which stand out before us in soft coloring, mostly in greys and browns. The modern Dutch painter is unobtrusive in his brush work, as well as coloring, yet every brush mark counts. His art is so much a part of himself that he seems to have labored over no part of the work, neither does it seem necessary for him to flaunt the gaudy colors of the impressionist in order to add strength and vigor to the work, but occupies himself with the lower tones in the scale of colors, and in this way seems to deal with the finer traits of character, in quiet lines, more expressive of rest than motion. His subjects are always peaceable sober folks, at their work, or meals. The work of the

Dutch painter is truly realistic, even to the most minute detail. Each picture tells its story in a way which must impress every thinking person with the belief that the man who paints in such a manner, must be the possessor of strong feeling and a large heart, for one must feel and understand human nature before he is able to depict it.

In Joseph Israel's "Alone in the World," we find the qualities of which we have been speaking. You will perhaps remember that this was the picture which carried off the first prize at the World's Fair, and around which a crowd was always found standing. No one, however thoughtless, or illiterate, seemed to leave without a backward glance, and having learned the lesson which the artist wished to teach. The room is a poorly furnished one, into which the grey light of dawn is stealing; an old man with white hair is sitting on a bench before a bed on which lies a dead woman. The figure of the man really constitutes the picture, for the form of the woman is almost lost in the gloom of the breaking day, but the white counterpane brings out the form of the man. A table with a water pitcher and glass, stands near a window to the right. The old man's cap lies on the floor where he has let it drop on discovering that all is over. This is all, but it tells the story, and tells it well. Beyond the simple and conscientious presentation of the subject, the artist has not seen fit to go. But many who saw it more than two years ago shall remember it always, the unpretentious room, with the soft gray morning light stealing through the window, so real, that the atmosphere felt cold and damp, the figure of the woman, the face drawn with pain but cold and rigid, the old man

showing by every line of the body that his life had been one of toil, and at the same time showing that he felt his loneliness more than tongue could tell. No one possessing the common feeling of humanity could stand before that picture without sympathizing with the figure in the foreground. I might go on enumerating many of Israel's works, among which are "Summer Day on the Shore," and his "Sweet Home," both of which are cheery subjects, but none of these impresses one as does his "Alone in the World." Anton Mavre next to Israel's is perhaps best and most favorably known of the Dutch painters, he seems to excel in the placing of figures and animals in the simple flat landscapes of northern Holland. The landscape generally occupying the greater part of the canvas, but the figures are so well placed that it is evident that the landscape was made for them, and not they for it. His "Old Lumberer" containing the picture of a man, followed by two white horses drawing heavy loads of lumber along a rough road, across a moor, looks as contented with his lot and as ignorant of any other as the old white horse walking by his side. Among his most noted works are "Cows Going Home," "Pasture Near the Dunes." All of these are done in low cool tones with here and there a touch of warmer browns and ochres, which gives the effect of a gleam of sunlight.

Another Holland artist of whom I should like to speak is B. J. Blommestein, more especially because of the wonderful sunlight effects and reflections which he succeeds in bringing into nearly all of his pictures. His "Washing Day" is perhaps his best. The rustic interior is beautifully composed. White curtains are drawn aside from the low window and through it a bit of rough

landscape can be seen. The strong sunlight comes through and falls upon the bowed head and bare arms of a woman, bending over a wash tub. It goes farther and falls on a green painted door behind, and tones it down to almost a yellow, and is reflected from this on the white wall beside the window, then to the top of the flat table and the clothes in the tub, from these it is reflected into the woman's face, bending over them. This greenish light floods the room and seems to be really sunlight and as much alive as the woman at the tub. In all of these pictures the technique is such as only Holland can show, broad firm and well held together, and the coloring soft, restful and clean.

I might go on speaking of Dutch artists and their work indefinitely, for to me Holland is the art center of the world, because of its realism, purity of subject, wonderful technical ability and its coloring of which I have spoken at some length already. Perhaps no other country is educated up in this line of study as is Holland. Hers is surely an art loving people. Her children are taught from infancy to see and appreciate the beauties around them. A cousin who spent a number of months in Holland, in speaking of the country afterward said, that in the homes of many of the poorest and most ignorant peasants, were often found pictures of which the better class of Americans might well be proud.

Our country is young and every year is making strides of which we need not be ashamed, but she needs to follow the example of the little country across the water i. e., of teaching her children to open their eyes to the beauties around them. There may be different ways of doing this, but the best is no doubt by some line of art study,

for those who have grown up without having noticed the beauties of nature this seems to be the only way. Even a course of simple object drawing will open the eyes and help us to see in a way of which we have never thought before. Surely our lives would be happier and better if we were able to see the things by which we are surrounded every day, as beautiful and attractive, rather than common-place and even homely. Many pass along day after day without seeing at all, while others see nothing in our hills and woodland except from a mere money stand point. The agricultural part of it is all right, but it is far from the only thing. We were given all these things that they might have a refining influence over our lives.

Not long since I heard a gentleman tell of his first trip east over the Pennsylvania, R. R. He was travelling with a friend who was a well to do farmer; when passing the Horse Shoe bend, the gentleman was enthusiastic over the view. His friend said nothing but the gentleman saw by his expression that he too was very much interested, and asked him if he did not think it beautiful; his reply was, that it would make mighty fine sheep pasture. The one saw in the view before him all the beauties of light and shadow, tone and color, while the other saw nothing aside from the mere money value of the land, and its possibilities in that line, if it were stocked with fine sheep. Surely we should be thankful for nature's ever changing beauties and make an effort to be better able to appreciate our surroundings.

LINNIE HODGEN.

John G. Woolley, will lecture in the Second U. P. Church on Thursday evening June 4th.

"The Muscular and Other Sensations Employed in Playing an Instrument."

"The aesthetic quality or beauty in music is the manifestation of man's soul by means of sounds. The sounds are nothing in themselves; the indwelling idea of the artist is all."

In order to express this idea certain sensations must be employed. They include not only those employed in a correct technical execution, but also those employed in a proper intellectual and emotional rendering.

The muscular sensations include all those which arise from the varying conditions of the muscles, whether in action or at rest. They depend on the contraction and relaxation of the muscular fibres.

But the special sense perceptions, sight, hearing and touch are most used. They are fitted for playing because they can be cultivated to a high degree of perfection.

The human hand is especially suited to direct and regulate the application of touch and pressure, while experiments have shown that the ends of the fingers are especially adapted for making the most sensitive and minute discriminations.

Also the sense of hearing, from the fact that it is capable of making such exact distinctions in the quality, intensity and pitch of sounds, has been ranked higher than any other.

Now the performer has an idea of what he wishes to express and of the means of expressing it,—viz—the highly cultivated sensations of touch and hearing. He has constantly just before he strikes the key a feeling to the amount of energy he is putting forth, or the amount of muscular effort to be used in a given movement of the piece as a whole, and of the delicate shadings re-

quired from passage to passage and from note to note. He knows whether the idea which he wishes to express contains the intellectual elements, such as fancy, imagination, etc., or the emotional elements such as passion, sentiment, repose, or a combination of both in which any one element may predominate.

The performer may not be directly conscious of all these various sensations which he is using. He cannot define in words the idea or image in the mind. Sound is the only medium by which he can express it.

When considered in its details, piano playing is very complex and involves a great many movements. For instance in playing a presto, one plays 5595 notes in four minutes and three seconds. There are three distinct movements for each note and (24) twenty-four notes per second. Hence 72 movements in each second. Now each of those notes is determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force and a certain duration. Therefore there are four distinct qualities in each second.

Such are the transmissions outward. And all these are conditioned on consciousness of the position of each hand and each finger before it was moved, and while moving it, the sound of each note and the force of each touch. Therefore there are three (3) conscious sensations for each note.

Now there are 72 transmissions per second, 144 to and fro, and those of constant change of quality.

Then in addition to the above, all the time the memory was remembering each note in its due time and place, and was exercised in the comparison of it with others that came before.

So it would be fair to say that there are 200 transmissions of nerve force to and from

the brain, outward and inward, every second. And during all this time the mind is engaged in producing effects with the pedals. Also judgement is exercised as to whether the music is played worse or better than before, and the mind is conscious of some of the emotion which the music is intended to express.

This shows us in a degree how wonderful and how complex are the sensations actually employed. Though the performer may not be directly conscious of all these sensations during any one rendering of a selection, yet he is at different stages in his acquirement of the composition directly, conscious of them all.

Since sensation and perception, or the feeling and intellect, vary inversely—i. e.—as the sensation is stronger the perception is weaker and vice-versa—the performer is to a certain extent only conscious of one or the other.

When a new composition is taken up the performer will first be occupied in overcoming the technical difficulties. Here perception, or the intellectual element, predominates. But when the mechanical difficulties are all mastered and the performer begins to get into the spirit of the composition, then the sensation or feeling grows stronger and the perception weaker. The performer may be so much absorbed in the artistic enjoyment of the composition itself, that he is for the most part unconscious of the mechanical means employed.

Though the feeling may predominate, the mind must retain control of the muscles or the playing will become uncertain and unsteady. It is impossible to define the limits of the feeling and intellect; to say where one begins and the other ends.

Different persons may have entirely dif-

ferent ideas in regard to what a composition is intended to express. Two performers, using the same mechanical means, will give entirely different renderings of the same composition.

It is like two artists painting on opposite sides of a canvas. They each paint on the same canvas and use the same materials. But how unlike are the scenes! They may not be able to say why they paint such scenes. They are perhaps influenced by forces which they are ignorant of. So it is with the musician. His idea of the emotional content of a composition may depend on a great many different things.

The musical instrument is like a mirror. For just as the mirror reflects the rays of light falling upon it, so the instrument reflects the rays of emotion emanating from the soul of the performer, while the performer must draw his inspiration from the soul of the composer.

J. B. M. '96.

Letter From Prof. A. M. Black.

SALEM, OREGON, APRIL 14, '96.

DR. MCFLEE,

Dear Brother—I noticed yesterday in the U. P., a notice of Prof. J. B. Cummings' death. It said "he died at his son's." Had he broken up house keeping? What was the cause of his death? How old? Prof. Cummings was an excellent man.

Drs. Patterson, Vincent, McLean, Harsha and Cummings—I can still see busy in the class rooms and hear their voices, Their cares and anxieties, their secret griefs and fearful forebodings, are hushed forever. I can't say I am distressed for you my dear brothers though you have been

very pleasant to me for many years. By the call of the Great Master you have outstripped me in the last race and to-day your attainments in Divine wisdom throw far in the shade my most labored treasures—here I see through a glass darkly, there you see face to face. Dear Brothers you have gained the race but I am close on the track, I am 83 or 84 years. “They may be fourscore yet their strength is labor and sorrow for it is soon cut off.”

November 1853 I was added to the Faculty and in May 1854, Dr. Patterson was elected President and entered upon his work and in 1855 or 1856 J. B. Cummings—some forty years ago. I am the last of the group and to-day the least. May the Great Shepherd watch over me as He has the rest until my feet stand on the eternal shores.

Dear Brother you will excuse this long notice of the old Faculty of Westminster College. The memories of eleven years of my life spent there, will always form an oasis of colors never fading. When I was in New Wilmington some five years ago, I failed to meet you and was sorry for it. I met Drs. Mehard and Ferguson, Samuel Elliott, Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Blair and a host of other dear old friends. I had a glorious time, a kind of foretaste of the New Jerusalem and took my last supper with Prof. J. B. Cummings and wife.

Remember me to S. R. Thompson Dr. Ferguson, Samuel Elliot and, at one time to all the town. But, time with his scythe has sadly thinned the ranks of my old friends. Best wishes for you and family.

Yours truly,
A. M. BLACK.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body. .

Society Work.

An opportunity of comparing the work done by the literary societies under compulsive and non compulsive membership has been afforded in the past two years. Until September '95 all students having two studies in the classical course were compelled to join one of the literary societies of the College, but that requirement was taken away at the beginning of the present school year.

That the work done in these Societies, not only from a literary but from a practical stand point, is highly important, no one will question. No department of the College affords to the student an equal opportunity of developing himself in the art of composition and in facility of expression (as this.) The College recognizes the importance of literary societies and makes no other provision for the development which comes through them.

Not only has there been a marked decrease in membership but there has been an utter lack of that genuine literary spirit which has characterized our societies in former years. Certainly the cause is not to be found in the absence of strong incentives. With the annual contest between the Philomath and Adelethic Societies, the Alethean contest between the Chrestomath and Leagorean Societies and the Junior contest in which all may participate, the incentive is such as should cause each member to put forth his best efforts. Yet such is not the case. However let us earnestly hope that each member will consider his best interests to such an extent that more faithful work will be the result.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

Inter-Collegiate Contest.

The Inter-Collegiate contest, representing six of our Western Pennsylvania Colleges and two of West Virginia was held in the Second Church, on Thursday evening, April, 16. The audience room was crowded and excellent attention was given throughout the evening.

First on the program was Mr. William S. Allen, of Waynesburg College. His subject was "The Scepter of the Titans." He was followed by Mr. B. F. Hankey of Theil College on "Out of the Old the New." Mr. Phillip Sidney Johnson of Geneva spoke next on "The Modern Jean Valjean." "The Persecuted Armenians" was discussed by Mr. Daniel McBride of Western University. Bethany College was represented by Mr. R. H. Merryman, whose subject was "The Perpetuity of Our Nation." Next came the winning oration, on "Commercialism" by Mr. Grant Norris of Allegheny College. Mr. Stallings of West Virginia University followed with the subject, "A Nation in a Web of Gold." Mr. Taggart, Westminster's representative closed with an oration on "The Golden Calf."

Rev. C. F. Wishart, of Allegheny, E. Mackey, of Butler and Judge D. B. Lucas, of Charleston, W. Va., acted as judges of the performances.

Great was the suspense until the moment when the decision of the judges was announced, and great the excitement afterward. Of course many were disappointed some were almost overjoyed, but all contrived to check their emotions sufficiently to listen to the presentation of the medal by the president of the Association. The music of the evening was furnished by Scott's Orchestra of Sharon and was of high quality.

The following biography of Grant Norris, winner of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest was sent to us for publication:

THE ORATOR OF ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

Mr. Grant Norris, the orator representing Allegheny College of Meadville, Pa., in the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest, was born twenty-seven years ago among the pine and hemlock stumps of Clearfield county, Pa. Born and reared in such a country, fate seemed to decree him to be a farmer. His early boyhood and youth were spent working on his father's farm in summer, and attending district school in winter. At seventeen he swerved from the course seemingly destined for him and became a country school teacher. He taught for five years and was very successful in training "the young idea how to shoot."

Later on Mr. Norris attended for one year, Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport, Pa. In the fall of '92 he went to Allegheny College and has attended that institution ever since. He is a member of the Class of '96 and is among the brightest of his class. It may be well to add that he is unmarried.

The following resolutions of the Faculty of Monmouth College in regard to the death of Prof. Mitchell were received since the last issue:

Resolved—That in the sad death of John Mitchell, of Westminster College, we feel that the educational interests of the United Presbyterian church have sustained a serious loss, but we bow in submission to God's will.

Resolved—That we bear testimony to Professor Mitchell's force of Christian character, his ideality as a teacher, his wisdom as a counsellor, and his ability as a scholar.

Resolved—That we extend our sympathy to the bereaved family and to the Faculty and students of Westminster College.

By order of the Faculty

(J. N. SWAN
Committee (J. B. McMICHAEL.



Senior vacation will begin Thursday May 21st.

John Moore, '96, took the trip with the ball club.

Miss Lizzie Wilson spent a few days here last month.

New Wilmington has secured a telephone exchange.

Degleman is one of the authorities on "Love" in Moral Science.

Miss Cook, of McDonald, Pa., visited Miss Mable Irons last week.

Mr. Takasuka was away on a lecture tour about the first of May.

Miss Mary Howell spent Sabbath, May 3d, at her home at Irwin, Pa.

Hugh Nevin, '95, was in town recently on a short visit to his friends.

Dr. Ferguson preached for Rev. McKee of Butler, on Sabbath, April 12th.

Rev. Purvis, of Freeport, conducted the chapel exercises on April 19th.

Miss M—should remember that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

Miss Whitney, graduating this year in music, came home to play at the Beethoven recital.

Frazier, '95, was in town over Sabbath May 3d. He seems to be still interested in Westminster.

Another indication that spring is really coming is that Mr. S. and Miss E. who have not been heard from since the skating last winter, appeared on Monday evening. Logical conclusion—The ice has melted.

It is evident from the zeal with which Wallace Ferguson presses "Sweet Williams" that he enjoys Botany.

Prof. Hahn was compelled by an attack of the quinsy to be absent from his classes a few days last month.

Mrs. S. R. Thompson, Miss Hanna, Miss Martin and Miss Gamble spent a few days last week at Jamestown.

Someone's opinion of three prominent young men in College: Mr. S.—nice; Mr. M.—lovely; Mr. B.—perfection.

Miss Bessie Robertson, Class of '95, who taught in Sharpsville during the past school year, returned home last week.

McPeak is not in College this term. We are very sorry to hear of his mother's death which occurred about the first of April.

Prof. McElree—"Where is a word of two syllables accented?"

Miss McK—"On the third syllable."

Miss Robinson is painting a huge St. Bernard dog, so life-like that the other day it growled and she had to paint a muzzle on it to insure safety.

Boggs, '98, was hit by a pitched ball in one of the games between "picked up" nines and as a result was unable to use his arm for some days.

The students from other colleges present at the contest, spoke very highly of Westminster's equipments, especially in the scientific department.

Miss Allen, State Secretary, of the Y. W. C. A. addressed the Y. W. C. A., on Saturday evening, April 25th and both Associations on Sabbath afternoon in the chapel. On Tuesday morning she led the devotional exercises, afterwards making a brief address.

Harry Irons' brother has been making quite a long stay at his aunts', Miss Van Orsdell.

Professor Thompson returned on Thursday the 14th from a trip in the east, where he visited University of Pennsylvania, Lafayette, and other Colleges and then went to New York for the Electrical Exhibition.

R. D. Nichols, '95, now a Jefferson Medical College student, spent a few days in New Wilmington, last month in renewing old acquaintances.

Breaden and Berry went to Washington to see the W. & J. game. Most of the students would have liked to have been there, too, when they heard what a game it was.

On his recent trip through the west, Rev. Veazey visited Ann Arbor University on whose medical faculty is a former Westminster student, Dr. William Herdman.

"Seedy's" translation shows that Hannibal was quite an acrobat. He told the professor that Hannibal drew himself up in a square and proceeded to cross the river.

Reverend and Mrs. Moore, of Peoria, Ill., visited their daughters last month. Mr. Moore made the students applaud by his mentioning Grove City in his speech.

Where were the inhabitants of the Hall the day of the Youngstown game? It is really astonishing how enthusiastic the girls are in their support of the team. They even go so far as to hold a jollification when the boys win.

John G. Woolley, the great temperance orator, will lecture here Thursday, June 4th, in the 2nd U. P. church. Everyone should take advantage of the opportunity of hear-

ing one of America's greatest lecturers speak on a vital question of the times.

W. D. Gamble, '96, left on Saturday May 2nd, for McDonald, Pa. He will teach in the academy at that place until the end of the term, returning in time for Commencement.

The Seniors will not wear caps and gowns this year. Evidently they think that their learning and dignity will proclaim their rank without the aid of a peculiar dress. They ought to remember though, how much the Freshmen know, for no doubt visitors at Commencement will be mistaking '99's for '96's.

The "Senior Dutch" party was given by Prof. McLaughry at her home Friday, May 1st. The conversation was carried on in German and one is apt to talk less when under the necessity of expressing American thought in German words. The "expressing" goes so slowly that it might better be called "freighting."

Miss Lida Andrews, of Wellsville, O., has organized a class in Elocution. She gave a short talk Saturday, April 25th explaining the methods of teaching used in Emerson's school, Boston, of which she is a student. The two recitations Miss Andrews gave showed her great ability as an Elocutionist and she ought to have little difficulty in getting a large class.

The Adelpic and Leagorean literary societies held an interesting open meeting Monday night, April 20th. The program consisted of orations, essays, a debate, music and recitations, and showed what good work has been done this year by the societies. The Adelpic hall has been newly fitted with electric lights which are a great improvement.

Miller, 8 ft. 11 in; Shot put, Taggart, 35 ft. 5 in; 440 yard dash, Porter, 67 sec.; Hammer throw, Scott, 65 ft. 7 in; One-half mile run, Porter, 2:43; Running broad jump, Scott, 17 ft. 7 in; 220 yard dash, Dagleman, 25; High kick, Shira 7 ft. 8 in; 220 yard hurdle, Hanley, 33s; Mile run, Moore, 6:4 2-5; 1 mile bicycle, Dawson, 2:55. The winners in this meet will go to Pittsburg to take part in the Inter-Collegiate Field Meet, held at P. A. C. park, May 23d. W. & J., W. U. P., and Geneva will be represented beside Westminster and we hope to come out near the top. If we are to beat even Geneva, the men must practice hard and get their time for the races down nearer the record and also get into better form in the other events.

On Saturday, April 18th Eau Claire Academy came over to play Westminster a practice game. The game they put up was quite a surprise and much closer than was expected. The score (seven innings) was

	1	2	3	5	5	6	7
Eau Claire	2	1	0	1	0	0	1-5
Westminster	3	0	1	0	0	3	x-7

The game with New Castle, April 2nd, would have been ours but for the many errors in the fourth inning. Wilhelm's home run in the first inning with two men on bases broke a window, but hits like that are worth their cost of glass. Following is the score:

New Castle.....	0	1	0	5	1	0	2	0	2	11
Westminster	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	-6

The four-game trip resulted in two victories and two defeats. On Saturday April 25, the team met and defeated Indiana State Normal by a score of 2 to 0. Swift, of Wilkinsburg, who pitched last season for the Carnegie Athletic Club was in the box for

Indiana and did fine work, keeping the visitors down to two runs. Wilhelm, for Westminster, did magnificent work, striking out fourteen men. He was ably supported by Davies behind the bat. The fact that Indiana had no stolen bases tells a tale itself. The score by innings below:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Normal	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0
Westminster....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0-1

Hits, W. C. 7; Normal, 2. Errors, W. C. 0; Normal 2. Stolen bases, W. C. 5; Normal, 0. Strike-out, W. C. 6; Normal, 14. Base on balls by Wilhelm, 1, by Swift, 3. Batteries, W. C. Wilhelm and Davies; Normal, Swift and Fulton.

A peculiar feature of this game was that there were only four ground balls fielded, and the record shows that none were allowed to pass the infielders as Indiana had but two hits. The members of the team are all very enthusiastic when describing the royal hospitality extended to them by the boys from Indiana.

APRIL 27, WESTMINSTER VS. KISKIMINETAS

AT SALTSBURG.

The game was started at 1:30 P. M., in a driving rain storm, and the rain continued to fall during the larger part of the game. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Kiskiminetas....	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	0-4
Westminster	3	0	4	0	0	2	1	0	-12

Hits, W. C. 10; Kiski. 6. Errors, W. C. 4; Kiski. 9; Struck-out, W. C. 10, Kiski. 6. Batteries, W. C. Wilcox and Davies; Kiski. Boyd and McCall.

This game was somewhat disastrous, as it was the cause of three of the team being unfitted for duty on the following day. Wilcox was crippled by his hard work in the rain; Ellis became very sick, and Guilford was injured by falling on the muddy

ground. The features of the game were the stick work of Ellis, Wilcox, B. McElree and Edmunson, and the fine fielding game of Wilhelm in left. The entire team played a very fast fielding game considering the condition of the grounds.

APRIL 28, WESTMINSTER VS STATE, AT STATE COLLEGE.

This game was played with a badly crippled team, a fact which is largely accountable for the defeat. The score.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
State	0	3	0	3	0	0	4	0	0	—10
Westminster.....	0	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—5

Hits; State 11, Westminster 7, Errors; State 6, Westminster 9, Batteries; State, Nesbit and Shaw. Westminster, Wilhelm and Daveis. Wilhelm was in poor shape for this game and his support was poor, although Phythions' star shone resplendent at short. Edmunson's hitting and the fine out-fielding game of State were the redeeming points. The students at State showed remarkable proficiency in "rooting" and "guying" and it is claimed that their record of no defeats on home grounds is largely due to this fact. State expected to be defeated and would have been if the team had been in fair condition.

APRIL 29, WESTMINSTER VS HOLY GHOST COLLEGE AT PITTSBURG.

Again our team was defeated by the score of 9 to 8 in a very close and hotly contested game. Much more credit would be due Holy Ghost College if the umpire had not made two or three very unjust decisions favoring their team. In the ninth inning with two men out and Carr on 3rd, Davies reached first on an error of the first baseman, the ball passing completely through his hands and striking the grand

stand. Davies partly turned to run to second-base, but turned to the right and started to first base, when he was touched with the ball by Brady of Holy Ghost College and declared out. The decision seemed very unjust as Davies had not crossed the "line" in attempting to go to second-base, and it is customary to allow a base on a ball which passes a baseman and is stopped by an obstruction in playing ground. The features of the game were the stick work of Edmunson and Carr, and the pitching of Wilcox who allowed his opponents but three hits during the four innings he was in the box. On account of sickness he was obliged to leave the box and was replaced by Wilhelm who had pitched the day before at State College. He was hit for six runs in the fifth inning but the Pittsburg boys were unable to cross the plate during the four succeeding innings.

The W. & J. nine met its first defeat on the home grounds Saturday afternoon, the Westminster college boys being the victors by a score of 6 to 5 in ten innings. Wilhelm was the pitcher for the visitors and W. & J. hit him hard at times, but sharp fielding prevented more runs. Rodgers pitched for W. & J. and was very effective, striking out eight men. The features of the game were the batting of Heisey, the pitching of Rodgers for W. & J. and the three base hit of Wilhelm in the tenth inning which won the game. Wilhelm was handicapped by having pitched several games this week. The two teams are pretty evenly matched, and just a trifle better support of Rodgers might have changed the result of the game, although there is little to complain of on that line. The score:

W. & J.....	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—5
W. C.....	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	1—6

Base hits off Rodgers, 7; off Wilhelm, 11. Struck-out by Rodgers, 8; by Wilhelm, 3. Base on balls off Rodgers, 2; off Wilhelm, 2. Batteries, Rodgers and Heisey for W. & J.; Wilhelm and Davies, Westminster. Umpire, Sterrett.

On Saturday, May 9th, Westminster with McKim in the box, defeated the Youngstown Athletic Club by a score of 14 to 3. McKim pitched a good game and with good support prevented the visitors from scoring except in one inning. Wilhelm played well at second. Following is the score:

Youngstown.....	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 3
Westminster.....	0	6	2	1	0	4	1	0	x	— 14

Earned runs, W. C. 6; Youngstown, 2. Home run, Wilhelm; three base hits, Wilhelm, Guilford; two base hits, H. Wilhelm, B. McElree, H. Wilhelm,; hits, W. C. 14; Youngstown, 12; errors, W. C. 1, Youngstown, 5; hit by pitched ball, Winter, Davies, Guilford; left on bases, W. C. 3, Youngstown, 8; stolen bases W. C. 6, Youngstown, 0. Time of game 2:10.

The following is the list of events and entries for the Inter-Collegiate Field Meet in Pittsburg, May 23rd: 100yd. dash, Hanley, Degleman; 220yd. dash, Hanley, Degleman, Berry; 440yd. dash, Berry; 120 and 220yd. hurdle, Hanley, Raitt; mile and quarter mile bicycle, Dawson; half-mile run, Porter; mile run, Moore; running high jump, Taggart; running broad jump, Scott; high kick, Shira; hammer throw, Scott; shot put, Taggart; pole vault, Miller, Edgar.

Old lady in book store:—"Last Days of Pompeii." So he's dead, poor fellow, I wonder what killed him?" "He died of an eruption, madam," said the grave faced clerk.—Ex.

Exchanges.

Not bulk, but character makes a College.—Ex.

System is one of the prime essentials to student life. Have system in all that you do. Have a time for everything and then do it. Work while you work, play while you play, sleep while you sleep. Have a place for everything and then keep things in their proper places.—College Chronicle.

A juvenile enigma:—"Mamma, if I should swallow a thermometer, would I die by degrees?"—Ex.

The Senior Class of Marietta College has challenged the Faculty of that college to a game of base ball.

College Patriotism—How it may be heightened:

By a glee club.

By college songs.

By celebrating field day.

By encouraging athletics.

By unity among students.

By due regard for teachers.

By wholesome competition.

By holding frequent socials.

By booming literary societies.

By supporting the college paper.

By coming up to the requirements.

By keeping abreast with the times.

By a moderate degree of class spirit.

—College Chronicle.

A man smiles when you speak of his level head, but call it flat and he becomes mad.—Ex.

Too many Colleges of to-day develop the muscles and intellect and neglect the heart.—Ex.

In the last issue of the *Academian* we notice something new. Instead of class histories, prophecies or diagnosis there is a class will written by a member of the class of '95, bequeathing to the Faculty and different classes of the College their much valued possessions, which were acquired while in school.

Said the whiskered med,
To the fair co-ed
"I'm like a ship at sea,
Exams. are near,
I will unluck be."
"Then," murmured she,
"A shore I'll be,
Come rest thy journey o'er."
Then darkness fell,
And all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.

—Ex.

All girls don't make sailors, but they make excellent mates.—Ex.

How do you know that Hamlet had a bicycle? Because he said, "Watch over my safety while I sleep."—Ex.

We grow like what we love, the poets say,
O mighty Cupid! shall I then someday
Grow shorter by a head, have tiny feet
Beardless lips, and bang my hair,

I Pray?
—Ex.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone;
A chaperon she needs till she
Can call some chap'er own.—Ex.

Among our exchanges we find two good contributions "The College Tongue" from *The Dynamo* and "Good English" from *The Delaware College Review*, from which all might receive benefit if they would read them.

"Take away women," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?" "We would," said a man at the back part of the audience promptly.—Ex.

Small boy—"Pa, did Ceasar believe in polygamy?"

Father—"No, my boy why do you ask?"

Small boy—"Cause teacher said his wife was Calphurnia and when he reached the Rhine, he proposed to Bridget."—Ex.

Prof. (to first arithmetic class)—"How many in a family consisting of husband, wife and child?"

Smart Prep.—"Two and one to carry."
—Ex.

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a young lady who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."—Ex.

Student (Latin class.) "If trans means across, would not transparant mean a-cross-parent?"—Ex.

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Ex.

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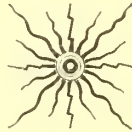
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THE HOLCAD.

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The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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JUNE 1896.



RECENT observation has called to our attention the fact that the College library is not used by the students as it ought to be used. The curriculum as laid down in the catalogue is merely an outline of the work to

be done; the text-books used in the classroom are but keys with which to unlock the doors into the storehouses of knowledge upon which the student can draw, and no college education is complete without a full and comprehensive course of reading along the line of the class-room study. Such a course is pursued by very few of the students. Many of the best books in the library remain untouched, from one year's end to another. History, Biography, Travels, Classical and General Literature all subjects of wonderful interest and fascination are almost ignored; while, books of fiction, and other light reading are literally read to pieces. Such a state of affairs should not be, and we believe would not be if the students realized to what an extent they would be helped by a systematic course of reading during the four years of their college course. Now is the time to read, while the mind is in a receptive condition, and if general reading is neglected now, not only will there be no correct habits of reading formed, but there will be no time for it, when once the life-work is begun. One hour a day spent in reading will be of incalculable benefit, and that hour will scarcely be missed. Our library contains books on every subject, that are standard works. In the uncut magazines standing on the shelves, there are literary treasures, and vast funds of information. Cultivate

the habit of systematic and careful reading, students, if you wish to make your education tell in your life-work.

THE standard of excellence which a College has attained in athletics determines, to a very considerable degree the reputation it has as a progressive institution among the community at large. Especially is this true among the youth of the community, and as the youth are the source from which the college is continually drawing for its support, it follows that a college to be successful must maintain a high position in athletics, in order to find favor in the eyes of the rising generations. It is a lamentable fact that as Westminster has improved in its facilities for athletic training and culture the standard of work done in field sports has been gradually lowered. It must indeed be humiliating to the alumni and friends of the College to read in the papers that at the Annual Spring meet Westminster failed to score a point. It is true that last year we won first place at Meadville but when we consider the colleges competing we have nothing of which to boast. Within the last three years we have purchased and graded a good field, and our gymnasium recently repaired and enlarged is all that is necessary for indoor training. We have a salaried trainer who is supposed to look after the boys and bring them into condition for the intercollegiate contests; and yet with all these advantages we fail to score a point, when four and five years ago we were able to fight for every point and take a creditable place among the colleges. Just why this should be so it is hard to say. We cannot believe that there is not as good material here now as there used to be, or that the other colleges have become so much

better than we, but something is manifestly, wrong. We do not find fault with the team, for we believe they did the best they could, but it is clear they were not in the condition they might have been in had they undergone a proper course of training. It takes work of the hardest kind on the part of both trainer and trained to get a team into first class condition, and we feel confident that we failed because of lack of training. Let us see to it that next year we have our best foot first, and that if we must lose we are beaten equally and not on a fluke.

—

The Prophet—Statesman.

The earth is strewn with ruins—monuments—memorials testifying through the ages to the reality of an ancient civilization. The pyramids lie not; the sphinx is faithful to her trust; the acropolis speaks of a once powerful Greece, the seven hills of Rome testify to the departed strength and power of an empire; the ruined walls of the Holy City—so rich in historic recollections—the land of Palestine—that “epitome of the ancient world”—tell the continued story of a people unique as a race, lofty and grand in its mission. History presents no character so singular as the Hebrew.

Whilst all the surrounding nations lay immersed in the profoundest darkness; whilst Egypt, celebrated as the instructress of mankind, lay groveling before her idols; whilst Grecian and Roman altars, even at the moment when heathen refinement was at its highest, were associated with the grossest crime and debauchery; in an obscure corner of the globe, overlooked and despised by the surrounding nations dwelt a people, with no literature and unwilling in-

tercourse with their neighbors, celebrating as they had done for ages, the praise of the great unseen creator.

How was it that the Hebrew alone worshipped and adored the true God? Had he the key which would unlock the secrets of nature? And, if he had, did these secrets constitute any part of revealed truth? Was the will of infinite wafted to him from the whisperings of the trees, the flight of birds, or the cries of beasts? Nay: The Hebrew Prophet was the channel of divine communication, the spokesman of God to a "chosen people."

Those marvelous names—Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel—have attracted the attention and admiration of all subsequent ages. Each is a bright and shining star, and all combine to form one grand constellation. Each is a jewel in a magnificent setting of Hebrew worthies.

The common conception of the Hebrew Prophet is, that he was nothing more than a seer. It is true that Nahum in prophetic vision beheld Nineveh, the pride of the Assyrian Empire, in utter ruins; and that Isaiah foresaw Babylon, the "mighty," "the Golden City," fall before the "horseman and spearmen of the North? It is true that the prophets clearly announced the coming Messiah, and in strains of poetic rapture they lifted up the nation into expectation of the coming day. The prophet was a Seer, but he was more. He held an exalted position in the political and national life of his day.

Every nation must have men versed in the science and art of government. There must be men, who can face questions of strife within and without, of rebellion and disruption, of wars offensive and defensive, of industries to be developed, of resources

to be utilized, of revenues to be raised. There must be men who go to the heart of things, men with an idea, men with an ideal. A nation's statesmen are the exponents of her progress, the index of her prosperity.

The Hebrew Prophets were the statesmen of Israel—the Gladstones, the Bismarcks, the Websters, the Li Hung Changs of their times. Follow the children of Israel from bondage, listen to the utterance of that statesman of the wilderness, see how he educates the horde into a nationality, how he forms their constitution divinely given at Sinai. Behold him weave the scattered tribes into a well-bound nation. Follow Elijah up Mt. Carmel. Look upon the mighty concourse assembled upon the mountain slope. Above you altar is now to take place a contest in which a most vital question is to be settled. Now they stand face to face, four hundred and fifty of the prophets of Baal, and Elijah alone. "The God that answereth by fire let him be God." All answer, "It is well spoken." From morn to eve they cry, "O Baal, hear us." But there is no answer. Elijah now stands beside the altar and strengthens his hands toward heaven. With breathless silence eight hundred and fifty idolatrous priests, Ahab and his court, and all the gathered thousands of Israel, await the result. O Elijah, darest thou open thy lips! With calm and holy utterance the man of God breaks the deathlike stillness. "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art the Lord God." The breath of the Almighty kindled the fire, while the overawed multitude fell on their faces and cried, "The Lord he is God."

You may say Elijah was a reformer,

but he was a statesman. Nay it may be asked, Is not every true reformer, by his very nature a statesman? He was a warring, battling, statesman, who led, not to quiet faithful labor as in smooth times, but to faithful valorous conflict, in times all violent and dismembered.

Isaiah was also a statesman. Judah had become the battle ground of the two great powers of the ancient world, Assyria and Egypt. "Like the iron from the anvil," Judah lay between two hostile forces, one of which was burning with the youthful fires of enterprise and lust of conquest, while the other fondly cherished the hallowed memories of glories attained and of the might of a once powerful empire. Palestine was the Corea of that day, looked upon by two hostile nations with a greedy eye. Two alternatives faced them, surrender to the rising Assyrian power or union with the Egyptian forces. The former was practical statesmanship, the latter, natural and patriotic. But a third party arose, whose keynote was a national existence, whose policy was non-intervention, whose foundation was in divine counsel, and at whose head stood a divinely commissioned statesman, the brilliant Isaiah. The onward march toward national extinction is checked. The movement is reversed and a firm stand taken for a national existence. Proud Egypt—bedecked with ancient glories and fragrant still with former might—sinks from the political horizon of the Jews. Assyria is overthrown by Jehovah, their omnipotent ally in the heavens.

Analyze the statesmanship of Isaiah. First he sets forth the folly of an Egyptian combination. Second, he fiercely antagonizes submission to Assyria, which meant not only a national degradation, but a

national annihilation as well. But the policy of Isaiah—quietness, rest, trust in God—brought the nation forth in triumph and preserved national independence.

Remember what the prophets were. Think not that they were but predictors of the future. Do not level the prophetic office with the "Egyptian Palmistry." Make not the prophet an astrologer or a gypsy fortune-teller—one who can only predict destinies and draw horoscopes. Beneath the present and the transitory he read eternal principles. Beneath the show of things he saw the truth of things. Because he was a seer, he was a statesman of the highest type.

What America and the nations of the world need to-day, is true, keen statesmen—men with an ideal. Not with the craftiness of the politician, but with the insight of the statesman. Not a temporary flame, burning brightly for a while and then giving place to returning darkness; but rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind—"so that when it glimmer in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but leaves the world all light, all on fire from the potent contact of its own spirit."

In the Prophet Statesman, the world, has received a benefaction no less permanent in value than of immediate importance. He has given to the world a great man without a great man's vices, a philanthropist without a philanthropist's impracticable dreams, a politician without a politician's meannesses, a seer without a seer's fanciful imaginations, a statesman without a statesman's craftiness. This true manhood—simple, unpretending, sympathetic with all humanity, and reverent to-ward God—is among the

earth's noblest treasures; and through it God has breathed, and will continue to breathe, the elevating and purifying power of his divine life.

Prophet of Israel, Seer of God,—thou champion of righteousness, the embodiment of hope, advocate of liberty, reformer, statesman—We receive thy life and its immeasurably great results as one of the choicest gifts that mortal has ever bestowed upon the nations of earth! There is inspiration and healthful impulse from thy unique history and mission—thy example in the sphere of civil affairs! We look forward to, and greet the coming of that glorious day when the principles which were dominant in the life and actions of the Prophet—Statesman of Israel shall be the ruling spirit of the nations of the world.

JAS. M. FERGUSON, '97.

Human Ciphers.

Man is a complex being. He has been called the microcosm, or little world, because, while he has a distinctive nature of his own, he is a partaker and a representative of everything in the inferior creation. In him are united the material and spiritual. The animal and the rational. He has instincts, propensities, desires, passions, by which he is allied to the animals; he has also reason, conscience, free-will by which he is allied to the higher intelligences and to God. Hence the ends which he is capable of choosing and the principles by which he may be actuated, are various. Body and soul, reason and passion, conscience and desire, often seem to be and are, opposing forces," and man is left to make himself a figure, or to remain in his old condition, a cipher, for all men are nothing more than

ciphers. Now the question arises, How can man become a figure? May we not say by knowledge and action?

There are two sources of knowledge, Nature and wisdom. The one treats all men alike. Nature makes no distinction between men. Where is the man whom the materials which nature furnishes do not profit? Is there one who does not gain knowledge from the lustre of the rising and setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest, tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melody of a summer evening; the sweet inter-change of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn and water, which an extensive landscape offers to view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic and so tremendous and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Now let us look at the other source. All men are permitted to learn from wisdom. To gain knowledge from wisdom, one must have experience and come in contact with wisdom. Men like Plato, Socrates and Demosthenes, are not distributed through the world like nature's teachers. Precepts and instruction are useful so far as they go, but, without the discipline of real life, they remain theory only.

The Indian as he stands by the crystal fountain of the grove, sees reflected in its surface, sparkling like ten million diamonds, the face of the Great spirit.

Again, see you that man as he stands on the shore of the silvery stream, whose waters break at his feet, murmuring gently, as though whispering a prayer to his God? He stands alone. His gaze is intently fixed upon some object. It directs itself towards the East. There he sees the great watch

stars shut up their holy eyes; the East beginning to kindle faint streaks of purple blushing along the sky; the whole celestial concave filling with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which pours down from above in one great ocean of radiance; a flash of purple fire blazes out from above the horizon and turns the dewy tear drops into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning are thrown open, and on the face of the Lord of Day, the fire worshiper sees reflected, the throne of Allot.

These Creatures look up through Nature to Nature's God.

Many are the lessons we may learn from Nature. Action is the greatest. Every thing is at work; the drifting clouds; the mighty oak rearing itself from that little germ implanted in the acorn; the little coral working and piling one upon another, until the circling reef is formed; even the very rocks are changing.

"Labor is worship—the robin is singing,
Labor is worship—the wild bee is ringing.
Listen! that eloquent whisper up springing,
Speaks to thy soul, from out Nature's good heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life giving shower;
From the rough clod blows the soft breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man shrinks, in the plan, from his part."

Man has been endowed with the highest faculties; therefore it is unworthy of man, with such high faculties, to let them lie dormant while all the universe is toiling.

"Droop not, through shame, sin, and anguish are
around thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chains that hath bound
thee!
Look to yon heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God."

Oh, fellow men, we must work! Do we desire to lower ourselves beneath the

level of the inanimate world? No. Then we must work. Work is the law of our being—the principle that carries men and nations onward. Labor may be a burden and a chastisement, but is also an honor and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished. All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product. Were labor abolished, the race of Adam were at once stricken by normal death.

Idleness is unworthy, and unprofitable. It is idleness that is the curse of man, not labor. Idleness eats the heart out of man as of nations, and consumes them as rust does iron. Rome fell as soon as indolence and luxury became the characteristics of the ruling classes. Indolence is degrading to man as well as to nations. Sloth never made its mark in this world and never will. Sloth never climbed a hill, nor overcame a difficulty that it could avoid. Indolence has always failed in life and always will fail.

Idleness is a burden, an incumbrance and a nuisance—always useless, complaining, melancholy and miserable. It is the nurse of naughtiness, the chief mother of mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the devil's cushion, his pillow and chief proposal. It is that which defeats the purpose of our creation. Many are the purposes formed, that end merely in words; deeds that are intended, that are never done, designs projected, that are never begun, all for the want of a little courage to cast off the chains of idleness, so the idle man remains a cipher instead of becoming a figure.

While we work, we must depend on ourselves. Selfdependence alone can make man a figure. It is the strong and self-dependent man, that leads and guides and

rules the world. The weak and timid leave no trace behind them, while the life of a single upright energetic man is like a track of light. His example is remembered and appealed to; and his thoughts, his spirit, and his self dependence continues to be the inspiration of succeeding generations. He becomes a figure. It is selfdependence that produce the miracles of enthusiasm in all ages. Everywhere it is the mainspring of what is called force of character, and the sustaining power of all great action. The selfdependent man stands upon his courage as a granite block; and like David of old he will go forth to meet Goliath, strong in heart though an host be encamped against him.

Just as plants, when blown and tossed and twisted, when exposed to the storms, become strong and developed into mighty trees, so man, when he is exposed to the storms and trials of this life's battle. He learns one of the greatest lessons of his life and that is selfdependence. While he depends upon others and has not the courage to depend upon himself, he becomes weak and cowardly. Let us bare our breasts to the storms of life and conquer. When we attain success by constant fighting, the more glorious it will be. Men are not made by traveling through this world on flowery beds of ease; man must go forth battling the world, depending upon himself; then will he conquer difficulties, because, he feels he can. His confidence in himself will arouse the confidence of others.

The man who fights an always losing battle—the martyr who goes to death amidst the triumphant shouts of his enemies—the discoverer, like Columbus whose heart remains undaunted through the bitter years of his long wandering woe, are

examples of men who were not afraid to bare their breasts to the storms of life. They became figures. It is not helps but obstacles, not facilities but difficulties that make men. Then young Americans let us be up and doing; let us gird on the breast plate of truth; let us gather all our courage and go forth in Life's battle, not as dumb driven cattle, but as heroes, surmounting the one and overcoming the other, for though we are drawn probably as conscripts in life's battle, we prove our courage and cowardice, gentleness or cruelty. Let us make good our standing room and move the world, and, when we have done our work on Earth of necessity, of labor, of love, or of duty, like the silk worm, that spins its little cocoon and dies, we too depart. But, short though our stay in life may be, it is the appointed sphere in which each has to work out the great aim and end of his being and when this is done he departs, feeling that although men are ciphers, he has made himself a figure.

FRED J. TAYLOR.

Hebrew Law and Civilization.

The history of civilization may be likened to a mighty harp. Each string denotes an epoch; each vibration an issue of good or evil to the human race. Many and varied have been the strains produced by the magic touch of government and law. Incomplete in early ages its few strings produced only harsh discordant tones, yet ever and anon above the discord could be distinguished the blending of sweet harmonies now fainter, now louder, in vibrations of ever widening circuit which one day shall encircle the whole earth and when the last

string has been added shall burst forth in one grand melody.

The first discordant notes recorded by history were produced in two systems of civilization, the Asiatic and the Egyptian. One recognized as its basis the spiritual element in man, the other, the physical. Speculation swayed the political destinies of each. In the one practical life was warped and twisted to suit the fanciful ideas and foolish whims of a heathen philosophy. Here politics was an outgrowth of religion. In the other, religion was fashioned and fitted to existing civil institutions. Unlike in principle both gradually came under the domination of greed and unprincipled tyrants and degenerated into despotisms ecclesiastical and civil, ruling their subjects with an iron hand. Ignorance and superstition were the legitimate results. Human victims heaped high the altars of detestable duties and idolatry attained a universal triumph.

In the midst of this barbaric darkness and contemporaneous with these hideous dynasties, there sprang up a model government,—a government of the people. To replace the despot and the tyrant there was ushered upon the arena of political action the statesman, the genius, Moses the Hebrew, the founder of a government never equaled in history, the world's benefactor and law giver.

The other existing governments were despotisms. Judea was a republic. The people of the former were slaves—of the latter, freemen. The former governments were founded on force, the latter on consent. For the arbitrary and inconstant rule of men was substituted the just and stable rule of law. In letters of living fire were emblazoned on the banners of the

new republic the words, liberty, equality, justice. God became its Chief Executive, love was its foundation stone, the welfare and happiness of the people, formed its ruling motive.

Then from the harp of civilization as the strings were set in vibration by the mystic touch of political principles proceeding directly from the hand of God, there issued a never ending harmony. From Sinai's Mount were uttered principles which were not only adapted to the Jewish government but which stand as the firm basis of the leading governments of the earth,—foundation stones which have not crumbled with the ravages of time, but upon which rest the grand structures, reared from the crumbling ruins of fallen empires. Unity, liberty, equality and justice pervaded the Civil atmosphere of Judea. Modern wisdom has not discovered them, it has simply applied those grand truths established by the greatest of statesmen and of legislators.

The civil polity of the Hebrews recognized the kingship and authority of the one living God. It established the unity of the state. Mark the preamble of the decalogue, the basis of the entire system of civil legislation, the one grand declaration of the rights of man: "I am Jehovah thy God which brought thee out of the house of bondage." Addressed to all it was addressed to the nation as a unit. The constitution likewise provided for liberty. Liberty! not the imagination of the poet, not the harangue of the demagogue, but liberty restrained by law, moulded and fashioned by the true religion, founded upon the Word of God. "I have brought thee out of the house of bondage," says the Almighty, the Jews constituted a nation of free men. The poli-

tical equality furnished by the constitution was absolute and entire, based upon the natural foundation of equality in every government, the distribution of land. When in the history of civilization can another nation be found with such a grand foundation for a common equality.'

Never has such an equitable system of laws been complied by man. Never has the sovereignty of the people so grandly asserted itself. Never have the ties of friendship, peace and love bound a nation more closely together. Possessed of a country where the vineyards vied with the olive-grounds in fertility, where justice was administered by local authorities in accordance with written laws where national festivals sought to promote national unity, I, fickle and unstable nation hadst thou obeyed that grandest of constitutions well might the poets have found their golden age in the valleys of Judea and the plains of Galilee.

But it was not so, and the Utopia of the law giver was destined to become the scene of political strife and contention, Peace gave way to wars. Disobedience of law reaped its natural fruits. Internal strifes and civil wars dissolved the bonds of national union. Barbarism more and more succeeded civilization and the ideal principles of the Jewish republic became the sources of mighty conflicts. Nor were these confined alone to the Hebrew nation. The subsequent civilizations of Greece and Rome were but a series of convulsions and contests. Here these principles were championed by the people and strove for the mastery but were crushed by the tyrannical rule of demagogues. In these governments liberty, equality, and justice were mere names invented to conceal from the people

the real motives of a greedy and ambitious aristocracy.

But "truth crushed to earth will rise again" and the dawn of a far grander civilization was about to break. The sweet tones from civilization's harp so long weakened by the conflict of warring elements were about to assert themselves anew, heralding the greatest event of history—the birth of Christ. Then with the Christian era began the new civilization. Europe became the seat of a mighty conflict in government and law. Christianity was widely diffused from Palestine, and through the Church, there entered Europe a powerful element of Judaic thought. This coupled with the meagre influence exerted by the civil polity of Romans produced the laws of middle ages. Greece had been conquered by Rome. Rome fell under the power of the Teutons and here in the heart of the continent was ultimately established a system of government which moulded the character of the men and institutions that were to prepare the modern world. From a semi-barbarous nation there sprang a civilized government. During the forth, fifth and sixth centuries Christianity was gaining a foot hold and was shaping the political principles of the nation. Where the Romans were rich the Teutons were poor, arts, sciences, literatures they had none, but they possessed something infinitely superior to all these personal worth. They had capacity for civilization, they had love of freedom and in their free institutions lay embodied the germ of representative government and of Protestant Christianity.

"In Rome the central power was strongest among the Teutons, the local, the first contact of the Teutonic with the Roman world exhibited the irrepressible conflict

between freedom and authority which has shaken Europe from that day to this. Then it was Teutonic liberty against the Roman imperium. In the middle ages it was the emperor against the pope. In the transition period it was the Teutonic Protestant against the Roman Catholic and to-day it is Teutonic science against the Syllabus of the Vatican."

In everything the Teuton opposed the Roman, even in the formation of a constitution. The civil polity of the Teutons was not the outgrowth of Roman law. Where did it come from? From what did they derive their idea of the unity of the state? After what did they model their system of just and equitable laws? How did they weave into the political fabric the golden threads of political equality? What enabled them to frame their ideas of freedom into a net work of really learned laws? Was all this original? These laws far exceeded the intellectual wisdom of this then rude and uncultured people. Account for it if you can outside of the moulding and elevating influences of Christianity. Exclude their knowledge of the laws of Moses and produce a reasonable explanation for such a marvelous circumstance. Explain the similiarity between the Teuton and the Hebrew constitutions in the fundamental principles of government from any other standpoint. It is an impossibility. The Teutonic state was pre-eminantly the outgrowth of Christianity and Hebrew law. The law of the Teutons influenced all Europe from their original home in Germany, and almost every state owes its organization to this people. The Visigoths in Spain, the Lombards in Italy, the Suevi in Portugal, the Franks in France and Belgium and the Anglo-Saxons and Normans in

England have been the dominant element in the formation of modern national states. In none of these however has the sceptre of the Teuton enjoyed such a universal sway as in England. How sadly many of these states have degenerated from their original position. The antagonism of Catholicism, the dire results of bloody revolutions and internal wars and the spread of skepticism have wrought untold injuries in the constitutions of governments. Even England with her internal uprisings, her tyrannical rules of bloody kings and her outrages resulting from the feudal system did not enjoy the blessings which should have resulted from the inculcation of Hebrew law. Only within the past century has she been drawing from the true fountain head of law and principles which have brightened her political horizon.

The hand of God can be seen in the development of the Hebrew law as embedded in the codes of enlightened nations. From the beacon light of remote antiquity rays had penetrated the darkness and diffused a glow throughout the civilized world. Thus far they had been confined to an eastern world, but the plan of Omnipotent was not yet fulfilled. God willed that Christianity and the principles contained in the Mosaic law should be still more widely diffused.

Oppressed by religious persecution a little band set sail in their frail barks upon the treacherous sea, their destination was a new land of promise, a western world. Here, when they arrived, they proposed to rule themselves for a time by the Hebrew law. This has been a source of amusement to the unthinking and indifferent but those clear minded and oppressed Puritans saw and recognized the spirit of freedom imbed-

ded in that code and with consummate wisdom was their choice made. Here was the mystic harp again touched and a grand outburst of melody was the result. The burden of the notes was human freedom; human brotherhood; human rights; the supremacy of law over will; the divine right of man to govern himself. The vibrations formed a strain of ever widening circuit. "This was an era of eras." Liberty asserted itself. The population increased. The yoke of bondage was broken. America was free and upon history was launched a new republic. Here Hebrew law has had its highest development, has accomplished its grandest results. The Declaration of Independence is but an echo from Sinai's mount and is destined to sound the death knell of tyrannical despotism. The American republic was founded upon the great fundamental principles which formed the basis of the Jewish nation—equality and justice, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable now and forever." The nation has become not the perfect ideal of a Plato, not the airy dream of an Iconoclast but grand reality of a free and noble people, the outcome of Hebrew law—the model of the world. Her influence is already paramount. The light from her sun is diffusing a brightness throughout the whole earth. Every nation feels it. Millions are beginning to realize their mental, spiritual and bodily bondage. The shackles on the limbs of the oppressed are chafing them. The struggles of the people be they great or small, the calls for aid be they faint or loud, are but the first mutterings of that outburst of world feeling which must end in the universal shout. "We will be free." Amidst the crumbling of thrones and the expiring groans of unprincipled dynasties, the fetters shall burst from the

oppressed, and the glorious dawn of peace and liberty shall be ushered in.

A single drop of coloring fluid will tinge a large quantity of water. Christians, as drops have in our American republic fallen into the great mass, and, by the infusing of principles founded upon the sure basis of civil and religious. Bible-enlightened liberty; have colored the sentiments and feelings of the whole nation. Upon these rests the perpetuity of our government. Gigantic evils it is true exist in our land, strong holds of iniquity must be overthrown, but through the help of God by the Christian people, it shall be done. Right must ultimately triumph over might. The religious spirit abroad to-day, the organization of thousands of young men and women to battle for God and the right are already having their effects and are pointing out prophetically the future of our nation.

America must fulfil her destiny. A nation young in years, how mighty her achievements, the path of her much like the fiery trail of a meteor, a career unparalleled in history, her influence extending over the whole civilized world, in science, art and invention the leading nation, she stand to-day in her glory, the Queen of the West, the Arbiter of Nations.

"Sail on O Ship of State!

Sail on O Union strong and great."

Thou beacon light among the nations of the earth, thou chosen of God; fulfil thy destiny, and hasten the day when all the kingdoms of the earth shall be one vast brother-hood, and Christ shall be King over all.

Then shall the mission of Hebrew law be accomplished; then shall civilization's harp be complete.

W. D. GAMBLE, '96.

Commencement Week.

SABBATH.

Sabbath morning Dr. John A. Wilson, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, addressed the Christian Associations of the College in a most pleasing manner. His text is found in Joel 2-28. "Your sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions." "How gloriously," he said, "that prophecy is being fulfilled in our day, let the ten thousand of young men and women in our schools and churches make answer; let the thousands who have gone to the ends of the earth reply."

He said, "Three things run through the vision: aim, preparation, service." He exhorted the young "to aim high," to have a "singleness of aim," and then to "press to-ward" the aim.

"Let your preparation be thorough." "Young men and women, your grandest preparation is living union with the Lord of glory." "Being prepared to do something," he said, "I have only to say, do something."

BACCALAUREATE

Sabbath evening the President addressed the senior class. He chose as his text Isa. 11:5. "Faithfulness shall be the girdle of his reins." In his parting words to the class of 1896, he said, "I hope none of you will pass out of College without an interest in Jesus Christ. Then follow the fashion he has set. Let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Be faithful like Him—be faithful to Him. Strive to be as true to his interests in the world as he has been to yours in his life and on the Cross."

MONDAY.

CLASS DAY

Class-day exercises were held in the Second U. P. Church Monday afternoon. The class is to be congratulated, having prepared an exceedingly interesting programme.

Even Motley, or any of the great historians, could not have written the history of the Class of '96 in a more interesting manner, than Miss Clara Nesbit wrote it. We present it in full as follows:

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '96.

The kaleidoscope of Time has made another revolution and out of this confusion of chaos issues a most sublime organization. From whence this organization and whither? A report is called for. Would that there were wit and wisdom sufficient to shed upon this record the light that it deserves. But of this there is great dearth. Plain facts only can be produced.

In the Autumn of 1892 this body numbering 43, all greatly enthused with the desire for knowledge, entered Westminster College and was organized as the Class of '96. A class meeting was held and the motto "Character is Destiny" adopted. Observation told us that it was the fashion to have class colors and the beautiful royal purple and silver white from that time to this have graced our numbers. A class yell was also arranged which we are happy to say has been somewhat modified.

We were entered in College on the same basis as all preceding classes and developed along the same lines. Not being of that freakish nature so often noticed in college students there was no desire among us to go beyond the paths prescribed.

As we look over our past record it

seems fitting in order that we might produce a grand climax in this history to reverse the order of development given us by the Faculty and consider first, physical development. In this department Nature dealt very sparingly. After repeated trials on the race-course it is a great sorrow that the class of '96 must leave without ever having been the proud possessor of the silver cup. We have, however the satisfaction of a race well run and it is only on account of the great superiority of the other classes that we are deprived of this pleasure. The ball-teams of the college have received from us generous treatment. To the foot-ball team we have furnished more than our quota, laying claim to three members at the beginning of the Senior year. In base ball we can produce but one professional. His work is a great credit to the team and what will be done without him, it is useless even to conjecture. Besides our one professional we have great amateur resources. Often on the spur of the moment a team has been brought forth which struck terror to the faint hearts of our brothers. So even in athletics—our weakest point, we show signs of great slumbering activity; which were time allowed, might work wonders.

Our social and moral development may well be considered together for in our career one was the counterpart of the other. Our desire for class gatherings manifested itself very early in our history. During our Freshman year we indulged in two class parties. One in the Winter, the other in the Spring term. Realizing with our Sophomore enlightenment that two such events in one year was excess, our Sophomore year was passed in solitude. After our Junior orations were completed, obeying the axiom

with which we had become so familiar in Physics, that every action has its corresponding reaction, a night of dissipation was proclaimed. It was greatly enjoyed by all, as our class parties always were. In the Spring term of that same year, invited by our brethren of '95, we gathered round the camp in the College Campus and there smoked the pipe of peace. Our society events as class closed with that event which comes but once in the life of any class, the Senior Party. It is still fresh in our memory and but to be mentioned.

The evils of class antagonism had long been recognized, but by '96 the first steps were taken toward reform. We have been accused and perhaps justly, of some misdemeanor towards '97, but let us state that what ever has been done was done through a spirit of brotherly kindness desiring only that our mild offences might act as a warning to you against more formidable attacks. Toward other classes we have always maintained the peace policy. Among ourselves we have had some strife. But let it not be understood that class spirit in the organization is in the least diminished. The class yell has resounded with, all the force of true patriotism. The standard of the class for loyalty is borne as high by us as by any of our predecessors.

Our superior intellectual ability was first reconized when our constitution was framed. For some unknown reason our noble men wandered from the footsteps of our fore fathers and inserted in the constitution a new clause, namely—majority of members present constitute a quorum. Innocent and unsuspecting we made our constitution public; the taunts and jeers that came from older classes were almost unbearable but we survive and better prepared

THE HOLCAD.

to amend our constitution as it became necessary.

Our Freshman and Sophomore years were characterized by hard and honest toil. In the languages without translations, we read more of each work than the preceding class. Our mathematical career was passed under the reigns of Professors Thompson and Hopkins and no doubt it was well for us that such was the case.

The work during our Junior year, Christian Ethics and Moral Science, was much easier on account of our natural inclinations and required but little study. Our Junior essays and orations were marvels of excellence and most of them would do justice to any minister. An unacquainted person would have judged all to be candidates for the theological seminary and from the frequent references to John G. Paton, that a goodly number would be foreign missionaries.

After carefully reviewing these monuments of excellence, the Faculty desired to have a Junior Contest. Our class, with the welfare of the College ever at heart, acquiesced and a contest was held. The orations proved our minds to be broadening, nearly all following different lines of thought. What the diligent study of Mental Science and philosophies has done for us is yet to be made public. But it is almost certain, from past experience that our Senior performances will well advertise the institution. Standing as we do to-day our college career comes back to us in varied hues. To the outside world we may not have made a great showing but "still waters run deep" and our memory will be perpetuated if in no other way by our individual characteristics.

In the annals of history there are two

deeds which might be put down as a credit to our record as a class. One has been mentioned, the revival of Junior Contest, and the other will not be forgotten by those who take advantage of the library. During our Junior year by the earnest work of some of our members, the library was greatly enlarged and thirty volumes were presented by the class of '96 alone.

Our college years have been peaceful and happy. But one great sorrow has come to us. We stand in awe at the dealings of God's providence, but "God leads in a mysterious way His wonders to perform" and out of this cloud which seems to us now so dark will come His intended benefit.

The class of '96 is about to be graduated. The course is completed. Whatever has been done, whether good or evil cannot be undone. May each one warned by past failures and encouraged by successes move steadily on towards the goal. May the ambition of each one be so to live as to reflect honor and glory upon our beloved alma mater.

CLASS POEM

Miss Lyda Imbrie was the Class poet. Her production was a gem of beauty and is worthy of preservation. We give it in full.

SUNSET ON THE MARSHES.

It was sunset on the marshes
And the dreary autumn day,
All in stillness and in sadness
Tenderly had passed away.

In the west the crimson billows
Of the clouds forbade the night,
And the world smiled in the beauty
Of the soft reflected light.

On the marshes where the cat tails
And the thorny thistles grow,
The clear and quiet water
Caught and held in the golden glow.
And there among the grasses

Lay another sunset sky
Each evening tint reflecting
Each cloud as it drifted by.

In the distance o'er the margin
Of this lake of fire and gold
Stood a group of waving willows
They were rough and gnarled and old
As they stood, a haze of purple,
Half concealing them from sight
Wrapt them 'round with tender shadows.
In a web of misty light.

And there long and sweeping branches,
Moving quiet y and slow,
Seemed to measure off the seconds
As a pendulum, to and fro.

It was sunset on the marshes
It was autumn in the land,
And each bramble bore the traces
Of a swift destroying hand.

All the earth seemed bowed in sorrow
In these quiet evening hours
Mourning for the loss of summer.
And the burial of the flowers.

Just this morning by my window,
E'er the earliest breezes blew,
I found a dainty missive
All written there in dew.

It was traced upon a petal
From a crimson garden rose,
The last that dared to linger,
And the sweetest rose that grows.

"On the marshes, just at sunset,"
Thus this dainty missive read,
To the minuet of the Fairies,
We'll expect you," this it said.

So at sunset to the marshes,
All in wonderment I went,
To the marshes, all obedience
To the invitation sent.

And I stood and felt the beauty
Stealing o'er me like the calm.
That lingers for a moment
At the closing of a psalm.

When, lo! from grass and blossom
There trooped a merry throng,
And met upon the water
With stately step and song.

All gay and fair and joyous
They came in bright array,
Clad in petals of the flowers
That had dared to still delay
Chrysanthemums and asters
All lavender and white
And gorgeous sunflowers from the hedge
And daisies small and bright,
These tiny elves had plucked them

and borne them safe away
And now they danced the minuet
In all this bright array.
But when the fete was merriest
The gold in the sunset sky
And the crimson glow on the evening clouds,
Began to fade and die.

And up from the eastern horizon
The dull gray night clouds rolled
And the wind blew o'er the marshes
Moaning, and dreary and cold.

And the burning lake in the grasses
That had gleaned like a fairy tract
Lay sullenly there in the twilight
Glittering, glassy and black.

And the Fairies felt the warning
Of the evenings' deepening shade,
And fled from the lonely marshes
To their home in the secret glade.

But as through the boughs of the willows
They sped between and betwixt
An echo came drifting backward,
An echo of '96.

'96 The dream is over
And the fairy dance is done,
Our class is here before me
And our college course is run.

Like the Fairies on the marshes
From many a distant place
We have met in old Westminster
And have sped the college race.

And a tender sadness fills us
As we realize the truth,
We are standing in the radiance
Of the sunset of our youth.

A loneliness will hover
Like a twilight o'er each heart
When associations falter
And friends at last must part

But a morning waits the dawning
And it opens wondrous fair,
It is womanhood and manhood
But it bears a world of care.

For life must have its burdens
And its gloomy days of shade,
As well as days of sunshine
Which, after all must fade.

But though years to come may bring us
Full many as sunny Mays
We'll remember always fondly
The old Westminster days.

And life holds many sunsets
And many morns, forsooth,
But we'll never meet a sunset
Like this sunset of our youth.

But hereafter in eternity,
In celestial love and truth,
May we meet and live forever,
In the sunset of our youth.

In prophetic vision A. G. Boal saw the years roll by, and, although enwrapped in exchanging scene, he did not fail to pen what he beheld. Coming into the realm of the natural again, he told in glowing phrase the weal or woe that awaited his classmates.

JUNIOR CONTEST

Junior Oratorical Contest was held Monday evening in the Second Church. The productions showed the careful preparation of each contestant.

Music—Attack of the Uhlans	Bohm
Misses Maud Williams and Myrtle McCreary.	
Oration	BannoEburn
Harold Irons.	
Oration	Ideal Ruling Principles
Miss Lida Lake.	
Music—Ammorretten op 357 No. 72.....	Bohn
Miss J. Estelle Frampton.	
Oration.....	The Guardian of Arbitration
Wm. McElwee.	
Oration.....	The Destiny of Genius
Miss Jennie Miller.	
Oration.....	The Dream of Greatness
Miss Margaret Stunkard.	
Invation a la valse.....	V. Weber
Miss Zenista Moore.	
Song—Fiona.....	Adams
Miss Mary Howell.	

The judges awarded the first prize to Miss Jennie Miller, the second to Wm. McElwee.

PIPE OF PEACE

The senior class—doubtless suffering from the pangs of an accusing conscience, or, perhaps wishing to escape the thought of being thrust from college life into a busy world, still cherishing some unpardoned guilt—on Monday evening, June 15, built their campfire, called together the class of '97, sued for pardon and presented the "Pipe of Peace."

The next term of College will open on Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1896.

TUESDAY.

ALUMNI MEETING.

Tuesday is by common consent the Alumni's day of Commencement week. At the business meeting in the afternoon, the increase in the number of the Board of Trustees was discussed at some length. It was suggested that it would be better to have the trustees from various localities so that the whole church might feel a deeper interest in the College. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. J. D. Barr; Treasurer, Dr. John McNaugher; Rec. Sec., Miss Mary Cowden; Cor. Sec., Miss Ina Hanna.

In the evening the audience that gathered presented a marked difference from that of Monday evening.

The 2nd U. P. Church was filled almost to overflowing, all seemed anxious to hear the story of the Class of '81, that class which for 15 years had its rank still unbroken. Prior to the class of '91 only two others ('54 and '80) have not been visited by the silent messenger. The meeting was for the most part, a reunion of this class. Music was furnished by the Conservatory. An essay was read by Miss Melissa McBride of the class of '84, now Professor of English in Indiana State Normal. Her manner quiet and dignified, showing that literary merit does not consist in noise, bombast, or exaggerated statements, commonly called "life;" but in the ability to say something true, and say it well. This was followed by a poem by Rev. O. G. McDowell. He reviewed "old times" and new, glancing hopefully into the future. We do not know whether it will stand with the Iliad or not (unless "we had a medal for all.")

The history of the wonderful class of '81 was read by S. B. Donaldson, Esq. Its college days were "eventful" and unique, whilst all the other classes lingered in the profoundest dumbness, trembling in fear of those whose sole duty it is to keep the students down, they alone dared to stand up for liberty and truth. They as none before or since have done or ever dare to do, "defied the Faculty," stole down the back alley, and were free. Business was suspended. Men looked at each other with blanched faces, women tearing their hair, ran into the streets. The mail man lashed his horses into a brisk run, and the President rose up in the White House, "None dared to speak." Could it be that such martyr blood still courses through the veins of mortal? Were eighteen found bold enough to go with the crowd! No! it could not be!!! But, gentle reader it was even so. They had carved for themselves a niche in the temple of fame. Prepie! work while it is day. Make history for yourself, so that when the cherubs gather about you, you can tell grand stories of departed antics, and they, looking up into your face, will think "What a bully boy grandpa was".

The history of the class since graduation had that mysterious power of securing only about half its real length. It was enjoyed by all. Six of the class claimed New Wilmington as their home when they graduated, and many went into business in Lawrence County. Some of these are Hon. J. N. Martin, Dr. J. W. Elliott, F. A. Blackstone, Esq., Rev. G. H. Getty, and Hon. W. D. Wallace. A collection was taken up at the close.

WEDNESDAY.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Wednesday June 17th witnessed the beginning and end of another commencement. Another class was ushered out into the world of action. The day was bright and clear, thus contributing to the pleasure and comfort of all. At nine o'clock A. M., the graduating class headed by the president marched to the eastern part of the college campus where the exercises were held. When the opening prayer was offered by Rev. A. G. Wallace, D. D., of Sewickley, a large crowd was already in attendance. The salutatory was delivered by Miss Nellie Sloss of New Wilmington, after which the performances of the others followed in regular order.

One of the most interesting performances "A History of My College Days" was given by Mr. I. Takaska of Japan. The Valedictory, was delivered by Miss Alice Elliott, of New Wilmington. There were three contestants for the Aethlean Medal, Miss Clara Nesbit, Miss Georgiana Orr and Miss Mary Gamble. The judges were Melissa McBride; of Indiana, Pa., Rev. O. G. McDowell, of Honey Brook, Pa., and Rev. D. M. Planett, of North Dakota. The medal was awarded to Miss Nesbit. Dr. Ferguson's address to the class was followed by the presentation of the diplomas. The program was closed by the benediction.

Special honor class 98 and over.—Miss Alice Elliott, John B. Miller.

First honor class 95 and over.—Mary Gamble, Clara Nesbit, Georgiana Orr, Fred Taylor, Leonard Wright, Breaden McElree, W. J. Brandon.

Grades of 90 and over.—W. D. Gam-

ble, A. B. Dennison, Miss Imbrie, Miss Irons, C. S. Manor, Mr. Takasaka and R. W. Veach.

PRESIDENT FERGUSON'S ADDRESS.

Before the presentation of the diplomas President Ferguson delivered the following address:

Ladies and gentleman of the class of 1896:—You have reached the pinnacle toward which you have been climbing for years. Frequently it has come in view as you have ascended the winding stairway of your college course, and now you stand at the top and are able to look back over the path of your ascent and look out over the expanse in front of you. Your eyes are toward the future. Life lies before you with immense possibilities of good or evil.

Life means opportunity. Its possibilities to ourselves or others are very great. But what means opportunity? Opportunity of what? Of mere living or of growth? Of pleasure in refined or coarser forms, of gain whether mental or material, of doing or receiving good?

We are in time—happily no doubt—regarding life as the chance of service, of blessing to others rather than ourselves. No doubt in this unselfish view of life the development of certain sides of character is secured—secured more certainly than when directly sought for. We sow the seeds of humanity and reap the rewards of excellence.

And yet it is no doubt possible for one to be the channel of blessing to others and be unblessed himself—to preach to others and be a castaway himself. Voltaire wrote of Peter the Great—"He civilized his subject and yet remained a barbarian." There is need betimes of emphasis on character as

well as on effort. Life is an opportunity of being as well as doing.

May I join with you in the motto you have adopted in exalting character as an essential part of your furniture for life and your ambition in life.

1. It is an invaluable possession. You have each of you made important acquisitions in language and science, in music, literature and art. But most important of all is the attainment you have made in right sentiments and principles. The man is more than the scholar; the woman is more than the artist. It is much to have a trained intellect; it is more to have a right heart, a clear conscience, a sanctified will. There is no possession so personal, so definitely our own, so absolutely inalienable as this. The right hand may forge, its cunning but the harmonies of a rightly attuned soul never cease. The brain may never grow sluggish with age or infirmity but the ruling passion for the right and true is strong even in death.

Young friends, prize this immortal possession that time and disease and danger cannot waste or wreck.

Character is likewise an invaluable equipment. It girds the man of effective work. In nine cases out of ten, men are handicapped by their vices and not by their scruples. Be sure your sin will find you out. Be sure too your virtue will find you out. Under the manifold tests of real life either will be revealed sooner or later. What we are will make itself known and the momentum of what we do will be affected accordingly. Character is destiny. Destiny is not mere fate. The great law of cause and effect reigns here as in all God's universe. The Micawbers are not the winners in the race of life. They reach the

goal with certainty who with strength and energy press toward it. If you can master the forces of a well-disciplined mind and heart—of a royal, noble, soul—you can conquer success. You can carve for yourselves a destiny no unhappy accident can hinder.

Go forth strong in yourselves, self-reliant, devoted to a high ideal of life and at the same time strong in God whose providence fixes bounds for us all and whose grace is the quickening source of right living. Quit yourselves like men and women, be strong. Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. And may you abide with God in time and eternity.

SOCIETY CONTEST.

After several years of silence, the Adelpic and Philomath Literary Societies again met on the field of battle. All past differences were forgotten and each Society struggled with renewed energy for the mastery. The contest was held in the 2nd U. P. Church and at 8:30 P. M., the house was well filled with an enthusiastic audience. The music was furnished by Scott's orchestra of Sharon. The performances throughout were a credit to both societies.

The essays were the first performances given. The contestants were James M. Ferguson and Fred J. Taylor, of New Wilmington. The decision of the judges was in favor of Mr. Ferguson.

The question for debate "Should the policy of this Country be Governmental Ownership of Railways?" was very ably discussed by R. W. Veach, of New Castle and Mr. J. C. Hanley, of East Liverpool, Ohio. Mr. Veach sustained the affirmative and Mr. Hanley the negative. The contest

was won by the latter. Oration were then delivered by Wm. D. Gamble, of Jamestown, Pa., and C. S. Manor, of East Liverpool, Ohio. This was won by Mr. Gamble. The honors of the declamations were divided equally between J. K. Peacock, of Hickory, Pa., and E. J. Black, of New Wilmington, Pa. With this last performance the contest was ended. While the decision of the judges was being awaited, the audience was favored with several pieces of music by the orchestra. When the decision was announced it was found that the Adelpic had won six points and the Philo four. One of the most pleasant contests that Westminster College has ever had, was ended.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The board of Trustees met Monday evening, held an all day session Tuesday and adjourned Tuesday evening. The members present were Rev. E. N. McElree, Rev. M. M. Patterson, D. D., of Wilkesburg, Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, D. D., Mr. John McNaugher, Rev. John A. Wilson, D. D., of Allegheny, Rev. A. R. Jamison, of Apollo, Rev. H. H. Henry, of Hartstown, Rev. D. W. Carson, D. D., of Burgettstown, Rev. J. A. Bailey, of Mt. Jackson, Rev. A. H. Elder, D. D., of Cleveland, Rev. John A. Douthett, of Greensburg, Rev. W. D. Irons, D. D., of McDonald, Rev. W. J. Snodgrass, of West Middlesex, Rev. S. R. McBride, of Sewickly, and Hon. S. S. Mehard, of Pittsburg.

Prof. Morgan Barnes, of Grove City, was selected to fill the Greek chair. Prof. Barnes is at present occupying the Latin chair at Grove City college and is an accomplished linguist. He comes very highly recommended.

It was decided to change the name of

the institution Westminster Collegiate institute to Westminster College.

Fourteen new members are to be added to the Board. Eight are to be elected by the synods and six by the alumni, for terms of four years each. All will be eligible to re-election, and need not reside within the bounds of the synod. This makes it possible to choose men at any point desired.

Rev. A. S. Vincent, D. D., of Paxton, Ill., took the degree of Ph. D., and Prof. A. M. Robertson of Indiana, Pa., the degree of A. M.

Degrees of D. D., were conferred on Rev. Douthett, of Greensburg, Rev. Frank Presley, of Due West, S. C., and Rev. J. A. Reid, of New York City.

Locals.

Miss T. — is getting "spooky."

A new protector at the Hall—the pug dog.

Rev. Murray, '72 conducted the chapel exercises on May 22nd.

Ask Miss McClure why she did not invite McConnell to the fishing party.

The Trig class can now sing understandingly "When the Heavens I Survey."

R. E. Owens '93 spent the last two weeks of the term with the Van Orsdell boys.

Miss Breeze does not believe in love. She thinks it is only a companion of ague or dyspepsia.

Miss Thressa Nelson, of Irona, Pa., was a guest of Miss Anna Robinson during Commencement.

How's this for an anachronism? In Senior Rhetoric, Breaden McElree tried to

make the class believe that Daniel Webster delivered an oration at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

S. B. Donaldson, Esq., and wife, of Pittsburg, visited friends here during Commencement week.

The "Holcad" staff were going to have their picture taken but, after breaking two cameras, gave it up.

Prof. Edw. Brownlee, of Norfolk West Virginia, was a guest of his sister during Commencement week.

The girls at the Hall say that they don't think of murder when they "Screams" and "Howls" coming from upstairs.

Lynn Breaden and John Donaldson were elected members of the Lecture Committee—Munn and Boal resigned.

Mrs. Dr. S. A. Aiken, '87, of Cambridge, Neb., is visiting her mother Mrs. Emma Donaldson, of this place.

Miss Martha Speer, of near New Concord, Ohio, a former student of Westminster, is visiting Miss Laura McClure.

Walter M. Lindsay, '87 and wife, of Allegheny visited with their aunt Miss Mary VanOrsdell during Commencement.

Gail must be a spirit or fairy since she has never been seen (Zene.) But, come to think of it, you can't see a breeze any way.

Rev. J. H. Andrew, of Brooklyn, stopped here on his way to Assembly, at Xenia. His daughter who accompanied him, expects to be in College here next year.

Tennis has lately become a very enjoyable past-time to some of the young ladies of the Hall. Much to their chargin, however, they have been taken for a Base Ball Team.

One of the young ladies has been practicing tennis with a "spoon."

A sweet girl's soliloquy:

"I want but little here below,
But want that little long."

A favorite song of one of the young ladies at the Hall is "When Johnnie goes marching again." Boo! Hoo!

Rev. A. M. Smeallie of North Kortright, N. Y., stopped off a few hours on his way to Assembly, to visit his daughter.

Strawberries are in season, but it is not advisable to carry them in a paper bag, especially if they are very ripe and juicy.

Miss L. has made a discovery which no doubt would astonish men of science—"Where there's too there's always one."

Miss Dora Barr who has been teaching at Chase City, Virginia, is spending her summer vacation with her brother and sister.

The tables have turned. The young ladies have learned to whistle the two-step for the young gentlemen as they pass by on Sabbath afternoon.

A farmers advice to the young ladies who fish: "Invest in bait before starting, rather than destroy the summer's crop in digging up the corn field."

Some of the Sophomores were seen the other morning sorrowfully traversing the village in search of some one to whom they might impart at least a part of their vast knowledge of Greek.

The Junior German class have been having some very interesting meetings for conversation at Miss Elliott's home. Some of the remarks are quite amusing, but the meaning is generally evident enough. Enjoyable times are reported.

The Eleventh Annual Northfield Stu-

dents' Conference will be held at East Northfield, Mass., June 26—July 5, 1896. This is a convention intended for College students especially and every college is urged to send delegates.

The social event of the season was the circus which visited the town a few weeks ago. It was well patronized by the male element of the College which went in body headed by the Prophet. The music furnished by these enchanting youths was highly enjoyed though it could not be thoroughly appreciated by all, because—"the band played on."

The social held by the First Church on the evening of June 5 at Neshamock Falls was a brilliant success. Two hay wagons besides numerous other vehicles conveyed people from the town and vicinity to the scene of festivity, and the ride was one of the most enjoyable features of the evening. The refreshments were all that could be desired, and the surroundings picturesque enough to satisfy the most fastidious taste. It was a delightful evening to every one, and will not soon be forgotten.

New Wilmington's first circus has come and gone. On the twenty-seventh of May, in the early gray dawn of morning, the muddy and travel-stained caravan crawled into town and pitched their tents on the old ball-ground. In the morning a crowd of boys watched the preparations being made for the show, in the afternoon a handful of people went in to see the sights and in the evening throngs crowded the boards that served as seats and awaited the first performers with feverish impatience. Everything went like clock-work; sometimes a cog was slipped and the rusty wheels screeched but that only gave the peanut and lemonade men a chance of plying their trade more unintermittently.

Music and Art.

A very successful term is the Studio has just closed. Besides the many beautiful pictures in Crayon, Water Colors and Oil, there is a very fine display of China. Some beautiful, dinner sets, bon-bon dishes and vases may be seen in the display.

The Commencement Concert given by the graduates in the Musical department on Saturday, June 13th closed the years work in music. There were six graduates in Piano and one in Vocie.

The following is the programme.

Leonora Overture, No. 3	Bee'hoven
Misses Crawford and Whitney.	
Hungarian March.....	Kowalski
Miss Alice Anderson.	
I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.....	Handel
Miss Mary Howell.	
Sonata op 53 (Waldstein).....	Beethoven
Miss Clara Nesbit.	
Souvenir De Grafenburg	Leschetizky
Miss Marion Crawford.	
Concertstuek.	Weber
Mr. John B. Miller.	
(Orchestral part on a second Piano by Prof. Hahn.)	
Fior di Margherita.....	Arditi
Miss Howell.	
Concert Paraphrase.....	Mendelssohn
Miss Nellie May Whitney.	
The Soul's Awakening.....	Haddock
Miss Howell.	
Valse de Concert.....	Wieniawsk
Miss Estella Dindinger.	

The music for both the Junior Contest and the Alumni Reunion was ably furnished by the pupils of the Conservatory.

The Music Department will be strengthened next term by having a special instrumental Instructor.

Alumni and College World.

Ninety-two Yale graduates have been College Presidents.

Michigan has more graduates in Congress than any other university.

Walter McKean, '95, has been elected principal of the Kittinging high school.

A. M. Nelson, '94, will take a post graduate course at Princeton next year.

John McClymonds, '71, is city superintendent of public schools of Oakland, Cal.

J. N. Ewing, '83 now is chief engineer of the Baltimore division of the Northwestern R. R.

W. F. Waugh, M. D. '68, is now a member of the faculty of a Chicago medical school.

John H. Black, '89, is a stockholders, assistant manager and paymaster of the New Castle Car Works.

American alumni in good standing are now received into German Universities without entrance examinations.

John J. Francis, a W. C. alumnus, has been for the last six years lecturer on English Literature in Hanover College Indiana.

Speaker Reed of the House, Pres. (Pro Tem) Frye, of the Senate, and Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court are Bowdoin men.

Rev. John Watson, or as he is better known, Dan McLaren, Liverpool, England, will deliver the Lyman Beecher course of lectures at Yale.

About fifty men will go abroad with Yale's crew this year. Yale has strong hopes of defeating the Englishmen on water as she did on land.

John Hezlip, '95, took the highest grade by two per cent in the Freshman class or the Xenia Theological Seminary. He is now preaching in N. Y.

Westminster men are prominent nearly everywhere, even in the "wild and wooly West." Robert Martin, '63, is the present mayor of Guthrie the capital of Oklahoma.

J. Y. McKinney, '91, representative of the Philomath L. S. in the famous Russel—McKinney debate, has been elected city superintendent of the public schools of Beaver Falls.

At the Northwestern University, tardiness at the beginning is punished by a fine of two dollars. Westminster should have such a law, for the poor attendance during the first week of the term retards the work.

How is this for one family? J. F. Byers, '72, lawyer; O. A. Byers, '86, lawyer; Lottie B. Byers, '86, teacher; Carrie H. Byers, '90, teacher; H. G. Byers, '95, Prof. of Science and German in Tarkio College, Mo. H. G. Byers expects to attend Johns Hopkins next year.

Indiana University has added to its curriculum a course in journalism. The studies in this proposed course include English History, constitutional law and political law. The department is in charge of an experienced newspaper man and practical instruction in all kinds of journalistic work will be given.

The late Hart A. Massey, of Toronto, has made the following bequests: Victoria College, Toronto, \$200,000; Wedsley College, Montreal, \$50,000; American University, Washington, D. C., \$50,000; The Rev. D., L. Moody's schools, Northfield, Mass. \$10,000; and the Methodist Deaconesses Home, Training School and Hospital, Toronto, \$100,000.

Athletics.

May 11—The ball team went into the plains of Ohio to do battle with the students at Hiram, and were defeated in a well played game by the score of 8 to 4. The game by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hiram	3	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	—8
W. C.	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	—4

Wilhelm was replaced in the fifth inning by McKim who did good holding Hiram down to two hits and no runs.

May 16—The aggregation from Geneva came to New Wilmington and returned to Beaver Falls heart-sick because of their overwhelming defeat. McKim was in the box for W. C. and did magnificent work giving but four hits to his opponents. Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Geneva.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1—2
W. C.	1	1	5	3	3	1	1	2	x—17

Hits, W. C. 16, Geneva 4; Errors, W. C. 3, Geneva 8.

May 23—We met P. A. C. at Sharon on the old Iron and Oil grounds. The grounds were in very poor condition and two of P. A. C's. runs can be attributed to this fact as the outfielders were unable to stop one or two ground balls. Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
P. A. C.	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—3
W. C.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—2

Hits, W. C. 9, P. A. C. 4; Errors W. C. 2, P. A. C. 3.

Gardner who pitched for Pittsburg League Club was in the box for P. A. C. and Wilhelm held down the rubber for W. C. The features of the game were the fielding of D. Cosgrove in middle field for

P. A. C. The work of Edmundson on third base, Guilford in middle field and Davies behind the bat for W. C. The pitching of both Wilhelm and Gardner was remarkable and is seldom excelled in League games, Wilhelm had considerably the better of the argument, and the fact that the game went to P. A. C. was no fault of his.

May 25—We met Geneva for the second time, on her own grounds. The score was 21-7 in favor of W. C. Hits, W. C. 24, Geneva 11. The terrific batting of Westminster was the feature of the game. McKim was in the "box" for W. C. and toward the last of the game simply tossed them in. Such names as Boyle, Tea and Carr, seem out of place in the line up of a team representing a College which does not play "ringers," especially when we consider the record of Geneva's foot-ball team last fall.

May 27—The team went to Grove City and defeated the "G. C. B. B. C." by a score of 8-6. The game was started with Dickerman in the box for G. C. and Wilhelm for W. C. but Dickerman gave way to Marshall in the fourth inning after eight runs and twelve hits had been made. From this point on the game lacked interest, as there was no possible doubt as to the winner.

June 1st.—Hiram came to our town and again we suffered loss at their hands. Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hiram.....	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	9	0-11
W. C.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	6	0-8

Hits, Hiram 12. W. C. 16; Errors, Hiram 4, W. C. 6; Batteries, Hiram Kahle and Wagner, W. C. Wilhelm and Davies.

The game was very interesting up to the eighth inning when one of those events occurred which make base ball so uncertain,

the Hiram boys fell on to Wilhelm and batted out nine runs. W. C. followed suit but could only score six runs, neither side scored in the ninth and the game was lost.

June 8—The Grove City boys came to our village to play the second game of the series. A large crowd was in attendance and enthusiasm was manifested. The game started with McKim and Davies at the points for W. C. and Marshall and Conwell for G. C. The general impression of the Grove City crowd being that Marshall would shut W. C. out. Westminster took the field, and Johnson of G. C. and Butler was sent to first base on balls, Raddiff, also of G. C. and Butler, went out on a fly to Wilhelm at second, Jones made a nice single sending Johnson to 3rd base. Kulms sent a lot one to Edmundson who caught Johnson at the plate, Jones scored on an error of 1st. baseman. Conwell struck out, one run and the Grove City boys were wild with joy.

For Westminster, Edmundson, the reliable, made a clean single, was sacrificed to 2nd by McKim, and scored on a two-base hit by Guilford, Ellis followed by a hot hit to shortstop who fumbled and Ellis was safe on 1st, and stole second. Wilhelm was called out on strikes, and Guilford scored on Davies' single. Ellis attempting to score seemed safe to the nearby spectators, but was called out by the umpire. The game was stopped by rain in the first half of the fourth inning, Grove City at the bat with two men out and no one on bases. The score stood 2-1 in favor of W. C. Hits W. C. 3, G. C. 1, Errors, W. C. 0, G. C. 1.

June 10—The final game of the series was played at Grove City and after considerable loose fielding on both sides was decided in favor of Westminster, score 17-10.

Features of the game were the work of McKim in the box and the stick work of Wilhelm and Davies.

June 3—The team went to Fredonia and defeated the Academy team by a score of 34-14. This game was a remarkable one, owing to the fact that W. C. had 39 hits, two men getting six apiece.

June 13—The Westminster Ball Team played their second game with P. A. C. at P. A. C. park Pittsburg. This was the second game with P. A. C. this year. The first game being played at Sharon, May 23. Kirkpatrick and Rodgers were the battery for P. A. C. and Wilhelm and Davies for W. C. The game was very close and exciting. Until the eighth inning the score was 1 to 1, when by a lucky home run hit by Bannerot P. A. C. scored two runs. Westminster was unable to overcome this lead and at the end of the ninth inning the score was 3-1 in favor of P. A. C. The features of the game were the excellent work of both batteries McKim's one handed catch of a fly ball, the excellent work of Barr at first for P. A. C. and the fielding of both clubs.

Hits P. A. C. 7, W. C. 5; Errors, P. A. C. 2, W. C. 2. Score 3-1 in favor of P. A. C.

June 15—The Indiana State Normal team played at New Wilmington. Williams was in the "box" for Indiana and McKim for Westminster. Williams' delivery was touched up very lively, while Indiana could not solve McKim's curves. Wilhelm played a good game at second for W. C. The features of the game were the batting of Edmunson and the pitching of McKim. It was rather a listless game. The score by innings is as follows.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
W. C.	2	3	0	2	1-0	0	0	x-8	
I. S. N.	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0-3

Hits, W. C. 13, I. S. N. 10. Errors; W. C. 3, I. S. N. 3.

June 16—A very succesful Bicycle Meet was held on the Athletic Park.

June 17—W. U. P. played W. C. The game was very close and exciting. Kirkpatrick was in the "box" for the visitors and Wilhelm for Westminster. It was anybody's game until the last half of the ninth. In the ninth inning the W. U. P. boys were one run ahead but Westminster, by the excellent batting of McKim and Guilford, were able to win. Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
W. C.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2-5
W. U. P.	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	1-4

Thursday, June 18—W. C. & W. U. P. met a New Castle. The game throughout was very loosely played. But for all that the game was very close. W. C. was unable to solve Mitchell's curves. The game was played before a very small crowd, the score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
W. U. P.	1	0	0	1	6	2	1	0	0-11
W. C.	0	7	0	0	1	0	1	1	0-10

Hits, W. U. P. 13, W. C. 7; Errors, W. U. P. 2, W. C. 2. This was the last game played by Westminster. The season was very successful, the club having played 20 games and winning 12 giving them a percentage of .600 for their seasons work.

Lynn Braden has been elected manager of the base ball team.

Whatever trouble Adam had
No man could make him sore
By saying when he told a jest
"I've heard that joke before."—EX.

Exchanges.

The end of education is character.—Ex.

The Hiram College Advance of June 1st contains a short but excellent piece on the college spirit at Hiram. It says the Hiram spirit has been gradually waning but that they have more room for it than ever before. We think this applies to our own College as the college here seems to be on the wane and we also have more cause for it now but "lift her up and let the light from her presence be instilled into every one of us and she will draw us fellow supporters of her glory."

The Wittenberger or May 19th was a Woman's Edition, edited by the ladies of the Literary Societies. It compares very favorably with the other editions and we see no reason why women shall not succeed in any other line of work.

There has lately been a great many criticisms in the College papers on the Exchange Departments. We think the criticisms are not entirely just as most of them criticise the material in that department as not being original but just clippings from the other papers. We think that while exchange matter should not be all clippings neither should they be all criticisms.

The College Chronicle is another good exchange among our list. It has a Woman's Department under which, in the May issue, is an article on "The New Man," showing him to have taken the place which the so-called "New Woman" has just vacated.

To-day while delving into the mysteries of mathematics, I encountered the following simple problem: S plus H equals 1 , S equals 1 , therefore A equals 0 , which, after a moments thought; I discovered to be

a complete algebraic demonstration of the insignificance of a newly married man, interpreted thus: She and he are one, but she is one; but she is one; therefore he is not any. Wonderful is mathematics—Ex.

The April and May members of the Thielensian were combined in one issue making an especially good issue. It gives a brief history of the College and historical sketches of the Literary Societies.

If you would like to be Popular,
Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never any opportunities in your life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.—Ex.

Lecture Course Season '96-'97.

The lecture course for the next school year has already been secured. It will be noticed that the lectures are among the best talent of the land while the concerts are so well known and of such high standing as not to be questioned. The lecturers are Prof. DeMotte, Geo R. Wendling, John Iglehart, Prof. R. L. Cunnock and George Kinnan. Concerts—Temple Quartette and Mozart Symphony Club.

THE HOLCAD.

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SEPTEMBER 1896.



Is NOT this the time to get ready for the Inter-collegiate Contest to be held at Morgantown, W. Va., this year? Let our representative be selected early and given a chance. Why not this term before other problems begin to press for solution?

CANT we have a revival in literary activity in the societies? There is no part of college training more important than that which the societies afford. We need not only knowledge but the ability to communicate it. What the laboratory is to the student of chemistry or physics, the literary societies, with their exercise in speaking and debate, in writing and reading, are to the study of English. We learn to do things by doing—to analyze a substance by analyzing it—to use good English by using it—to speak by speaking. Let us have a rally of the better class of students to the societies. Let every young man who has the ambition to make the most of himself in life cultivate that divinest gift of God to man—the gift of speech. If you have not yet joined a society, do so promptly. If you have connected with one, be loyal to it, loyal enough to work in it which is the best way of working for it.

THE poor showing of Westminster at the track meet last May was not wholly discouraging owing to the fact that it brought out very vividly the importance and value of training. As Professor Holmes, the new physical director, said at the last meeting of the Athletic Association, the instructor does not make the records but it is the regular systematic conscientious work done in the gymnasium and on the field through the winter and spring that

tells in the Field Day exercises. Mr. Holmes has organized two classes for men, meeting three times a week and we sincerely hope the members will attend faithfully. The track team was not large enough last year, (in some of the events there was not a single entry from Westminster) and if from the new material some good men are developed we will make a strenuous effort to take a standing in the Inter-Collegiate Track Meet at least ahead of our old rival—Geneva. Let every student who has any athletic ability train persistently so that there shall be a close contest for the honor of representing the "Blue and White" next summer.

THE LECTURE COURSE, for season of '96-'97, will be opened by Prof. DeMotte, Friday evening Oct., 9th. Prof. DeMotte is not a stranger among us but he comes to us this time with his new lecture "Python Eggs and the American Boy." All who have heard the professor will want to hear him again and those who have not should not miss this opportunity. In order, come Geo. R. Wendling, Prof. R. L. Cunnock, F. C. Inglehart and Geo. Kennan. Cunnock and Wendling are also well and favorably known in New Wilmington. Mr. Wendling's lecture "Unseen Realities," which has been pronounced his masterpiece, will be given here this year for the first time. Inglehart and Kennan have never appeared on our course, but both are widely known as public lecturers. Kennan's lectures on Siberia are of national renown. The music for the course will be furnished by the Mozart Symphony Club and the Celebrated Temple Quartette.

THE HOLCAD will be glad to greet many new friends this term.

The College Library.

During the past vacation the College Library has been completely overhauled and a card catalogue has been made of its contents. This has necessitated such a change in arrangement that the former habitués of the Library may have some trouble in finding their favorite alcoves.

The card catalogue consists of a series of cards standing on edge in a drawer through which is passed a removable brass rod holding the cards in an upright position. The case in our Library contains nine drawers, each of which is divided into two compartments and it will hold 13,500 cards. The cards are arranged, like a dictionary, in alphabetic order, and may have special reference to author, title or subject of the book.

The decimal classification used in numbering the books is that invented by Mr. Melvil Dewey, Director of the New York State Library and Library Schools. Mr. Dewey has grouped all subjects into ten classes each represented by one of the ten digits followed by two ciphers. Sub-divisions of these classes are made by using other digits in place of the ciphers. For instance 800 American Literature, 814 American essays. Other sub-divisions may be made when needed by using the decimal point, and one, two or three decimal figures. These are the shelf numbers and the books are arranged on the shelves with special reference to them. As these do not extend to authors except in case of those very well known, the Cutter system is used to distinguish books belonging to the same class. It consists of the initial letter of the author's name followed by two digits standing for the other letters in his name, and the

first letter of the title. A single example will explain the whole label. The numbers 814.3 4 H 72 g form the label on Holland's Gold Foil. 814 has already been explained 3 denotes middle 19th Century, 4 denotes Holland's name, H 72 stands again for Holland's name, and g for Gold Foil.

These numbers are written on the label pasted on the back and also on the upper left hand corner of the card in the case that refer to the book. All this may seem to be a useless array of figures made to puzzle and distract the poor student already on the point of despair with mathematical problems, but the advantages will appear after the system has been learned. However, the learning of the system will not be necessary in order to procure books, as the Assistant Librarian, Mr. Robert Cooper, will always be ready to give as much help as is needed. When students once become familiar with these figures, he can read from the label more clearly than from the title what the book contains, and this, not only in his library, but in all similarly classified.

The books have been arranged on the shelves as nearly as possible in accordance with the shelf numbers; but in some cases, owing to lack of space and inability to adjust shelves to size of book, this arrangement has been slightly disturbed. The bound volumes of magazines and the encyclopedias have been placed in the Reading Room on shelves erected for that purpose thus making much more space in the Library for placing the books within easy reach of the student.

The librarians have had the valuable assistance in this work of Miss Jane McElwee who catalogued the Science Library two years ago and of Mr. James Ferguson.

Much patience and skill have been needed and much pleasure has been experienced in the work. Many rare old volumes have been brought to light; and many others whose dismal exterior had not invited close inspection have been placed, by the new arrangement, in more prominent places. It is hoped that the students may be able to find all books suited to their needs and desires, and much information on all subjects in which they are interested.

I have been asked what kind of books we need most and probably this is the proper place to answer the question. We have already so many of the standard works duplicated that we should prefer to receive money from any of our friends who have it to give that we might buy what we do not have. Our greatest need is probably in the department of History. We are well supplied with Gibbon, Gaizot, Macaulay, and Hume, but our stock of modern histories is small. Our Poetry Alcove is not full, nor is our list of Criticisms of Art and Literature complete. Our Library fund is not sufficient to enable us to keep up as we should like to do, with new publications on such subjects as are of general interest. Hence we need many of the comparatively new books.

MARGARET McLAUGHRY.

History of the Class of 1881 of Westminster College.

(Read at the meeting of the Alumni June 16, 1896.)

Fifteen years have passed away since the class of '81 squeezed through their examinations, delivered their commencement speeches, packed their trunks, broke all their material engagements, and went forth from this place. Some sadly said, "Fare-

well Westminster;" others said that it was the happiest hour of their lives, denounced the town and its inhabitants in unscriptural language; and immediately engaged rooms at the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

The class, whose history we briefly recount to-night, was known in our college days as "the faculty's class." Some of you may remember even yet the tender solicitude that august body had for us individually. They never met without having some member of the class of '81 with whom to counsel for the welfare of the institution. The class of '81 has a membership of 19; 17 classical, and two scientific; three ladies and sixteen gentlemen. Of those who were here in "Prepdom," only eight remained to graduate; namely, Mary Elliott, Martin, Carver, Blackstone, Getty, McDowell, Winger, and Donaldson. These were the last two-year-old souls manufactured by the institution. Theirs seemed to be so small that the faculty decided to add a year's growth, making three years of "prepdom," and thus help Providence boom the soul business; so that now the soul's probation is extended over three instead of two years of "prepdom" purgatory.

It was during our Freshman year that the class gained a reputation of being animated; and, lest by "too much learning we might become mad," we decided to leave these classic abodes and spend our May-day in playing ball. The faculty, however, had decreed that recitations should be the order; and having learned that we had overlooked that fact, they called us before them, and very mercifully placed us on our good behavior where we have remained ever since. We might add just here for the benefit of future Freshmen, that it is very bad policy to imitate the classes of '82 and '83 in re-

gard to their action on May-day stampede; The Freshmen of '82 and '83, in their childish imitation of our folly, borrowed trouble for themselves, brought a discredit upon their institution of learning hard to efface, and caused in the hearts of some of their professors a sorrow that will linger. Therefore let me say to the younger classes now in this institution, don't follow the classes of '82 and '83 in imitating the vices instead of the virtues of older classes. They had been told by our class that they did not have the "sand" to run off from school on May-day; and thus defy the faculty as we had done. Instead of branding us as fools, they became dupes of our folly and victims of a false courage which meant cowardice. Let me say by further warning to the younger classes, Don't be imitators; Don't defy the faculty; but, if in villainy you must indulge, let it be your own. Don't borrow your deviltry.

During the Freshman year, we recited Homer to Prof. McKinley. Had the blind old man of Scio's Rocky Isle known how miserably his writings were to be misinterpreted and misused by that professor and this class, he never would have written the Iliad. How that poor professor's heart ached when he met the daily returns of that incorrigible dynamite class. We look back on that scene now, upon that irate professor and the mob that pretended to recite to him, and wonder how it was possible for him to entertain those soft emotions that were said to be lurking about him, and which his subsequent happy marriage fully verifies. Being out of college during the greater part of the Sophomore year, the writer can relate very little of interest that occurred during that period. It is generally thought that if we ever did any hard study-

ing, it was during this year. A gold medal had been offered to that member of the Sophomore Class who would rank first in Greek. While the class struggled with mighty and persistent efforts to secure the prize, none has yet been given. It is said that Martin can never recover from the shock of that disappointment, and that he has been steadily losing flesh ever since. During our Junior year, we followed much the same routine as former classes; gave Junior orations during the fall term the most notable of which was given by Blackstone. We proposed to elect Junior contestants as had been the custom theretofore, but the faculty never conferred with us in regard to the affair. Thus McDowell and Porter were disappointed in not being permitted to wear those charming medals on their watch chains. Having distinguished ourselves in the study of Natural Philosophy, and having won the friendship of a warm hearted professor, we were given a party by Prof. and Mrs. Cummings which was one of the most pleasant events of our college life. Prof. Cummings had just nineteen warm friends in the class of '81 and my recollection is that there were just nineteen of the class present to enjoy his hospitality that evening long ago. None stayed away; and, to each one of us, that night with Prof. Cummings and his most excellent wife is a delightful memory. May nineteen be present at the roll-call of the old class. May none stay away from the next reunion with Prof. Cummings in his Eternal Home. During our Senior year, the class underwent a remarkable change. We were then as much noted for dignity as in former years for levity. Even Wallace began to take increased interest in Hodge and Bible Lessons. He is said to have seriously contemplated entering the Theologi-

cal Seminary in the autumn, and Elliott never smiled again. During this year, we were reminded that shadows fall on all landscapes and that sorrows sadden every life. Death darkened our college home. The sun that had shone so brightly before, suddenly refused her light, and left us in the shade of sorrow. Eyes that had never known a tear could not refrain from weeping; and as we followed in that slow, sad procession down yonder lane to the cemetery, many a heart that had seldom known a grief carried in it as heavy a burden as was ever borne to a sepulcher. At that grave by his tomb we said farewell to one whose virtues have been and shall be recounted here; but whose true worth can be fully known in that other realm only, wherein abides the soul of Edgar, our dear dead friend.

The second session of our Senior year was partially devoted to orations the most of which were below the average Junior performances given by the class the year before. The last session was noted for white neck-ties, white gloves, Prince Albert coats, Senior party given by Dr. and Mrs. Jeffers, class-day and graduation performances. The class-day exercises were of more than usual interest, and consisted of an oration by McDowell, an essay by Miss May E. White, an excellent poem by Miss Mary Elliott, and a history and prophecy by Martin. Four hard and weary, yet happy and eventful years had passed. Our college days were ended and we bade adieu to Westminster, and farewell to each other. Since then our feet have pressed the soil of many lands, our hands have been extended in the grasp of many a new friendship; but, seldom raised against a foe. Our lives have been brought nearer to other lives; and

in some cases, so closely have they blended as to become lost until found again in the smile of a welcome infant's loving face. Life, you will observe, has had some important lessons for some of us not included in the curriculum of Westminster. These lessons, however, have not been learned by all the class alike; for we have our old bachelors and old——no, I mean unmarried ones, but the list is continually growing smaller; and, I believe, will soon be obliterated altogether; for, whenever the subject of matrimony is mentioned to any of these, and more particularly to McNangher and Laird, their faces become "illuminated with a soft and mellow light as pleasant as the smile of a toad in a summer shower in a country lane."

With leave of your patience, I shall try to give a brief history of each member of the class since our graduation. The first name on the roll is Francis Alexander Blackstone, a lineal descendant of the great jurist whose name he bears. They are known to be similar in many respects; notably in name, nationality, profession, and the most striking similarity is the fact that each will be known in history as having always stood near the end of his class. Frank was born in Mercer County in the year 1854. His first years were spent on his father's farm. He afterwards taught school, in which profession he attained to fair distinction. He entered college in 1875, and should have graduated in the class of '80; but, being a gentleman of good taste, and somewhat (as you know) select in his company, he preferred to pass into history as a member of the class of '81. We welcomed him to our ranks at the beginning of the Sophomore year, and no member of the class has ever regretted it.

He brought with his genial, social, and clever nature, and a pivotal shoulder which made him many friends. In the autumn of '81, he began the study of law under the tutelage of Col. O. L. Jackson, and was admitted to the Lawrence County bar in 1883. An amusing incident is related of Frank's experience in the trial of his first important case. He was defending a man who was charged with high crime; and, when "His Honor" asked the prisoner the stereotyped question, How do you wish to be tried? the culprit's silence indicated that he had not been posted to give the usual answer; namely; "By God and my Country" Frank, having suddenly perceived his neglect of duty, leaned over and whispered the answer in his client's ear. You may imagine the merriment when the response came out loud in open court, "Sic semper tyrannis." Blackstone has practiced continually at the Lawrence County Bar since his admission, and has the reputation of being a very good criminal lawyer. He is unmarried.

Augustus Harry Carver. It is not known where "Gus" first met the light of day, but he met with us in the first prep year. "Gus" was a close student in college. His habits were regular, and his tastes exceedingly aesthetic. He was the clerical dude of the class. He entered Union Seminary, New York, in September of '81, and pursued his studies there for three consecutive years. His summers were spent in superintending and teaching various mission-schools in the metropolis. During his vacations, his time was devoted to acts of benevolence, such as going about the byways and back alleys of New York searching out poor, forlorn, forsaken infants, and hauling them out into the fresh country air.

On July 7, 1884, he was married to Miss Maude E. Schott, of Clarion County, Pa., received a call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Warren, Minnesota; it was accepted, and in September of 1884, he began his labors there in the midst of the great wheat regions of the Red River valley, sixty miles south of the Queen's Dominions on the Manitoba. This is a new field receiving aid from the home mission board. For some time he supplied an out-station also fourteen miles distant, returning the same day, at which place he says preaching was held in a school-house with improvised seats of old kegs, slabs, and wagon-seats. The pulpit was a barrel with a covering three feet square. Over this a red Damask was thrown. The summer of '86 was spent in New York City supplying a church and recruiting for further labors in the west. In '87 he received and accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church of Tracy, Minnesota. The membership here was meager and the congregation large. Preaching at out-stations often necessitated drives of from eight to twenty-five miles. Out of this, two regularly constituted churches developed. After laboring here four years, he received and accepted a call to Lakeside Presbyterian Church of Duluth Minnesota. Eight years ago, the only denizens of this suburb were the bear, moose, and elk. Now it is a beautiful location with boulevards, electric cars, handsome residences within the city limits. Two "olive plants". Genevieve born at Tracy, Minn., in August '90, and James Kenneth born April '95, grace and gladden Carver's home. He suggests another class meeting in 1900 or in 1901. Many and true are the friends of Carver, and their best wishes follow him to his far northern home.

George Edward Carnahan entered the class of the Junior year. He is said to be the only one of our number, except Duff, who did not break his engagement before leaving college; the only difference being that Carnahan never made one, while Duff did. George wasn't with us very long, and consequently we never got to know him very well. He made a confidant of no one except McDonald. Carnahan's experience reminds us that the things of this world are never equally distributed. While Elliott McNaugher, Laird, and Blackstone have neither singly nor unitedly been able to capture a single woman, yet Carnahan alone and single handed has succeeded in winning and captivating two, having married Miss Jennie Mahon, of Pawnee, Nebraska, June 3, 1886, and who was called home Oct. 6, 1891; and on May 3, 1894, he was married to his second wife, Miss Florence Glasgon, of Bakerstown, Pa. By his first marriage, one child was born July 30, '88. Carnahan writes that his wives have been true help-meets; and we are reminded that he is much more appreciative of woman's worth than the Irishman was of his two wives. He said that "he had gotten them for help-meets but that they were nothing but mate-ates." Carnahan taught school one term after he graduated, entered the Allegheny Theological Seminary in '82, spent his three vacations in teaching an academy at Slate Lick Pa., thus paying his way in the seminary; was licensed to preach by Allegheny Presbytery in '85; was called to the pastorate of Four Mile and Clay Center congregation in the state of Kansas in August '85, where he has labored diligently and successfully ever since. Carnahan is recognized as being one of the very best missionaries we have west of the Mississippi. He says that

the only things that they have out there are grass hoppers, poverty, and fresh air from the cyclones; and that he will not return east again until he comes for a new wife and the old clothes of the class.

John Alexander Duff is from White Ash, Pa. "I have seen the wicked spreading himself like a green bay-tree"; but that in no way applies to our class-mate. A more modest, unassuming gentleman than Duff never entered college. True to himself and the principles in which he believed, he never allowed anyone to suffer from his mistakes or actions. After college life had ended and the summer had passed, he entered the theological seminary; not like many, for a profession, but because he felt convinced that the noblest calling was the one not heard by the ear, but deeply felt in the heart. He therefore resolved that his life should be devoted to the work of the Master. Having spent three years in preparation, he was, on Dec. 26, '83, licensed by the Presbytery of Monongahela to preach the gospel. He says that he was finally licensed and sent out to try his theology on the church; and, lest it should not be well received he was sent west, and that after tarrying ten months and a half in the land of cyclones and blizzards, he found a people accustomed to such things who permitted him to blaze away at them. Believing, however, that it was not good to be cast unprotected among a people of such caring and recklessness, he returned east and claimed that part of his college training not reckoned in his diploma; and, on August 20, 1885, he was married to Miss Fannie Lewis of New Wilmington. In September 1885, they took up their abode in Minden Nebraska, their work being the care of a mission congregation of the U. P. Church.

Here they remained through sunshine and storm, through blizzards hot and cold, in season of plenty and scarcity, until May 1891. Here their two children, John Morrison and Helen Clare, were added to their household. May '91 found them in Greeley, Colorado whither they had gone to take charge of a congregation; but, what blizzards and hot winds had failed to do in Nebraska was soon accomplished in the high atmosphere of that higher altitude. So, after a year in that delightful and cultivated city, to avoid nervous prostration then threatening, they moved to Chicago where in May '92 Duff began his work as pastor of Englewood or Second U. P. Church of Chicago; where he is at present the very acceptable pastor of an energetic and growing congregation. Duff is one of the very prominent young ministers of the U. P. Church, his name being frequently seen in the church periodicals and his influence being deeply felt in the work of the young people.

John William Elliott, commonly known to us as "Pat" was part of our contribution from the class of '80. He was cool, deliberate, and was never known to be excited but once when Prof. Graham chased him through the campus by moonlight. His class rank during the first years of his course, was only moderately fair; but he made rapid strides in the Senior year, and might have taken honors had it not been for his old record. In the autumn of '81, he entered the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny, and completed the first year of study; spent the following summer on his father's farm. In the winter of '82, he had one of his eyes injured, which injury confined him to his room for more than three months. In the fall of '83, he re-

turned to the seminary; but his eyes did not prove strong enough to pursue his studies and in a few weeks he was compelled to give up his work in the seminary. He returned home and taught school during the winter and continued in this work until the year 1885, when he began the study of medicine, entering the Western Reserve Medical College of Cleveland Ohio and graduating in the Spring of 1889. He then entered the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia and graduated from this institution in the Spring of 1890. In the month of May 1890, he began the practice of medicine in this place where he still continues in the work of his profession. I need hardly try to tell a New Wilmington audience the history of Dr. Elliott. You who have known him in childhood and have watched him grow into manhood, know well his true worth and his eminent success as a physician; and you in common with his class feel all the better for having known and felt the touch of his life.

George Hale Getty was born at West Hebron in north-eastern New York. After having finished his course in the academy at Salem, he came to Westminster and entered our class in the second prep. year. Coming from Roscoe Conkling's district, we hailed him as the 'boy stalwart' from New York. Although some of us tried to bring a more purifying political influence about him, and of a somewhat different nature, we finally gave up the good work in despair and told him that he was abandoned to the delusions and folly of that old, stalwart, false god, and left him politically where he still remains—beyond redemption. It is said that, although a minister and residing in New Wilmington, he refuses to vote the Prohibition ticket, and was wicked enough

to smile when he heard of the division of the party at the late convention. When any of us wished to gain pugilistic notoriety, (once a member of the faculty shared in the glory) our first thought was to enter the lists and down Getty; but, in contests of a mental and oratorical character we were more modest and retiring. In these matters, Hale took good care of himself. He was alert, keen, and ambitious; was perhaps the most entertaining extemporaneous speaker in the college. In those days, looking forward, most of us marked out for him the most successful career of any in the class; but there was always one drawback we feared, namely his health. Physically, Hale was never very strong. While in college, he suffered violently from brain fever; so much so, that some feared that he would not live to graduate. The writer, who was Getty's daily companion, in those days often thought what a good thing it might be for the world if only he could exchange with Getty, health and avoirdupois, for brains even at the ratio of 16 to 1. Getty entered the Allegheny U. P. Theological Seminary in the fall of '81, and graduated in 1884; received a call and accepted the pastorate of Mt. Gilead U. P. Congregation and remained there until 1885 when he accepted the pastorate of the U. P. Congregation of New Kensington, New York, where he remained until 1892, when he was called to the old charge of Mt. Gilead. He continued preaching to those who knew, appreciated, and loved him until failing health required that he should give up his charge at the first of the present year. Getty was married during his Senior year to Miss Emma Thomas of New Wilmington. He is the proud father of four children, all of

good promise. He is at present employed part of his time as cashier of New Wilmington Bank. He writes "As soon as I feel able, I expect to enter the ministry and give my whole time to the work." He chose the ministry very early in life. It was his first love and will also be his last. May God in his mercy restore him to vigorous health and to the profession he has honored with many years of fruitful service, is the prayer of the class.

Frank Halbrook Laird came to Westminster College in 1878; entered our class in the Freshman year. During this year, he gained notoriety in more ways than one. He asserted his intellectual supremacy by taking the highest rank in the class which he maintained throughout his college course. He also asserted his independence in being the only member who refused to stampede on the first day of May; thus, you see, he was the only white sheep in our class. There was a great deal of comment upon Frank's action in this affair, but it was said that he gained high esteem from the faculty and missed a good game of ball. Frank was of a very excitable nature; said a great many things that would have been better unsaid, and did things that some of us thought inconsistent. He was the first to resent as well as to forgive an injury. He was undoubtedly the finest scholar in the class; and, while some maintained that Laird gained his rank by excessive study, such was not the case. We believe that we speak the truth and do not underestimate any member of the class, when we say that no one of our number could have wrested the honor from him. Laird registered as a law-student about two weeks before his graduation. After commencement, being greatly reduced in weight

and health, and his friends fearing that serious consequences might ensue, he went to Lake Chautauqua and spent the summer there. Upon his return home in September, he took up the study of law with renewed vigor. On June 18, 1883, his moral character having been certified to, and having passed an examination in comparison with which the Spanish Inquisition was merciful, he was admitted to practice law in the several courts of Beaver County; where he continues this day engaged in a lucrative practice, and stands at the front rank of the Beaver Bar.

Robert H Hood was born on a farm in Indiana County Pa. Spent his early years at home on his father's plantation; attended Indiana State Normal, and entered Westminster College in 1878 a Freshman. He should have graduated with the class of '80; but, being entirely too upright for that class which never ceased teasing him in regard to the stays that he really only seemed to wear, he decided to cast his lot with us. Hood was upright not only in personal appearance, but truly so in character. I often, while a companion of Hood in college, thought that if there ever should be a minister from our class, that would be the sermon that he preached, Bob would be the man. My expectation has been fully realized. He entered the Allegheny U. P. Theological Seminary in the autumn of '81, and is said to have kept up his college reputation by being the best Hebrew scholar in the seminary. He graduated in 1884. The summer of this year was spent in travelling through the British Isles and other countries of Europe. After this rest and recreation, he returned home and accepted one of the four calls that he had already received at Peter's Creek, Washington County,

Pa., where he remained an acceptable pastor until May 1891. He then accepted the pastorate of the Mount Washington U. P. Church, Pittsburgh, where he is still the beloved and efficient pastor. He has been for six years a member of the Board of Publication of the U. P. church, Chairman of the permanent committee on Sabbath schools, and is also Chairman of the Board of Directors of Duquesne College. In April 1886, he married Miss Alice J. Moore, of Allegheny City. He says, "A son and daughter did brighten our lives, but the little daughter, a few months ago was called to the other Home." The class deeply sympathizes with this fond father in his tender sorrow.

David Rentoul McDonald is our only member of foreign birth. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and came all the way here for the sake of joining our class. He was a very close student, and, with the exception of the time spent at Campbell's and Winger's and at church choirs, he was found in direct pursuit of his studies. His standing morally was somewhat affected on account of his familiar relations with Carnahan and Hood. He, too, entered the Theological Seminary at Allegheny after having spent a year teaching Rhetoric in Grove City College where he succeeded Prof. John Mitchell of sacred memory, and graduated in April, 1885. In July of that year, he accepted one of the five calls to vacant churches which he had received, and began active work in the ministry among the people of Tarentum U. P. church. At the end of four and one-half years of faithful ministry, the congregation having been strengthened by many accessions, he received and heeded the call to work among our southern freedmen as President of Norfolk

Mission College. One year's hard work as a servant of the Board of Freedmen's Mission terminated his stay in the little city by the sea. On account of physical indisposition and the climate of south-eastern Virginia, this work was relinquished to accept a call to the pastorate again in the north of the Greenside Avenue U. P. church of Canonsburg, Pa. Among these people, he has labored faithfully and successfully as shown by the fact that in this short time more than two hundred members have been added to the roll of this church. The subject of this sketch is the happy husband of one wife and the fond father of two promising children. He was married on Oct. 8, 1885, to Miss Elizabeth D. Kline, professor of music in Grove City College. For five years he has been chief editor of a religious paper well known in the Chartiers Valley, and has frequently contributed articles to the secular and religious press.

Oswell Gifford McDowell, hails from Milbrook, Mercer County, Pennsylvania. He entered college as a prep. Did not give very close application to study during the first years of his course but went to work in the Senior year and surprised not only his class but himself, and by his good work in mental and moral Science revealed the latent power within him. After leaving College he spent one year in the Theological Seminary at Xenia, Ohio, his second year at Union Theological Seminary in New York, and the last year of his Theological training was had in Allegheny Theological Seminary. The next spring he was ordained and installed pastor of the U. P. Church, of Harrisville, Ohio. After two years of labor here he says that the revival of an old church feud, and the organ question constrained him to deem it wise to pull out, not only of that

congregation but of the U. P. church, when he accepted the Presbyterian faith and received a call and settled at New Bethlehem, Pa., where he remained about six years and labored in season and out of season, reproved, exhorted, and persuaded especially one young lady, the daughter of a former pastor, although she had vowed that she would never be connubially persuaded by a clergyman, she of course would not resist her pastor, and on Oct. 16, 1890, Jennie Junkin Matteer, became Mrs. Oswell G. McDowell. The year of the World's Fair McDowell was installed pastor of the Church of Chicago Lawn, and when the fun was over they discovered that the climate was malarious, conducive to a tired feeling, as were also the people, and they therefore moved to Honeybrooke, Pa., where he has been pastor for about two years, during which time the congregation has experienced the greatest revival of its history, when almost one hundred were added to its membership. While the church was being revived so also was the "Manse" which on Nov. 15, 1895, received into its membership the almost unprecedented addition of 50 per cent. The family now numbers 3, Dorothy E., Mother and Father. McDowell is expected to maintain and advance the high standard he has attained among the ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

David White McNaugher, low in stature, but high in the esteem of others, entered college in the Sophomore year, was a class companion of Wallace, was his accomplice in burning down and blowing up buildings and shared in many of his other sins. McNaugher was never inclined to hard study, but being an apt student maintained a very respectable standing in all his studies. He was most generous in all his

actions. Would willingly sacrifice his own interest for the good of a friend. After leaving College he entered the Polytechnic Institute in Troy N. Y., and graduated in 1885 when he entered the employment of Troy Steel and Iron Co., as assistant engineer. In 1887 was assistant chemist in Troy Soda Co., until Spring of 1888. He left Troy in May 1888 and took charge of Chemical Laboratory for Robert W. Hunt Inspection Bureau where he remained until June 1889 when he entered the firm of G. W. G. Ferris & Co., (of Ferris Wheel fame) in which partnership he is said to be rapidly gaining wealth.

James Norman Martin was the Daniel Vorhees of the class and silver tongued orator of the Neshannock, born on its head water in 1859. He came to us with an innocent smiling face that caused the wreck of many a confiding maid. He enlisted our sympathies, and we told him our secrets, which we hope he has kept. While Martin is acknowledged by many as being one of the most vigorous men we have mentally, yet his physical condition we always described by the aid of the almanac "before taking." Shortly after graduating he took the western fever, and went to Kansas. Prohibition being in the ascendancy, disgusted with the dry state of affairs he abandoned St. John and turned his face Eastward toward St. Andrew. He registered as a law student, and on Sept. 23, 1883, was admitted to practice law in the Lawrence county courts. He succeeded in obtaining the resignation of New Castle's principal High School teacher, and was married to Miss Jane W. Andrews on Nov. 20, 1885. He has a son nine years old who he says knows more about base ball than the catechism. Martin served as Judge of the Courts of

Lawrence and Butler counties, from May 1892 to January 1893, and made one of the best records in this Judicial District, for while it is true that many verdicts were given for the plaintiffs that should have been for the defendants, yet on the other hand, many verdicts were given to defendants that ought to have been given for plaintiffs, and therefore on the whole exact justice has been done. Judge Martin has in some way or other during the last ten years been concerned, as counsel, in most of the important litigation in Lawrence County and is on the high road to wealth and fame.

Thomas Jackson Porter, of New Wilmington, entered the class in our first prep year, was the first honor man of prepdom. Was the youngest man in the class, maintained a high class standing all through the course. During the first two years Tom was considered the good boy of the class, but through the influence of Winger he seemed to degenerate somewhat in the Junior and Senior years. However he graduated with honor and entered the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny in the autumn of 1881; graduated in March 1884, and returning to his native place he found that death had taken the most precious jewel from his old home and left him without a mother. He was soon after taken ill with typhoid fever and upon his recovery of health he determined to go as a missionary to Persia. This decision on his part manifested that same unselfish, generous spirit that characterized him in college. We felt sad, Tom, in having you go so far away, yet we bowed in humble submission to Him whose call you obeyed, and often, when away out there among the heathen people of those old Indian seas, at the Throne of Grace, in the whisperings of his

old class were often heard the name and success of Tom Porter. On July 31, 1884, just previous to their sailing for Persia, Miss Jessie McDonald (a sister of our classmate) united her future with Porter in marriage. Tom writes: "Our intensely interesting sojourn in that historic land with its sturdy people whose thought has fertilized Asia, preserved their nation since the days of Cyrus the Great, and humanized hard Islam into a counterpart of Christianity was abruptly terminated in December '85 by the mental and physical collapse of Mrs. Porter's health. She literally fell off her feet to be an invalid for years. Returning therefore to America in '86, Porter became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Murraysville, Pa., where he says his work was arduous, pleasant and full of incident. He also became principal of Laird Institute. Mrs. Porter having recovered her health they decided to return to their missionary life work; and, as Tom had practically lost one eye through the unspeakable brightness of the sun on the sandy Persian deserts, it did not seem prudent to return to the land of the Lion and the Sun, with the prospect of losing the other also. So in January 1890 they sailed for Brazil, and there for four years he rode the circuit making long journeys over prairies, and through primeval forests, preaching, exhorting and disciplining, the converts and churches, who were receiving some glimmering of the light of life. Then for a year and a half he did pastoral work and superintended the construction of the Presbyterian church of Curitiba, the capital of the state of Panama. There they passed through the recent war, and learned how hard it is to establish a Republic among a people brought up under

Romanism. He now holds the position of teacher of church history and old testament literature in the Theological Seminary of the Synod of Brazil. One year ago he became ill and was compelled to quit work. With his wife and four children he returned to this country last September and has spent the time ever since in trying to become well. Just recently he was in Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg, and underwent a serious surgical operation in the bowels. Twice during the operation the surgeons feared he was gone but the same hand that led him over Persian deserts, and through the Brazilian forests, guided the surgeon's knife and still holds the membership of our class unbroken.

William D. Wallace. D. stands for the deportment that he didn't have and the devilment that made him notorious. Red-headed and hopeful, he was the shining headlight of the class. He omitted euchre from his catalogue of crimes, giving as a reason that the New Wilmington boys always tried to cheat and were not professional in the art. His boyhood days were spent in New Castle and he was strictly nurtured in a U. P. Sabbath-school in that place. While in college he was noted as a ball player and boxer. Will maintained a high class-standing throughout his course, but was somewhat reckless and outspoken in his manner. His jovial disposition made him many friends, his energy and daring gave him influence and made him a leader in many a college enterprise. He was very true to his friends, but had neither kindness nor fear for an enemy. He registered as a law student in New Castle before he had completed his study of Hodge here; read in the law office of Samuel Dana, and was admitted to the bar of Lawrence County Sept. 19, 1892.

His career, since admission to the bar, has been an exceedingly brilliant one for a young lawyer. He was married ten years ago to Miss Bee Matthews, of New Castle, and has one child; was elected President Judge of the courts of Lawrence County, in the autumn of 1894, and took the oath of office on January 7, 1895. Judge Wallace is well known to the audience; and, to many of you, he has been either friend or foe. He has been a political force in this county ever since his boyhood. His ambition knows no bounds. While not a brilliant success as a public speaker, yet he is a man of no mean ability and is something more than a mere politician. He has an indomitable will and never knows when he is whipped. While a good lawyer, he has given rather too much time to politics; but since going on the bench, has applied himself more closely to the study of the law and is making a good record as Judge. D. B. Kurtz, Esq., the eminent New Castle lawyer, revealed one of the elements of Will's success in answer to a question of the writer as to how Wallace was succeeding as Judge. Said he, "First rate. Bill catches on." He is, at this moment, in the St. Louis convention, having gone as Senator Quay's alternate from this district. Although a Judge and not expected to be too deeply engrossed in politics, he must be true to his nature and his political activity can only end at his death.

Charles Newton Winger was born in Mercer County. Entered at Westminster College as a prep. In the autumn of '81, he entered the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny. Shortly after his entrance into the seminary, an incident occurred that changed his course in life. Winger concluded that it would be proper for a theological student to make his debut in the

prayer-meeting. Having chosen the most fashionable Presbyterian Church in Allegheny as the place, and the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting as the occasion, he carefully prepared what was intended for an extemporaneous speech to be delivered just at the time when general remarks would be called for. After due deliberation, he began in this impressive manner:—"Away back in the shadowy past, sacrifices were instituted. Away back in the shadowy past, sacrifices were instituted." At this point, memory forsook him and thus ended his theological career. He then returned to his native heath in Mercer county and spent some time in farming and teaching school, and afterward removed to the far west. There he spent a number of years in teaching. From the last account received of him, we learn that he was principal of an important school in Wyoming. Our history of Winger is necessarily meager for the reason that the letter that we sent him asking for a detailed account of his doings since graduation, was returned marked "uncalled for." We learn, however, from other sources that his life has been a useful and honorable one.

The class of '81 includes three women now. They were only girls when in College. An impetuous boyhood sometimes carried us to such lengths that in one or two instances at least, they had to remind us that they could only be sisters. We forgive them now. We boys always had good reason to be proud of them. They were jolly girls and just the kind to make men better. Their earnestness, intelligence, modesty and Christian purity deeply impressed our lives; and, when we were called to separate from those three sisters on that bright June afternoon long ago, we were reminded of those

three Marys who immortalized womanhood that morning in Jerusalem. Mary Elliott was with us longest, having joined us in prepdom. She stayed with us to the last. We all loved her not only for her kindly and womanly nature, but for the reason that on that memorable May-day she deserted Laird and the faculty and went with us. Although sharing in none of our vices, she defended us against every foe. From that day to this, no man in the Class of '81 has ever tolerated the slightest criticism of our girl companion of those early days. On the day that we bade farewell to prepdom, at a class-meeting a memorable essay was read by Mary Elliott. After graduation, she spent some time in teaching school; afterwards went out into the western states where she was employed for a time in newspaper work. She is now and has been for some years employed in New York City by two different magazine publishers in their business departments. She writes that she has spent some time in different lines of study suited to her taste, that she has traveled some and has been in many of the different states; in fact in nearly all of them, except the state of matrimony. She does not know whether or not she is getting even nearer to its border-line. She concludes by saying that she will not be present at the reunion and sends greetings to each member of the class.

Eliza Ellen Russell entered the class a Freshmen. Immediately after graduation, she accepted the position as assistant principal of the New Castle High School, where she rendered faithful, efficient and acceptable service for a period of ten years. In September of 1892, she entered Tarkio College as Professor of English which position she now holds. Her culture, refinement

and high character have blessed all with whom she has been associated. She is still Miss Russell believing that while "singleness is bliss, married life is blister."

Mrs. N. M. Crow, formerly Mary Elizabeth White, entered College at the beginning of the Freshman year. After graduation, she returned to her home at Zelienople, Pa., where she studied music for some time, an art in which she was quite proficient. She was married in 1884 to Rev. N. M. Crow, an alumnus of Westminster College. She and her husband then went to Jamestown, Dakota, and taught in the Jamestown Academy there, Mrs. Crow, conducting the music department. After teaching there some years, they returned east in 1887. Rev. Crow then received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Glenshaw, Pa., where Mrs. Crow with her wonted dignity and refinement fills the place of a pastor's wife. She is the happy mother of three children, and the mistress of a happy home.

The end of the roll brings us to S. B. Donaldson who entered this class a prep in September of 1875; was city superintendent of New Castle schools from June 1881 until June 1884; was married on June 27, 1883, to Miss Jane S. Newell, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., entered the law office of William B. Rodgers Esq., of Pittsburg, in May 1884; was admitted to the Allegheny County Bar on June 27, 1885, where he has remained engaged in the practice of his profession. He is the father of two daughters; Elizabeth, born Dec. 2, 1884, and Harriet Newell born Sept. 22, 1888. His success has been limited, but he has been treated better than he deserves, his chief distinction being that he is a member of the class of '81.

My task is complete, but the work of the

class is only half done. There is one fact of some importance which you have perhaps all noted and which I have not stated, namely, that each member of the class is in full life. For this we are humbly grateful. We are no longer young, Life's shadows are lengthening. Most of us have nearly if not quite reached the border line of the forties. We have seen the close of life's morning, and stand under the blaze of its noon-day with our ranks unbroken. God grant a greater courage and better life as we turn our faces to the setting sun.

Locals.

"Who's that?" Is often heard during the first few weeks of the term.

Miss Kimball our new music teacher, spent Sabbath with friends in Pittsburg.

We are sorry to note that tourists will not be able to view Westminster's Abbey this year.

Norman Powell, of West Middlesex, has gone to Lehigh College to take a Mining-Engineering course.

It is requested by the ladies of the Hall that all serenaders leave their cards so that thanks may be sent to the right persons.

One of the reasons from an artistic standpoint against free silver, heard at the Hall recently—"It wouldn't look well."

This is hunting season; on fair nights Westminster's nimrods betakes themselves from the crowded streets of our busy city to the gloomy depths of the primeval forest to tree "ole Brer Coon."

Miss K—— says black is her favorite.

Don't forget Prof. DeMotte's lecture.
Oct. 9.

Miss K—— rather favors McKinley as her candidate.

New faces, new names, new studies, new mysteries, new what not?

Miss R—— wearing a beautiful new spring hat with white rose buds underneath the brim, makes a call.

Hostess.—“Excuse me, Miss R——, but have you your hair up in curl papers?”

Mr. McConnell, '96, visited Westminster for a few days at the opening of the term.

Mr. Guilford, our former gymnasium director, has departed for West Penn Medical college.

Rev. E. C. Little, '91, and Miss Georgia Orr, '96, were married at the bride's home August 13.

Common expressions these days—“Do you expect to like it here?” or “Have you been homesick yet?”

Miss M—— was heard to remark that the first Chorus practice passed off more pleasantly than usual.

The ladies of the Hall are desirous that it be understood that the remodelled parlors are not simply for show.

Several of the young gentlemen in College, (last years' students) are quite lonely this term. They all have our deepest sympathy in their losses.

The financial question will be discussed thoroughly in the different societies this fall and any statesmen who have the time to spare will do well to attend the meetings and thus get a full knowledge of the subject.

Miss Alda Kraer, a former student of Westminster, is here with her sister, Miss Jane Kraer, who is one of our new students.

Miss Turner is writing an exhaustive treatise on “Horse” which we hope to publish in the next issue of the “HOLCAD.”

Miss Anna Duncan, who attended Westminster last year, sailed for Egypt Sept. 12. Miss Duncan goes as a teacher in the Asyoot Training College.

One more evidence that the old must give place to the new, is that the old stands in chapel, during vacant hours are at present—to let.

We are glad to notice that at the close of the base ball season, one of our professors has found something else on which to center his affections.

Mr. W. J. Holmes, formerly physical director of the Sharpsburg Y. M. C. A., will have charge of the gymnasium work for the coming year. Mr. Holmes comes well recommended and will doubtless raise the standard of work done in his department. The men are to have the use of the gymnasium on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the ladies on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Several additions have been made recently to the collections in the museum of the college. Rev. and Mrs. Jos. McKelvy gave a Japanese and a Chinese coin, a skin of a blacksnake 5ft. 3in. long, the head of a red-headed eagle from Cochin China, and a piece of Berlin Granite from Berlin, Wis. Another skin of a blacksnake, which was found on the grounds of Dixmont Asylum. was given by Miss Jessie McCrumb. Mr. Takasuka, who returned to Japan soon after graduating, left some Japanese books and coins and two Chinese books.

There is a goodly number of new students this fall and everything points to a prosperous year for us. The names and addresses of the new comers makes quite a long list:

Theodora E. Byers.....Cooperstown, Pa.
 Georgia W. Kyle.....Johnstown, Pa.
 Sannie Stewart.....Coitsville, O.
 M. Maude Wright.....Carrollton, O.
 Myrtle Stewart.....Imperial, Pa.
 Tirza Mac Marshall.....Dayton, Pa.
 Paul T. Hope.....Mercer, Pa.
 Ed. G. Frazer.....Frankfort Springs, Pa.
 Clifford B. Bannister.....Sharpsville, Pa.
 Florence Williams.....Uniontown, Pa.
 Elizabeth Berry.....Eighty Four, Pa.
 Dora A. Cowden.....Coitsville, O.
 Mabel D. Parks.....Freedom, Pa.
 Jessie Sharp.....Villa Maria, Pa.
 Anna A. Houston.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Carrie L. Larimer.....Circleville, Pa.
 Eva L. Gochring.....Circleville, Pa.
 Sadie A. Porter.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 John K. Gamble.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Mack J. Gilson.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 B. C. Montgomery.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Frank I. Sewa.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 John A. Veazey.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 G. Meade Gilson.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Grace I. Rippey.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Bessie M. Whitney.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Nellie McNaughton.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Alex Mooe.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Belle Tinker.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Fanny Petrie.....Wheeling, W. Va.
 Rachel McCulloch.....Millersburg, O.
 Clyde Gibson.....New Wilmington, Pa.
 Boyd C. Reed.....Mercer, Pa.
 Harvey C. Whitmore.....Pittsburg, Pa.
 Clyde B. McGogney.....Coal Valley, Pa.
 George K. Robb.....Sturgeon, Pa.
 M. Clyde Wright.....Wheeler, Pa.
 Alex H. Fulton.....Key, O.
 John H. Moore.....Hickory, Pa.
 Elmer G. Woods.....Neshannock Falls, Pa.
 Edwin L. Eagleson.....London, Pa.
 Wilbur Service.....College Springs, Ia.
 James H. Gillilan.....East Brook, Pa.
 W. J. Williams.....Caledonia, N. Y.
 Jas. H. Moore.....Mercer, Pa.
 Jno. L. Mowry.....Mercer, Pa.
 Margaret H. Andrew.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Frances L. Thompson.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
 H. Russell Miller.....Allegheny, Pa.
 Carl H. Smith.....Empire, O.
 John L. McBride.....North Star, Pa.
 Fred G. Wright.....Carrollton, O.
 Armath H. Dodds.....Titusville, Pa.
 Hezekiah Gibson.....Clarksville, Pa.

Frank W. Stewart.....Connequenessing, Pa.
 Grace E. McClelland.....Glade Mills, Pa.
 Nannie Marshall.....Mars, Pa.
 Emma M. Marshall.....Dayton, Pa.
 Harry Smith.....North Clarendon, Pa.
 S. J. Shipley.....Mercer, Pa.
 Sara B. McLean.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
 H. C. Mitchell.....Pulaski, Pa.
 Homer C. Drake.....Voiant, Pa.
 James Chambers.....East Brook, Pa.
 Wilson L. Purvis.....Butler, Pa.
 Jennie Kraef.....Sheffield, Pa.
 Minta E. Mowry.....Mercer, Pa.
 David H. Curry.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 R. R. Littell.....Service, Pa.
 W. M. Owsley.....Youngstown, O.

Long is deeply interested in what he called "that new study—Telescopy."

One of the new students "mistook" the public school building for a church or cathedral but he soon took it back again.

The removal of "Perfection" and his room-mate from Brooklyn to the north side is much regretted by the ladies of the Hall.

"Breeze" is a western zephyr now; she and her sister are attending Galesburg College, Illinois, this year as it is much nearer their home.

The Greek department is now under Professor Morgan Barnes who after taking honors at Harvard in the languages, went to Germany to continue his studies. He taught very successfully in Grove City College for several years. It is fortunate for the future of Westminster that such a highly educated and polished linguist has been obtained to fill the Greek chair.

Miss Mary Kimball a graduate of Utica Conservatory of Music, is a member of the faculty now. She will teach piano, of which instrument she is a master. Miss Kimball was formally with Onancock Academy, Va., and has had experience, both as a teacher and as a musician, that will make her a valuable addition to the teaching force of the Conservatory.

The young gentlemen who stayed away from the Hall on Friday night, the 18th, need not have been afraid that they would lack Marshals to indicate the respective parlors, for the institution is well supplied this term.

The parable in the fourteenth chapter of Luke has been illustrated in the Lecture-room of the Science Hall. Some of the students reciting there sought the highest places at these feasts of learning but were called down and began with shame to take the lowest seats.

Chips and Shavings.

The most miserable of men is the liar who is not believed when he tells the truth.

Don't snub any one, not alone because they may far outstrip you in the race of life but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

Lillian Bell, a young authoress of Chicago, says that conversation with a man under thirty-five is impossible, "because he only talks."

Advice to students going out walking: If it looks like rain it is well to carry an umbrella; if it don't look like rain, by all means take an umbrella.

It makes my heart feel like a soggy biscuit to think of the great number of our steady-going citizens who go sky-larking immediately after lighting the fire with kerosene.

Mark Twain has said that it would have been five dollars in a certain man's pocket

if he had never been born but we think that it would be ten dollars in many a man's pocket if he never had one.

With the beginning of the college year comes the impressible Freshman whose open-mouthed astonishment and admiration during the first few days of school soon changes to an air of ownership highly entertaining to the veteran sophomore.

Alumni and College World.

Yale's course in modern novels has been abandoned by the Faculty.

E. Porter, '96, will attend a Medical school at New York.

Owens '95, is now a student of Allegheny Seminary.

There are over 200 college papers published in America.

Nevin '95, has been elected principal of West Sunbury Academy.

Cornell has organized a bicycle company which will be drilled in cavalry movements.

Stanford University boasts of the only college daily of more than four pages published in the U. S.

James McLaughry, '84, has been elected principal of the Sharon schools.

Ohio has more colleges than any other state in the union. Illinois comes next.

Yale annually buys \$7,000 worth of books for her library. Harvard expends \$15,000 for the same purpose and Columbia \$43,000.

The University of Wisconsin is probably the only college in the U. S. that has no chapel exercises.

Fourteen athletes won crowns at the Olympic games this year. Eleven of the winners were Americans, ten were Greeks, seven German, five French, three English, two Hungarian, two Austrian, one Danish, and one Swiss.

A National University under government control is to be established in China. The Faculty will consist of foreigners and the first president will be a former tutor of Li Hung Chang.

Athletics.

Wilhelm is going to play foot-ball this season. He ought to be good at "drop kicks" and will probably hit the line for a home run.

There is plenty of new material this year and if the team had a good man to coach them it ought to be a strong eleven.

This is the schedule for the season so far as it is completed: Oct. 10, Thiel at Westminster; Oct. 14, Hiram at Westminster; Oct. 24, Theil at Greenville; Nov. 2, Grove City College at Grove City; Nov. 7, Geneva at Westminster; Nov. 8, Geneva at Beaver; Nov. 17, Grove City at Westminster; Nov. 21, Hiram at Hiram; Nov. 25, W. & J. at Washington. Other games will probably be arranged later.

T. Willie Pierce and Guilford will play for W. U. P. this season.

There has not been as much base ball this fall as there was last.

W. J. Holmes, the new physical director is said to be a star basket ball player.

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WHAT constitutes oratory? It is not easy to say. Can we do better than to judge by the result? If a speaker holds the attention of an audience without a break in the interest, without weariness to any one in

a vast assembly, what will you call him? He may not charm or thrill by the tones of his voice or by pathetic incident related or by splendid imagery. His language may seem common place, neither striking nor elegant. He may be as ungainly as Lincoln as stately as Edward Everett, as swift as Phillip Brooks, as frisky as Gough. Whatever his personal characteristics, his graces or defects, if he can keep an audience subject to his will, hanging on his utterance by the hour, he is an orator.

THE time has come again for the "Relay Race," and it would not be amiss to recount its short history and to give the nature of the race. In the year 1894 the graduating class, desiring to give an impulse to athletics, offered a silver cup to be competed for each year by the Freshman and Sophomore classes in a two mile relay-race. Eight men are chosen from each class to compete in the race, each running a quarter of a mile. The first runners run their quarter, the second runners taking up the race at the end of the first quarter-mile, the third runners take the race at the end of the first half-mile, and so on until the eight runners complete the race. The first race was held by the class '96 and '97; the class of '97 won with ease. The second race was to be between the class of '97 and '98, but the class of '98 lost by default. Thus

the class of '97 held the cup for two successive years. The third race was held last year between the classes '98 and '99, and '98 carried off the honors! The Freshman class have now publicly challenged the Sophomore class to this race, and the Sophomore class have as publicly accepted the challenge. Who shall win the race? The class team that makes the most thorough preparation for the race.

THE members of the several Literary societies are rejoiced at the action taken by the faculty in regard to compulsory membership. During the past year, and also thus far in the present one, the joining of a literary society rested entirely with the student. This option has resulted not only in lessening the members, but also in the production of an inferior grade of work by those who are members. With the adoption, by the Societies, of the following action which was taken by the Faculty, may we not look, with confidence, for a revival of true society spirit.

COPY OF THE ACTION TAKEN BY THE
FACULTY.

1. All student shall be required to join a literary society who have completed the preparatory course or equivalent studies.

2. If any student is refused admission on application, the fact shall be reported by the society to the Faculty with reasons for such refusal.

3. No student shall be permitted to voluntarily withdraw from society without consent of the Faculty.

4. The Faculty shall be regarded as the court of appeal in all matters of dispute in which one third of the membership shall appeal from any action taken by the majority.

5. The secretaries of the societies shall be required to report to the Faculty those who during their term of office have been on program and have failed to perform.

INA M. HANNA,

Oct. 19, 1896!

Sec. Faculty.

IT IS A SAD, yet none the less incontrovertible, fact that very many of our students cruelly murder their English. If the members of the lower classes alone were guilty of this offence, it would not be so bad, but even amid the exalted assemblage of dignified Seniors are some who mar the beauty of conversation by using the discordant double negative. This is the effect of a two-fold cause: early environment and subsequent lack of observation and care.

In some homes, the mistakes in English of the parents are of such constant occurrence that it is hardly surprising when the children talk in the same incorrect way. But in college where the professors are supposed to be educated, cultured persons, learned, not only in the subject they teach, but above all, in English, and where many of the students talk correctly by nature, the continuing in this bad habit can only be attributed to carelessness and want of observation. It is at this point that the fault becomes reprehensible, for before, the blame was the parents, now, the student has opportunity for improvement if he wishes it and accordingly, is himself responsible for his own manner of speech.

This is another case in which "action determines structure" and if by careful, constant attention the habit of using pure English is acquired during this formative period of our lives it will be of inestimable value to us all the rest of our years.

For, after all, it is by your conversation that your education is judged. What does the casual acquaintance care whether you have read one book of Virgil or ten? When introduced to a person of culture, you would hardly have boldness enough to tire that one with a list of the—"ologies you had studied. You might, however,

try to make yourself agreeable, and the English that you would use, whether in discussing the latest war, or weather, would be taken as a criterion of your education.

The Mission of Ugliness.

Nature is a great web stretched between God and man, the weaver is unseen, but the very existence of the web, as well as the constant addition to it, reveal him as certainly, if not as clearly as though eye had seen him. As man sees only the wrong side, it is no wonder that to a careless observer, there seem to be so many imperfections in the pattern, and so many figures blurred. But a careful study of the web of nature, compels one to admiration amounting almost to awe; for he learns that of the countless millions, there is not one thread but has been spun with reference to its own particular place. In the language of Gregory: "As far downward and upward as the microscope and telescope will carry him, appear wonderful adaptations of organs to their special purposes—the eye responding to the light, the man rejoicing in the beauty and glory of the globe as made for his abode; systems upon systems of world circling in one great harmony in immensity.

What darkness is to light, what discord is to harmony, what pain is to pleasure, what sorrow is to joy, ugliness is to beauty, just as discord lends to harmony a sweeter sound, and pain gives to pleasure a keener enjoyment, so ugliness gives to beauty a double charm.

But ugliness has a nobler, grander, mission than this. Beauty is an "open sesame" to all hearts; she possesses a charm which has the power so to affect the mind that even her disagreeableness is charming,

and her wrong often becomes right, but woe unto ugliness if she does not always wear her sweetest smile, and perform her most commendable deeds. The result is that the natural desire for the approval of her fellow-beings has often led her to change her very nature.

It is said that Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI of France, was so homely and repulsive in childhood, that she was neglected even by her parents. Along with the rebellion in the lonely little heart against the fate that had made her so ugly, was the desire to be or do something that would make people blind to her ugliness. One day, in her dreams, she was a nun noted for her pious devotion, and loved for her charity; the next she was the maid of Orleans inspiring her soldiers with courage, and filling the enemies of her country with consternation.

In her restless discontent her ideal was changed from day to day. The homage paid the queen did not escape her observation, and she felt sure that if she were the queen her ugliness would be forgotten. She must be the queen. In the answer of the wise old friend to whom she told her ambition, she saw how her ugliness might be sunk in oblivion; and the restless, rude, ugly child was started on the course that made her "a queen" in mind and heart.

Whenever history speaks of her it is in language like this: "Although not beautiful, Elizabeth was peculiarly attractive and lovely. She was modest and timid in prosperity, but calm and courageous in adversity. Her character was spotless."

But it is not necessary to search history for examples. Who has not known persons whom accident or some misfortune had rendered actually repulsive, but whose pa-

tience, cheerfulness, kindness of heart and intelligence were as fascinating as they were surprising. This has been observed so frequently that the world, not seeing the hard battles in which self was overcome, is often heard speaking with reference to this very thing of the impartial hand with which nature bestows her gifts.

That is a form of ugliness which even innocence herself might wear; but certainly moral ugliness and physical ugliness which is the result of guilt have no mission in the world!

Do you see that old man lounging on the opposite corner by the saloon door? His ragged clothing seems a poor protection against the raw November wind; although his form is bent and feeble, he seems like one grown old in dissipation rather than years. Come up closer so that you can see his face. No wonder you shudder and turn away your eyes! The blood shot eyes in which infernal fires seem to burn, the bloated face, not seamed with lines of honorable care, but written all over with the record of his crimes are not pleasant to look upon. Then envy, malice, intemperance and brutality are plainly written, yet so closely entwined as to suggest so many serpents wrapped in each others coils until they appear as one indistinguishable, writhing, loathsome mass.

He rises and staggers into the saloon, to spend the little he has in drink, regardless of the fact that his children and the woman he swore to love and cherish are actually suffering from cold and hunger.

Listen! There is a disturbance inside, loud angry voices, a shot followed by the sound of a fallen body, another shot,—two men are found lying on the floor, dying in their own blood. The face of one of the

men is familiar yet somewhat changed, for murder and suicide have added what they could to its ugliness.

Surely a useless life! Yes, to himself, worse than useless; but did it accomplish nothing in the great plan of the universe? If not, this part of the creation of an all wise, all powerful hand was in vain. But why in vain? Cannot he who makes the wrath of man to praise him make this miserable life work to the accomplishment of some wise end? Useless! No, the very ugliness of such a face as well as of such a life and death is a beacon flashing light far out on the ocean of life warning the sailors of the dangerous rocks upon which his vessel was stranded, it is even as a great wind dashing back the innocent looking waves, and laying bare the very rocks themselves. We may never know how many saw the light, steered clear of the rocks and sailed safely by,—only the wrecks are reported.

Would you see the power and beneficence of the hand that created and controls the universe, mark the repulsion with which you look upon ugliness, then look abroad and see the physical and moral ugliness which are the sure result of the transgression of physical and moral law.

How much greater would be the temptation to transgress if observation and experience did not show that this thing we hate is sure to follow transgression. This ugliness is as a thorn along either side of the narrow path of right: harmless to one going straight forward, but even slight deviations are punished by scratches, and an attempt to leave the path is followed by tears and wounds the scars of which only grow deeper with old age.

Sachem and Warriors of the Class of '97.

As has been the custom from time immemorial for the class about to shuffle off this mortal coil of college life to call a friendly council with their successors, we have called you to meet us in friendly accord around this council fire to-night, and we are glad to see by your presence that our words were pleasing to your ears, and your hearts are like ours, inclined to peace and reconciliation. As intellectual warriors, we are about to leave these familiar hunting grounds of knowledge, there remaining here no more intellectual worlds for us to conquer, but instead of sitting down like Alexander, and weeping over our sad fate, we will go and seek conquests in other places, it may be in other lands. More than forty moons have waxed and waned since we came into existence as the Ne Plus Ultra class of Westminster. Since then our history has been full of brilliant achievements. I will not stop to recount them here to-night, for time would fail me—to find them. Suffice it to say: We came; we saw; we conquered.

We can remember how we watched you with pity and amusement as you developed from the protoplasm of Prepdom to green and verdant Freshmen—to wise and learned Sophs; and how our hearts ached for you as we saw the lines of care deepening on your brows, when, as Juniors, you began to find that there was something you didn't know. We have been held up as models for you to follow, but alas! you were not equal to it. We encountered in deadly conflict the bravest of the Latins, the noblest of the Greeks, and came off victorious, riding our martial ponies rough-shod over them all. We wrestled with the wisest of the philosophers, and we almost always

threw them, with little exertion—upon the study table, (for reviewing, we were never noted for that), and in the chase, whether in the open glades of the New Wilmington homes, or in the delightful hunting grounds over yonder on the hillside, we have been noted for our success. Many a lovely dear has fallen a victim to our powers, our skill with the bow, and our good looks. So great was our wisdom and our knowledge with reference to the deep things of college life, that in all the difficult questions which have arisen during the past year concerning the government of the College, we would have been willing to give advice had the Faculty and Board of Directors only asked us.

Nor is it hard to see the cause of our brilliant career when we come to consider the make-up of the class. Samson was a great man in his day and nation, but we have a "Bigger" man. The class has always had the strength and stability of Iron(s), and the consciousness of being on the side of (W)right as no other class in College had. Many of the useful occupations are represented among us, for instance we have a Miller, a Cooper, a Taylor, and a Porter. We carry with us wealth in the shape of a golden Boal, though sometimes our Boal has been broken, and two of our number will Gamble some, and we still have Moore of which we could speak.

But we are soon to leave these scenes in which the years of our college life have been spent—years made up of shadow and sunshine, pain and pleasure, hard work and restful recreation. We have had our rivalries and friendships; together we have here sought for knowledge and power to meet the conflicts of life and overcome the world, and though we may have let many a golden opportunity pass by unimproved, we have,

I feel sure, received an inspiration and forged weapons which will enable us to strike some blows that will be effective in glorifying God and benefitting humanity. A few brief hours and the farewells will be spoken. We will leave you in possession of these hunting grounds—hunting grounds for knowledge and the peaceful dear. Our paths which have met and run together here for a few uneventful, happy, college years, will diverge, no more to meet until all the diverging paths of human life meet in the great council chamber of the Eternal. Be that as it may, we shall ever cherish the sweet memories of our school days with you here, and of this, our last meeting with you around this council fire.

In the traditional love of the almost extinct Indian race we read that once there lived a peaceful and happy tribe on the banks of one of the beautiful rivers of North Carolina. A neighboring and warlike tribe made war upon them and drove them away from their homes and possessions. With sad and almost broken hearts they leave the home of their ancestors and their own, and take their march westward. For days and weeks they travel onward, through tangled woods and dismal swamps, over swollen rivers and rocky ridges, weary and discouraged; many of the aged and feeble lying down to die on the way. At last, tired and exhausted, they reach a beautiful valley abounding in game and fruits, and down which flowed a magnificent stream. Standing on its banks, as the sun is just gilding the beautiful scene with its setting rays, the old Sachem, the leader of the tribe, strikes his spear deep in the sand, exclaiming as he does so: "Alabama! Alabama! Here we rest! Here we rest!" Like that tribe, the class of '96, driven out

of these peaceful and happy possessions we have been enjoying, will soon take up our march through the great wilderness of life. Like those dusky sons of the forest, we may have many difficulties to overcome and discouragements to meet, dangers and hardships may beset us; some of us weary, discouraged and faint-hearted may fall by the way, but we trust, with the presence of God as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, to guide and protect us, we shall all reach at last those happy hunting grounds above where we will welcome you all as we welcome you here around the council fire to-night.

Sachem and Warriors of the Camp of '97:—You have heard our words of peace. They are the words of the Great Spirit who said: "It is not good that my children should be at enmity—that tribe should be arrayed against tribe. I have given them the hatchet and the knife that they may be brave and protect their honor, but I have also given them the good tobacco that they may together smoke the Pipe of Peace. Let my children hear and be at peace."

Thus spoke the Great Manitou and his words were sweet to our ears as the song of the rippling brook, or the voice of a maiden to her lover. Our hearts were softened and have turned to you in friendship, and you will see in the light of this council fire that our faces are the faces of friends and not of enemies. We extend to you our hands and say "Let us bury the hatchet and be at peace." And so, heeding the voice of the Great Spirit as it sounds in our ears, we, the warriors of '96, offer to you of '97, the Pipe of Peace. We have spoken. What say the hearts of our brothers?

L. M. WRIGHT.

The Novel as a Means of Education.

To-day when both pleasure and beauty are sacrificing at the shrine of usefulness; when the mighty Niagara cannot atone for her waste of power by her charming beauty although she costs the world not so much as a thought; it is most fitting that we ask of this suppliant, so gaily dressed, and who is so extravagant in human time and toil, "What offering bringest thou?"

It is sad that the good novel and the professedly bad must be classed under the same general name, but it would be contrary to the teachings of nature, to say that the bad destroys the good, for it rather protects it, as the burr the chestnut. This it does by promoting the investigation which divides all novels into three general classes—the harmful, the worthless, and the good.

Whatever serves to instruct, to make knowledge applicable, or to stimulate thought is a means of education, and this ransom the novel pays for its life.

In the first place a story of travel may be very instructive in regard to the customs of foreign countries at the present time, while the leading facts in history have been taught by historical fiction as much as by any other means. This is because the skillful writer makes the characters and the facts more real, by almost personal acquaintance with them. Are not some of the best known facts, in English history, those that have been made famous by Scott in his novels? Do we not know more about the social life of the different classes, in England, through Dickens than any other source.

As we are lead through art-encumbered Rome, by the hidden hand of Hawthorne, we think we see the wonders of art and the ruins of the Imperial City and we fully appreciate his criticism of sculptors for

representing their art in an indecent form. Nevertheless consistency still remains a 'jewel,' for, if modesty is one of the greatest elements of beauty; why did he not clothe his own characters in social purity?

Mrs. Jackson could not "lift that magic wand of magic power and the lost clew regain" * * *, but she had the power to write a very instructive book about some of the most cruel and revolting scenes in American history, and to keep it socially pure.

In many of these novels, the instruction in regard to fact is only the secondary object, yet the results are good.

There is another class whose scenes might be laid in mid-air, without any violence to the works. In these many of the authors carry out some of their ideas. They are sort of object lessons. Many times the occurrences are possible but highly improbable. Here the light and trashy novel can steal through the ranks the best, for it is easier to write in this than in any other style, and the distinction between the good and the worthless is less clearly drawn here than any where else.

Their chief educational value is to teach one to watch for opportunities and to apply some rule already learned. E. P. Roe is rich in this class of novels.

In the third place there are works of fiction that set the mind working and makes it decide for its self, which course is best to follow under special cases, and help to strengthen the mind by exercise. This is the greatest educational power the novel has.

These differ from the second division in that the events are real and the cause and effect are not brought out any more clearly than in real life. The fact that these have

been of no assistance to some, is no proof against them; for many do not read with this or any other end in view. Nevertheless a good novel of this kind will present questions of right and wrong to even the most careless reader, whether he answers them or not. Take for example: the question, known to every school-boy, as to whether Harvey Birch did right in concealing his identity at the risk of his life, has been noted by every reader of "The Spy" I suppose.

Many of the great masters who have conquered the other styles of writing have excelled in this also. So then many of the works which gave us the best examples before, are the best here.

There is a training in the use of words, to be gained from the novel, which is not to be over-looked. While novel reading will not give a first-class education; yet it is most certainly a means to this end. They might be called the laboratories of life where we have experience and see life somewhat as it is, where the principles are made our own.

R. E. G.

Keep Your Place.

Now is the time for the students of the various colleges to be going on the roads again. This is the state of affairs every fall season. Small as the passing of some students along the road may seem, that quality of the college, which for want of a better word we call decency, is to a great extent judged by it. There is nothing more strange than why students want everybody to know that they are students, unless it is the way they take to make it known. You who read this may not have been acquainted with the student who tore down sign-boards on his way to a party, and was

to pious to play "Wild Irishman" when he got there; but, knowing what you do, you cannot deny that such freaks exist. It seems to me it would be well for students to remember that the "old farmer" who looked upon students as little less than gods has come to be a very rare bird in this section. That girl whom you addressed as "Sissy" may have seen more of college than anyone of you. That old man whom you called "Daddie" may be a college graduate, and knows how very little even that means. But worse yet, that "Sonny" may be—not very likely to be sure, but you can't always tell—may be one of your fellow students, although you don't recognize him, and knows that you are a perpetual Prep.

M. C. W.

To Juniors.

O the depth of thought through which the Juniors' minds must pass in one brief year! O the great ideas and expressions which you may yet bring forth! Yet as we look on your already care-worn faces, methinks I ought to show to you some of the pitfalls of "Every Century," "Devoted Lives," "Silent Influences," "Freedom," and divers other denominations.

First: Don't be discouraged. Don't put off the evil day until next year. To be sure you have too much to do. We all had. Next year we will have more. We all have. And now this brings us to my second point. When you have passed through this first stage, just remember that it is vastly important what you say. You have all heard about that "one little word which, once started, goes on and on," disregarding all law, all decency, it hasn't a bit of sense, but just goes right through the whole shooting match. Again remember that this is

essentially an holiday exhibition, and what lunatic would spend time, money, or thought on a projectile for a Fourth of July celebration? A big blast is all you want. Fourth; Have a contest. I tell you what, there is nothing that develops one like a contest. Just think what the world would have missed if there had been no contests. There wouldn't have been any history, for there wouldn't have been any war. What would have become of all those old soldiers of Caesar and Napoleon? They might have had to go out and bump their heads against a stone—just to keep up the interest, you know. Again one never knows just how well he can do until he has been on a contest. If you lose, it makes no difference. You just find out how many friends you have. They all say, "I put you first." You may have heard the same ones telling the winner, "That was the way I had it fixed," but you know you should pay no attention to what you hear. Some of the points in this article may not agree, but don't think anything of that for, as I said before, if everything in this world had agreed, we would have had no contests, no war, "no nuthin'" in fact. — B. L.

Locals.

Miss T—would like anyone who knows to tell her how pumpkins are husked.

Its quite amusing to sit behind Owsley in class and chase flies toward his closely-cropped cranium.

If your "life" gets too high, work it off on some of the students; but, for any sake, keep your hands off the furniture.

A favorite pastime—"Opening a Chestnut Burr."

Mr. John Bigger, '97, is revisiting New Wilmington.

Miss Mayme Turner visited her home at Wilkinsburg a few days recently.

Miss McK—is so truly Irish that she prefixes Mc. to everything even her fate.

We are sorry to note that Miss Florence Williams has gone home on account of illness.

Heard at a foot-ball game. How many halves are in a game, anyhow? When will they throw the ball over those posts?

How doth the little busy "B" (erry)
Now smooth each downy hair
And after every scrimmage, hastes
To feel if it is there.

The truth of this formula has been proved quite often: The length of the engagements varies inversely as the square of the depth of the emotion.

A ladies quartette has been organized at the Hall and under Prof. Hahn, is progressing rapidly.

After Prof. DeMotte's lecture, Miss K— had her fingers badly blistered. Whether this was the effect of the caloric, thermal, or, to speak simply, the igneous quality of her escorts' hirsute adornment or not is not known.

One of the boys that tore down the colors in Philo Hall the night of the Junior reception, was heard remarking, "This hurts my conscience."

If sixteen boys can eat half a gallon of apple butter at one meal, how long will it take them to consume twenty-two gallons provided that they are not over come by the monotony of the same?

Miss Alice Elliott has been absent a few days visiting her brother, who is practicing medicine at Emsworth, Pa.

The first Chapel speech of the year on Saturday morning was much appreciated. Rev. Smiley graduated here 1879.

The members of Psychology class and of the different bible classes have considered themselves very fortunate this term.

Students are anxiously waiting for the decision of the faculty regarding the compulsory joining of the literary societies.

Mr. Henry Gill, a former student of our College, has been elected assistant language teacher in Muskingum College.

A certain young lady in College very much prefers being sought to seeking. As a consequence therefore, she is very much "sot."

Rev. Quincy A Hamill, who graduated at Westminster in 1892, died at his home near Indiana, Pa., October 3, of consumption.

It has been remarked by one of the Hall girls that Mr. H. Russell Miller is so full of music that part of it even wells forth in his pleasant "How de do."

A dream of future Sabbath morning, announcements, Protosubjuniors at 3; Juniors at 4; Young People at 6:30; and Methuselahs Wednesday night at 7:30.

Prof. De Motte was greeted by a large and eager audience on the evening of the first entertainment of the 96-97 course, and he did not disappoint his hearers with his new lecture. Some parts of it were scientific, yet clear and intelligible, and the moral tone and common sense pervading the whole lecture could not fail in having a wholesome and lasting effect for good.

A union meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.'s was held on the second Tuesday of October and the reports of the delegates to the Northfield conference read, Miss Rena Miller's report contained the gist of four addresses, two by Robert E. Speer, one by R. A. Torry, of Chicago, and one by Dr. McKinzie. An interesting sermon by Dwight L. Moody on the "Second Coming of Christ" was mentioned by Miss Slemmons in her report. This doctrine of the Premillennial Coming of Christ is becoming more wide-spread every year and among those believing in it are some of the best Bible students of the day.

Remarks of those going to Junior-Freshman reception, overheard on the way:

"Isn't this a nice night?"

"Don't you like it? Oh I do ever so much."

"Be prepared for a bucket of water. I'm afraid the Senior girls have it in for us."

"So far on the way and nothing has happened yet."

"The first nice night this week. Oh the gods are just beaming on us!"

"They are up to something all right."

"It must be in the air. I can smell it here too."

"We have the smartest class in College."

"We locked our door. I guess they'll not get into our room."

(Same girl, a few hours later.)

"Oh Georgie, those windows?"

"Oh I'm so glad we're having such a nice night."

"I hope you get back with your life and in time for supper."

The leader of the chapel choir was gloomy and sad because one of his altos was absent.

W. J. Stewart quoting Prof. DeMotte, "In the 'West' Where the Sun is going down is the girl I 'May' love."

Two persons discussing a topic at the recent Junior-Freshman reception.

He—"You'll have to tell me all about it. I don't know anything."

At the close of the three minutes.

He (again.) "I haven't received a single new idea.

She (in her dreams a few hours later.) "I think he's perfectly horrid."

There is a pretty good story going the rounds, the authenticity of which is well vouched for. When Mr. S—— went to the Hall, the night of the Junior-Freshman reception, instead of ringing the bell and telling Milton whom he wanted, in the customary manner, he happened on a new way, in the fertility of his imagination. Bolting into the parlor, where two young gentlemen were making their usual Friday evening, pastoral calls, he invited one of the young ladies to kindly climb o'er the stairway and inform his lady that he was waiting to escort her to the scene of the festivities. By the combined efforts of the criers and the callees, the information was slipped in among Mr. S's cogs that he must go through certain formalities, and he was directed to the electric button. He played with this for such a time and so effectively that Milt hurried to the scene of action in much agitation and was exasperated to find only a silvery-toned young man inquiring for an inhabitant of the upper regions. Milt went up-stairs to obey his bidding; S—— waited. The time seemed long. He thought, "She comes not, I will ring

again." Going to the door, he played with the electric button the second time. When Milt came and found the same young man playing with the same bell in the same frolicsome way, he was vexed and thought tempestuous thoughts, and going below he began to scheme how he might entrap and slay this young man.

The Junior and Freshman classes are considered allies in the class war, and, to strengthen this friendship, the '98's decided to give a reception to the class of 1900. The gods were propitious in granting a perfect night for the affair, and though not all the members of either class were present, those who were, had a very pleasant time. The toasts after the refreshments, were very bright and witty. When these were finished, there remained only a few moments for the singing of the college songs that always rouses the enthusiasm of the student. That the purpose of the reception was accomplished is known from the hearing of the vows of eternal brother and sisterhood that were registered as the homeward way begun to be wended.

Music and Art.

The ladies of the Hall have organized a quartette and are making good progress. It is hoped they will appear at some of the recitals of the Conservatory during the year.

The chorus class this year is a strong one, numbering over fifty members and will probably give a fine concert during the fall or winter.

A Male Quartette has been organized. A feature much needed and appreciated in any College.

Before another issue of the "Holcad" Prof. Hahn will have inaugurated a choir to lead the music in chapel services on Sabbath evenings.

Our art teacher, Miss Linnie Hodgen, spent the summer in New York City copying some of the masterpieces in the Metropolitan Museum. One of her pictures she has already sold for two hundred dollars. The picture is copied from one by Schenk named "Lost," and represents a flock of sheep lost in a whirling, blinding snow storm. In the front ground are a few of the sheep huddled together; some have given up all hope, one is desperately struggling—they are indeed lost—In the distance a woman is clinging to a wayside cross. The original is said to be the finest sheep picture in the United States and the Museum critics pronounced Miss Hodgens' copy to be the finest they had ever seen.



Q. A. Hamill '92, died on the third day of this month.

R. E. Owens '94, has entered Allegheny Theological Seminary.

One sixteenth of the college students of the U. S. are studying for the ministry.

The University of Virginia begins its seventy-third session with nearly six hundred students.

All the other nations combined cannot equal the individual gifts to education in the U. S. in recent years. It reaches more than \$75,000,000 in America.

Cambridges has an annual revenue of \$1,500,000.

Principal M. G. Benedict of Edinboro has accepted the chair of Pedagogy in State college.

The Normal Schools seems to be well attended. The Northern Indiana Normal school opened the fall term with an attendance of 2,800.

The students in a Scotch university have the power of impeaching a professor before the university court and of forcing his dismissal if they can prove that he neglected his duty to the university.

It is reported that there is a movement in foreign colleges to have Greek read and pronounced as it is in Greece to-day. The movement began in Greece but has spread quite rapidly. Russia has signified her willingness to adopt the plan and the Grecian ambassadors at Paris and Berlin have made overtures to the French and German government that were favorably received.

The 150th anniversary of the College of New Jersey is to be observed Oct., 20-22. Its popular name has been Princeton College but its legal and popular name is to be Princeton University. The college is thirty years older than the Declaration of Independence and when the Declaration was made, two of its alumni signed it. In 1783 Congress met in Nassau Hall and for a time Princeton was the Capital of the Nation. The University to-day consists of the old college, schools of science and electrical engineering, laboratories, museums, observatories, library and other departments. It is rumored that during the anniversary new endowments of at least \$1,500,000 will be made.

Athletics.

Westminster has won two games from the New Castle Y. M. C. A., team this year. The score of the first, played on our own grounds, was 12—0. There was a pretty good crowd of spectators considering that it was the first game of the season but it is to be hoped the attendance will increase later. The eleven went to New Castle to play the Second game on Oct. 6th. It was a disagreeable day and in the second half the rain became so heavy that it was agreed to stop the game not, however, before a touch-down had been made and goal kicked, making the score W. C. 10. New Castle 0.

Thiel has a much better and heavier team this year than any they have brought here before. At the end of the first half, when the score stood 6—0 in Thiel's favor, the outlook was decidedly gloomy, but we still have the satisfaction of knowing that we haven't been beaten yet. Taggart made a touch-down shortly after play had commenced in the second half and Wilhelm kicked goal, tying the score. It requires some time to make a touch-down against a team as strong as Thiel's, and neither side scored again before the end of the game.

Mr. Holmes is well liked in the gymnasium and both classes are doing good work. Miss Hauna has charge of the girls' class.

The 3rd. Prep's vanquished the Sophomores in a closely contested game of baseball by a score 4—3. Degleman pitched for the Soph's and Marshall for the Prep's.

Johnny Bigger played left end for Westminster in the Thiel game. It was his first game this season but he managed to get into some of the scrimmages.

Berry was pretty well crippled in the game with the Lutherans but has been able to hobble around with the help of a cane.

The relay race between the Freshman and Sophomores will probably be run the latter part of this month.

Exchanges.

Politics and foot ball have a place in the college papers this fall.

On Oct. 20-22 Princeton University will celebrate its 150th anniversary.

The Washington Jeffersonian contains a well written story of life, under the title "The Music of the Sea.,,

Profit by the experiences of to-day and thus make the past mould and fashion the future into a more complete realization of the high ideals we build.—Ex.

THE MODERN CRAZE.

The foot-ball man is now the craze,
With his long and shaggy hair,
With his padded suit in dirt to root.
With blood to spill and spare,

He has guards on his legs and muffs on
his ears,
And a covering for his nose,
As he dives in the game for glory and fame,
And slaughters his college foes.

Then here's the lad who's the latest fad,
Who's out for blood and gore,
May he vanquish his foes by kicks and blows,
For that's what he's living for.

FOR BOYS ONLY.

The following is for boys only! The young ladies are requested to pass it when reading the paper. It is reversed in order that no mistake may be made.

—Exchange.
Is just the thing there sure to see.
A thing that isn't meant for them
'To show how foolish girls will be.
This verse is just a little guy,

Have you read that editorial in the October Ladies Home Journal "The Girls are in the Way"? Well don't miss it. It would be worth reading even if you had to dig it out of the Latin with an unpagged dictionary.

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THE HOLCAD.

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NOVEMBER 1896.



For the benefit of an inquisitive public; the HOLCAD desires to announce its standing in politics. The staff is composed of two Democrats, two Republicans, and four Prohibitionists. Hence we have avoided all political discussion.

It is a lamentable fact, but true just the same, that class-mates may pass four long years of their college life in the same class room and under the same professor, and may then separate without having received the "formal introduction."—so called. Is this not a shame? Can we not remedy it? Let the backward "have sand enough" to place themselves in a favorable circumstances for the making of acquaintances. Let the acquainted be courteous enough to introduce the unacquainted.

It is seldom that in so short a time a college sustains a loss such as in the Providence of God has fallen to the lot of Westminister. During the past year two beloved teachers—characters which exerted a mighty influence for good, not only upon the students, but upon all with whom they came in contact—finished their work and were called to their reward. Scarcely had we realized our loss, in the death of Professor John Mitchell, when the tolling of the chapel bell on the morning of Wednesday October 21st., announced to us the death of Professor S. R. Thompson. It had been known that the end was near and this intelligence but added depth to the sorrow of sympathizing hearts. The next issue of the HOLCAD will be devoted to an account of Professor Thompson's life, especially as connected with Westminister College.

YOU DON'T know how to study, don't you? Well it is time you would begin to learn. Read that page slowly, so as to understand every sentence. Read it a second time if necessary. Then shut your eyes or withdraw them from the page and see how much you can recall. Keep on trying if you do fail or work slowly. Facility comes by exercise and you will be able to recall with ease and readiness after you have disciplined yourself for a season. Don't be discouraged if it is not as easy as sleeping in the morning. But hold on and your reward is sure. The energetic will is after all the chief reliance of one who wishes to study well and reap the reward of excellent scholarship.

THE first thing a young man or woman needs to learn in order to be a successful student is how to study. To fix the mind on the page or problem seems very easy. But it means resistance to the invasion of thoughts of a hundred other things beyond the lesson. "I wonder what they are doing at home. How can our team stand up against Geneva, I wonder. I must go to see John about that essay of mine. I wish I hadn't said that mean thing to Jerusha Jane. Wasn't that a pretty tune we learned the other day?" Thus the mind goes wool-gathering, unless it is held in the grip of a resolute will. Get up and shake yourself loose from these diverting fancies and then pin yourself down to business. Stay with your books not only in body but in mind.

IF COLLEGE life were to be judged by the amount of space it occupies in our news paper columns, the inevitable conclusion

must be reached, that the occupation of student life is essentially with athletics. Those who have been privileged a college education can testify to the falsity of such a statement; but, on the contrary, those who have been denied this privilege, and who can judge of college life only through our daily press, might justly hurl such a statement at the colleges and universities of our land. But, is college life essentially athletic? Do athletics hold the chief place in the mind of the student? We say, No! It is the continual digging, and pecking away after intellectual treasures, that essentially constitute college life. The true worth of a college consists in the fact that it fosters such a spirit. It is a fact, that athletics occupy a part of college life, but he, who holds that college is nothing more than athletics, is in possession of a false idea.

THE FOOT BALL season of '96 has just closed, It has left us experiences which should aid us materially in the future. While our team has not been as successful as we might have hoped, having won three games, tied one and lost three, yet the results, were not altogether, discouraging. With abundance of good material we should have had a winning team. Individually our players compared favorably with those of any College team in Western Pennsylvania, but our great weak point was in team work. A competent man to coach the team from the start would have strengthened it in this respect and improved the work of each man by showing him how his position should be played. Another help to the first team would have been a hard practice game against a good scurb team three or four times a week. Last year, the scurbs were

out almost as often as the regular men and that, too, from the beginning of the season to the close. The result was not only that the second team helped the first team by their practice but that they were in better practice and condition to act as subs., when needed. This year's experience must be a lesson to us. Winning teams in foot-ball, base ball and track athletics are not merely a satisfaction to the students, they are, we believe, a necessity in the continued development of a College. The athletic standing of an institution of learning often exerts an influence in turning students in its direction; for, supposing that two colleges offered educational advantages of equal merit, something is needed often-times to throw the balance in favor of one or the other. This 'something' is as often as not the excellent record of the "team." Now that this year's foot ball is over, arrangements should be begun and plans laid for such a foot-ball team that next season we shall be undisputed champions of Western Pennsylvania, at least.

OUR Y. M. C. A., meetings, on Tuesday evenings in the College Chapel, are interesting and instructive and stimulating to those of us who attend regularly. For some reason or other only a few avail themselves of the privileges thus afforded. We would urge upon all students, who have hitherto neglected these meetings, to identify themselves with us and help us. Fellow students, we need your presence to encourage us. "There is inspiration in a crowd." You need to attend for your own profit; to catch the spirit of the Master, to feel the presence of God. We want to provoke each other to better service; to realize that "we are saved to serve." There are a

goodly number whose names grace our association roll and who pay their term dues who think that their responsibility there ceases. But does it? It certainly does not. Is not every man's example photographed and imitated? Let Tennyson's words answer: "I am part of all that I have met." "We can only be prepared to determine aright the other matters which call for decision, when we have made the great decision." Hence our Savior's urgent entreaty to seek God's Kingdom first. Now is the time to begin to serve God in this College if you have never done so before. This is the time to put the yoke of Christ upon your necks, and to break yourselves in for lives of usefulness. This is the time to put yourselves into wholesome environments. Especially would we urge upon new students to join us and get started in right grooves while their college habits are being determined and settled and their companions being chosen. Alexander, being asked how he had conquered the world, replied: "By not delaying." Let every student who reads these lines make a covenant with himself not to procrastinate further; but let him be at our first meeting and take some part in the service.

Fields of Stubbles.

The summer sun shines down upon a field of grain, over which the breezes blow, making great waves of light as they blend on the golden surface.

It is harvest and the grain has been reaped, leaving only a field of stubble over which the grass-hopper flits and sings and golden-winged butter-flies move slowly to and fro.

Yet up from the gleaming waste of

stubble are discerned stocks of thistle telling all too truly of the tares which had been sown with the wheat and after the harvest is past the weeds grow steadily on and on their blighting influence is seen in each furrow though only the straw is there.

Did the sower know of the bad seed mixed in with his golden grain? Whether ignorance or indifference characterized the seed time, the harvest was the same. How well the figure of the sower applies to life. We are all sowing seed which we expect to reap, not at the close of life only, but each day. This law is universal and there is no chance or anarchy in the universe. As we transgress the laws of health we sow for a time to the wind, seeds which we shall reap in a whirl-wind of ill health and impaired faculties which no longer perform their functions.

Only as we overcome mental inertia or miscellaneous activity and concentrate our grand object, carefully sifting the seed as we sow, watching that no seeds of indolence and dissipation are mixed with those of concentration and discipline, shall we reap a harvest of opportunities improved and powers acquired.

If we have hidden with the good, the seeds of evil for the winds of ignorance and indifference to scatter, when the Harvester comes to gather the golden grain the sinful and selfish will all be found and bound into the self-same sheaf where the best of our efforts lie.

But over life's field of stubble when the reaper has gone, shall the secret sins we have nourished and cherished down in the hearts deep evil spring into being and, with a rapidity of growth that would be a surprise to the sower, blossom and mature,

the ripened seed, not only falling to the ground to bring forth a more abundant harvest in your own hearts, but carried broadcast by the wind into other fields into other hearts, and among the golden grain of other lives will be found the tares.

We do not recognize this. He into whose heart the seed has fallen does not recognize the presence of the bad seed as it mingles with the precious grains of truth, but He who watches the slightest details of life notes each seed as it falls and knows whence it comes.

Oh! that the old, old lesson of responsibility for others were conned over and over until we knew it so thoroughly that never again would we permit the breezes to waft from our harvest field the tiny seeds of thoughts and acts that blossom and ripen into habits; again the seeds fall and character is the harvest, still again and destiny confronts us—the fruit of character.

Thus care and pains-taking become us in the choice of seed which falls in our own hearts.

Many of the rarest flowers grow not in the field of nature unless planted by the hand of God, watched by divine eyes and tended by angelic hands, and yet we start at the plough when it makes deep furrows in the soul; it is but eradicating the tares springing up among the wheat.

"He is no idle husbandman. He purposeth a crop."

"Let us speak truly and each word shall be a fruitful seed.

Let us think truly and our thoughts shall the world's famine feed.

Let us live truly and our lives shall be a great and noble creed"

LAURA MCCLURE.

A Human Author.

The self-made man is the idol of to-day and his name is legion. From poverty to wealth, from degradation to culture, from a scoffer to a preacher of righteousness is the most popular biography of the present. Nevertheless, even to this there should be a limit. When men will vaunt themselves that they have been down to the depths of crime, and now are sanctified, when they will even stoop to magnify their own difficulties, that they may be fondly called self-made, surely modesty has turned to shame and shame has hid her face.

When a pendulum swings as far as it can, it seeks again its equilibrium. Common sense may sway from the exact truth, and fancy that wrong is right; but it will return again. If it be true that Lincoln was a better man because of his flat-boat experience, does it follow that he might not have been so good a man under different circumstances? It is popular nonsense to assign all virtue to the self-made man so-called. What then makes a man of virtue? Lincoln was such a man. Did poverty do it? John B. Gough became such a man. Did vice make him so? Is not every man who makes a true success in life in a just sense self-made? Some indeed may not have had to face poverty nor crime, but the temptations of the rich are great; and their virtues are none the less real.

The life of Oliver Wendell Holmes adds one more proof of the fallacy of this thread-bare theory. He, born into a minister's family, educated at Harvard, loved and respected by two continents, surely he did well to thank God for his advantages. But could these alone have made him what he was? Has paint ever made walnut out of

pine, though it be applied by the most skillful hand?

In boy hood he showed an inclination to versification, which developed with his years. As poet of the class of '29 in Harvard he wrote some very pleasing poems which, though they may not be of permanent interest, have already far outlived the hour for which they were intended. "Old Ironsides" was but the voice of a student, yet the nation heard it. In no other sphere perhaps has he shown his courage more than in that of poet. He doubtless knew that tradition says that a poet to be great must dream of faries, ghosts, or goblins; or picture angels, or even gods notwithstanding man's liability to put a number ten shoe on them all. A verse that has such a common-place theme as man may not be as "fine" as a dream of shades, but is likely to touch more human hearts. The eagle is a noble bird to be sure, but she does not materially affect the egg market. It is true that Holmes' imagination was not so mysterious as some; but if he has helped a man he has done something, though he cannot claim rank with a poet who has created a devil.

He has served the world in many ways—as a scientist, poet, and lecturer. Few men have had so wide a range of activity, and none have been more diligent in any department. As a teacher, he was kind, exact and careful; ever trying to better his fellowmen.

But great as may have been his usefulness as a teacher or a physician, it has been greater still as a writer. Only the favored few could hear his instruction; but his books have found no limit but that of civilization. In early life he was known as a writer of pleasing and patriotic verse; but

when Lowell took charge of the "Atlantic Monthly" he laid claim to Doctor Holmes as a contributor saying: "He will do something that will be felt. He will be a new power in letters." And time has verified his words.

In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," the writer makes himself one of a company gathered at the breakfast table in a boarding house, each with his own thoughts and peculiarities. It introduces a new idea into literature. Away with the impression that interest must be kept up at the expense of truth! No more of the fancy that the hero must be found in the very dungeon of difficulty, every step taking him lower until when he has reached the utmost depth the tide turns; and the eagle in the azure cannot rise like one of these.

Many younger writers have imitated this style of writing and failed, only proving the master hand that guided the first attempt. Full well might they fail! The dew drop may glisten in the sun just as beautifully as the diamond, but in a moment it is gone. Words cannot take the place of ideas. The man who makes no mistake in science, and always gives sound advice cannot be deprived of a lasting influence. As long as his books are read, men will be stirred to action by his brilliant thoughts, and writers will see that the scholar has a high place in literature.

Holmes has been called an egotist by many—chiefly those envious of his fame. However this is undoubtedly false. His success lay in his power to describe real things and real actions as they appeared to him and not to tell, as Edward Everett Hale says, "of what somebody has said that somebody else has noticed that some-

body else has observed." He gives little at second hand, but every little is real and life-like, picturing humanity in a human way. We honor the man who dares to search out truth, and teach it to others; keeping silent unless he has something to say. He may have talked about himself, but he has not done so in an egotistical manner.

He can scarcely have realized the influence his choice of the medical profession would have upon his whole life. To those who saw him yonder in the dissecting room as he bent all his powers to the wonderful mechanism of the human body he did not seem the fanciful poet whom the nation loved, much less the romantic novelist, yet his writings with one voice tell of their author's calling. His theory of atavism was ever uppermost in his mind as a novelist; and the "Guardian Angel" is believed to be his best work of fiction, though not the most popular. He has sacrificed part of his fame in endeavoring to teach this principle.

In all his works he displays a marked degree of wit, mingled with sound sense. You may search his entire works and never find one note of that doleful strain found in many poets. He, like Goldsmith, sang of friends and home. But yet how differently. Goldsmith, looking as from a ruined castle, saw only the weeds of misery and woe. Through his poetry runs a vein of sadness the wail of a broken heart.

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green."

He saw no hope, no joy, only desolation and despair. How like his life! He was only the wreck of what he might have

been. No wonder he told the sad story of defeat.

Not so with Holmes. He was ever a man to go ahead and do something, and, as age came upon him, it found him not idle, but striving to keep in the fore-front of his profession. He kept himself in sympathy with the world by laboring with it. The success promised to the diligent man had attended his labors. He saw in the tearing down of the Old Gambrel-Roofed house, not destruction, but the march of progress. Life to him had been in a measure happiness, and he passed it on to others. His later works contain the same life and freshness as his earlier.

"For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
Turn to the records where his years are told,
Count his gray hairs they cannot make him old."

From boyhood to old age he had labored, planned and succeeded. When he spoke, he knew that the nation listened; and when he closed his port folio, the people trembled knowing that it must soon be for the last time.

"Year after year beheld the silent toil." Yet he built grandly on. Never satisfied with what he had attained, he truly "left the past years dwelling for the new." Surely the "heavenly message" brought by him should come near to every heart.

"But'd thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll?
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heav'n with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

In every thing he showed his sympathy for humanity. He spoke from the heart hoping to reach the heart. The world will not readily let die his expression of pity for those that know not the medium of song.

"O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till death pours out the cordial wine
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses,
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pain were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
Assad as earth, as sweet as heaven."

How shall we paint our hero's portrait!
The professor, the poet, the patriot must be
blended into one, and seen in this our own
beloved Holmes.

"Thoughtful in youth, but not austere in age;
Ca'm, but not cold, and cheerful though a sage:
So gently blending courtesy and art,
That wisdom's lips seem'd borrowing friendship's heart.
Taught by the sorrows that his age had known
In other's trials to forget his own.
As hour by hour his lengthening day declined,
A sweeter radiance shined o'er his mind.
Cold were the lips that spoke his early praise,
And hushed the voices of his morning days
Yet the same accents dwell on every tongue,
And love renewing kept him young."

R. E. G.

"The Ladder of St. Augustine."

If we pause to-day and look backward through the years of our lives, then peer forward contemplating the misty future, until the magical door bars our feeble vision, we see that we are moving along a way that will soon bring us to our eternal rest. Whether to-morrow or to-morrow many years removed, the time is not long ere the great door will open once more and close forever, for we know our days are like the grass that lives to-day but to-morrow is cut down.

This past, present and future are as a ladder to us, raised from the cradle to the grave. We are placed upon it when as children we open our eyes to know the great world and our minds to realize the constant struggle in which we must engage as we climb. Longfellow says of St. Augustine's simile.—

"St. Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each seed of shame."

Every event of to-day, the temptation conquered, the evil thought vanquished, is a round in our ascent.

Inherent in every man is a judiciary, the conscience, and it is by this judge that man is rightly ruled and enabled to rule the world. Along with this and almost inseparable from it is the instinct which is always directing and inspiring man to something higher than his present condition. It is this that makes it possible for us to climb to the heights of great men. It was only by devotion to his duty and to the people that Washington won the love and honor of America, not by malice and low designs did he lead the colonists through their struggle for independence.

Youth is full of enthusiastic hope and lofty ambition, but perhaps while life is yet young some low and unworthy longing may steal almost unawares into the soul, and weaken—yea even crush the nobler impulses until the dreams of youth are looked upon with irreverence and regarded as only fancies and illusions. How many such rulers as Nebuchadnezzar, such poets as Poe, have been plunged into the very valley of humiliation by their vices instead of conquering them and using the strength then gained as rounds of a ladder to heights beyond.

The great eagle soars through the air with the motion of an arrow; upward as far as fancy may carry him do his wings bear him; the gay singing lark mounts aloft until his sweet-toned song seems to float from the very ethereal portals beyond the blue heavens, the swift flying swallow seeks his home 'ere he feels autumn's first chilling

breath. We have no wings; we cannot choose our heights and soar to them like the king of birds to his nest upon the highest rocks ledge. Wings are for birds, and poets say for Angels; but feet are for men to tread down the briars of discontent and trample the thorns of temptation: thus one step at a time do we mount to the heights of our ambitions.

It is little by little, line upon line that the artist brings forth the idea of his picture—not at once. Only after unrelenting toil does his design begin to appear. It may be a long time before he will have accomplished his task, but when it is completed, if it be well done he has proven that the end crowns the work—"For his picture will adorn the walls of some stately gallery long after the painter has mouldered back to earth." The great pyramids of Egypt were hewn from massive rocks only by constant chiseling and hammering. These immense columns are moments of labor, skill, and patience, and upon careful search they reveal one great flight of stairs which no devastation of time can shatter.

The mighty Alps, with their lofty peaks piercing the very heavens were long considered impassible. But it has been proved that the will of man may conquer even the barriers of nature; as when Napoleon said: "There shall be no Alps" or when Hannibal fought his way over their rugged snow-capped peaks and found what seemed an impassible mountain side was provided with pathways which appeared when their levels were reached. We consider difficulties from afar as insurmountable, but as we draw near we see that some hand has made paths for our feet, and we have only to conquer self and follow in them. Our leader will never guide us to steeps we cannot climb if

we will but preserve.

How many weary nights have been spent in toil, how often has mid-night oil burned low for such as Byron, Shakespeare or Webster, who toiled while others slumbered and we all know the result.

Some one has said: "Learning is a wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young and a support to the aged." We all know that knowledge is gained by daily lessons from the time the little one lisps its first syllable until old age murmurs its last prayer.

While some climb over down-trodden sins and with a high purpose to lofty heights others take less noble steps to an inferior station. The humble Puritans little dreamed that they were the first seed of a nation to come which would be renowned as the guardian of freedom and justice, to which the world would bow its haughty head. They stood too long a dependent, oppressed people, but when once they threw aside unjust rules and rulers and raised their bowed heads to the free heavens, how soon they found the path to higher destinies before kept veiled. The sooner the chains of habit are broken the sooner we can aspire to a better standard. We will not consider the irrevocable past as wholly wasted if from its depths may come to us echos of warning.

Though many opportunities may have been wasted, yet from fragments we may build upon the wreck something nobler and attain heights beyond our aspirations. And thus when the last sun of life is setting we can feel that though life may be a long ladder we have reached the top-most round and have raised from out the ruins our Bethel. Then as we have climbed laboriously the ladder of St. Augustine to its

top we are wholly prepared to ascend the ladder of eternity. Yet we know the truth of these lines:—

"Only in dreams is a ladder thrown,
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls,
But the dreams depart and the vision falls
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone,
Heaven is not gained by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

T. F.

Westminster Stories.

In these sketches of student life the reader must understand that the real names of the characters are not given. In many instances, it would be not only useless but harmful, to mention the names of those who took part in the pranks which all but a very few people have forgotten and forgiven.

I.

HIS IDEAL.

Winston met her in the winter term of his senior year. The introduction came through his cousin who belonged to the same literary society, the old Alethean, and she had confided to his cousin, that she had admired him for a year before. I had almost forgotten to give her name. It was Janet Palmer. She came from Venango county, near Franklin. Her father's farm had oil under it and she was the best (and most sensibly) dressed girl in the college.

Winston was attracted to her from the first. He belonged to a wealthy family himself and his parents encouraged him toward high ideals. Janet suited him. She studied hard and stood close to the head of the class. She had the ability to shine either as a conversationalist or as a housekeeper, and he was sure his mother

and father too, would approve of such a daughter. She belonged to the Sophomore class and he didn't see the necessity for proposing marriage and having the whole matter arranged before she graduated, especially as he would the next year be a tutor in College and hadn't yet thought so very seriously about settling down for life. So the great Commencement season came and passed into history. He was awarded the second honor in the Classical Course and delivered the Greek Salutatory in the best possible style. He knew his sweetheart liked him and the thought helped him more than you would believe.

In the fall term, Janet didn't return. She was in poor health, came the reports to her most intimate friends. Winston, poor fellow, had counted so much on seeing her back at the winter term, that he hadn't even kept up a correspondence with her during the summer vacation. He was surprised that she wasn't back but thought she would return by January. He was very busy with his tutoring and the time passed on.

In December he was more surprised. She had been married the day before Christmas to a young Presbyterian preacher who met her during the summer and knew the true worth when he saw it, even if he didn't lay claim to great powers of discernment. They were stationed in a country charge and were satisfied with the work and with one another.

Winston tutored Westminster's sons and daughters two years and gave the best satisfaction. He believed, however, that he was getting old before his time and was not in the best line for worldly or spiritual advancement. He went to a distant city and entered the practice of the law. For-

tune favored him but he is a bachelor still. The old love of that senior year clings to him yet. He knows she is well enough situated, now, in a city congregation and with a family of boys and girls as promising as the average preacher's children. He wonders, has she forgotten him, and is she glad of the decision which placed her in the position of pastor's wife.

No, she hasn't forgotten him and more than once she has said to herself "It might have been," but, then, Winston seems to be a confirmed old bachelor now, and he can't just be sure whether he would have been wiser to have made terms with Janet back in that glorious spring term so many years ago, or whether it was as well that she, his one ideal (whose memory is with him still,) met that honest Presbyterian preacher during the summer vacation and was married that day before Christmas at her father's Venango county home. He hopes, he tells me, that she is happier and better the minister's wife than she ever could have been with him.

He says he's sure she was the best girl he ever met and her influence will always bless and brighten his life.

Unorthodox.

The death of George Du Maurier, author of "Trilby" and "The Martian" on October eighth, caused quite a sensation in the world of letters. His chief feature was that he was not orthodox—whatever that means to you.

An entertainment by the Mozart Symphony Club was furnished in the Second Church on Monday evening, Nov. 2. The music was of a high order, and was heartily enjoyed by all.

Judges.

If there is any class of men in this country that needs watching, it is the judges. There is a tendency abroad to worship (or fear) all judges from the Chief Justice to the "Squire." Conceding that the "get there" power will hide a multitude of sins, we insist that, if a judge simply because he is a judge is beyond criticism, then America's glory is departed. If we have trial by jury, and that jury dare not act in any other way than "His Honor" directs, lest they commit that mysterious crime "contempt;" "'Tis a time for memory and for tears." In short, if Mr. Bryan's reference to the Supreme Court in his famous speech proved him a revolutionist, the people of the United States have unwittingly set up a judicial department with powers that no Czar can claim. This being written from a cabin up the river, can hardly be called a campaign document.

WM. McELWEE.

Tom Tits Chapel-Speech.

Ladies and Gentlemen (Applause) it is fifteen years since (Great applause) I have stood in this chapel, (Renewed applause and cries of "Hurrah for Tom Tit,") I don't know as I have any (Applause) speech to make, (Cries of "Here, Here") that ever (Laughter and great applause) I saw (Cries of "You're all right") as I was about to say (Cries of "Hurrah for Tom Tit") that was (Much cheering lasting fifteen minutes) the man (More cheering and great laughter) who made (Cries of "You're right, go on, go on!") and "Hurrah for Tom Tit") a chapel (More cheering lasting half an hour) speech, (Great applause.)

BILL.



George B. Wendling lectures in the 2nd Church, on Thanksgiving evening.

Billy Mc— is deeply absorbed in the works of the Lake Poets.

What time of the year do they make clover hay? Miss D— wishes to know,

Miss Kimball does not hesitate to say that the beau she had and lost was green.

Some of the Senior Chem's have called down upon the class the odious name, "fakers."

Mr. and Mrs. Miller, of Pittsburg, recently visited their daughters in College for a short time.

Mr. Kraer, of Sheffield, Pa., was in town Saturday, Nov. 14 on a short visit to his daughter.

Subscribe for the "HOLCAD" before the December issue and get a beautiful premium, described on page 333.

Rev. Huber Ferguson and wife of Caledonia, N. Y., spent a few days lately with the formers father, Dr. Ferguson.

E. W. Guilford, formerly Physical Director, arrived in time to see the latter part of that glorious Grove City game.

We think the president of the Nitty nits shows great partiality to the representative of the eastern part of his country.

Miss J—e M—r has, after long and careful deliberation, chosen her life work. She has announced the benevolent intention of going south, after graduation, and imparting to her dusky brethern some of her vast store of knowledge. (Sickology and Skolding.)

R. Elliott Owens, '95, who is at present teaching in Indiana Normal School, attended Professor Thompson's funeral.

Professor Gaeley, who taught Greek here part of the winter term last year, was here at Professor Thompson's funeral.

Jack Stewart is growing so tall that it makes him dizzy, so he says, to rise suddenly to his feet—especially in Geology class.

They say that it's quite difficult to drive home from Grove City without getting lost, even though you have a black coach-man.

There seems to be a contest between the one named 'Rufus' and the one who is 'rufus' by nature. (See Latin Dict. for meaning of 'rufus'.)

Taggart evidently knows how to play the game of 'Hunt the Hare' as well as foot-ball. Twenty-seven rabbits in one afternoon is not so bad.

Prof. Byers remarked in class the other day that he was not a crystal, but he failed to add whether or not he was, as some of the students think, a fossil.

(Prof. M—in library)—I am looking for 'Dreams of Fair Women.'

Librarian—Probably you will find what you wish at the Hall.

One fair Hall girl was heard the other day to remark that one advantage in being "shelved" was, that in that position one always had potential energy.

Two persons studying German together reading a most touching passage.

Outsider—"Hold on there, your talking too much about love."

She—"Well won't you come and help us out?"

Miss A's sentiments:

"I want but little here below,
But want that little Long."

One way of quoting Scripture: "Except a corn of grain—What is it?"

"And the horse responded." Ask Miss L—and Miss M—.

Psychology is a favorite dessert at one of the tables at the Hall. It is a very tooth-some dainty when fried in apple-butter and served cold with a dressing composed of chili sauce and sour milk.

Miss R— suffering from sleeplessness was advised by some one to eat dandelion, but after consideration of the matter, it was decided that Jimpson weed would be better yet.

Shipler expects to contribute an article to the 'Popular Science Monthly' about the "Latest Discovery in Zoology," a treatise on the advisability of making 100 per cent in the final exam's.

We heard the other day of a Junior girl who had made all the arrangements for a beautiful new gown to be worn at the coming festivities of next term, but who really had'nt decided on her subject yet.



"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds, and as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased."

Prof. Hahn reports that the present junior class in harmony has the best class record of any he has had here.

A pupils' recital is to be given toward the close of the present term which promises to be of unusual interest.

Quite a number of new pupils have signified their intention of entering the Conservatory next term.

The senior harmony class has been wrestling with double and triple suspensions lately. If any one thinks music is not a science, a small dose of suspensions would prove a penacea for the derangement.

Vocal student—"Prof. I don't think I flat at all, why I have a fine ear, I have a great ear.",

Voice from adjoining practice room—"So has a donkey," and the controversy was over.

Miss Hodgens has completed four still life studies. Two in flowers, a vase of pansies and a bunch of asters. One of peppers and a fruit piece of grapes and peaches.

Miss Lake has almost completed a water color picture, representing a young girl in the costume, of the time of Louis XV. She is sitting, with a mandolin in her hand on a wall overlooking the city. The flowers and foliage together with the rich colors of her costume combine to make a very pleasing picture.

Miss Robertson is working at a water color study in pansies from a still life picture painted by Miss Hodgens.

Miss Barr has completed a dining room piece in oil and is now working on a mandolin, a roll of music and a few books scattered about on a table.

The drawing class is quite large and is doing good work. Some of the pupils have done excellent work as their books show. A great variety of objects such as the stools and the cupboard and also books, bottles, cups and glasses have been given besides the copies in the books.

Alumni and College World.

Robert Veach, '96, is very ill.

It is reported that Cornell has no regular coach this year.

John Elder '95, has returned to Miami Medical College, Cincinnati.

The United States spends more money for education than for war equipment.

W. B. Clark '89, has accepted a call as pastor of a church in Abilene, Kansas.

Cornell has secured the \$5000 lathe that was offered at the World's Fair to the most popular technical school.

We failed to note before that last August Miss Alice Foster a W. C. graduate was married to James Potter, of London.

Norman S. Powell now has the proud distinction of being captain of the Freshman foot-ball eleven of Lehigh University.

Eugene Walton, '93, has attempted to reconcile Westminster and Grove City by marrying a daughter of the latter college.

J. Y. McKinney, '92, who has only recently become principal of the Beaver Falls high school is so ill that he may be obliged to give up his work.

The gift of \$1,000,000 to Chicago University for a biological laboratory is now supplemented by the proffered use of three thousand acres of land valued at \$500,000.

The oldest college in the world is in Peking. It contains a granite register of 310 stone columns bearing the names of 60,000 graduates who have taken the highest degree. This record goes back more than six centuries.

In October, work was begun on the Hall of History, the first of the group of the building to comprise the American University, a Methodist Institution at Washington D. C.

Our national athletes are now discussing the advisability of having an American Henley. New London seems to be the best place for the purpose on account of its splendid water-course.

Howard has taken a new departure in foot-ball training. The team lines up for practice only three days a week, on alternate days taking some light exercise as different from foot-ball as possible.

The West Chester State Normal School has just issued a quarto-centennial history. The school has made remarkable progress, now owning property valued at \$500,000. The buildings are large and modern and the chapel one of the best.

The party sent out by the University of Pennsylvania to dig for archaeological records in the Mount of Nippar, Babelonia, has discovered a cuneiform inscription dating back seven hundred years before the Christian era.

It was stated in last month's HOLCAD that the students of a Scotch university have the power of impeaching a professor and forcing his dismissal. It has developed that the young Scots have taken advantage of this privilege and secured the resignation of a member of the faculty on account of his "narrow views and teachings."

The Princeton sesqui-centennial closed in a blaze of glory. President Cleveland, the most honored guest, delivered a speech said to be the oratorical effort of his life. A banquet was given to the three hundred delegates among whom were Ira Remsen

and President Gilman of John Hopkins. Seth Low of Columbia, President Eliot of Harvard, W. T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, Andrew Seth of Edinburg, Chas. D. Warner, S. Weir Mitchell, John Wanamaker, and learned men from every quarter of the globe. Degress were conferred on sixty-five persons and it was proposed to allow President Cleveland to ornamex his name with L. L. D., but he declined the offer. A new endowment fund of \$1,500,000 was received not including the amounts contributed for Blair Hall by J. I. Blair, and the new library.

JOHN COBB.

Athletics.

On Monday, Oct. 26, Westminster defeated Thiel College, at Greenville, in a well played game. Thiel expected to win, having played a tie game here, but they were disappointed. The commencement of the game was delayed by a long wrangle about playing, Frye, Thiels coach, at half-back. The game finally went on without him, but it is hardly probable that he would have changed the score, which was 14-0.

The relay race between the Sophomore and Freshman classes which was to have been run Saturday, Oct. 31, will take place Monday, Nov. 23, if the track is in good condition.

Taggarts' disabled knee has prevented him from playing very much this year. He was in the game against Grove City, though.

Geneva brought an eleven here Nov. 7,

that didn't seem to have much trouble in defeating us. The score, 16-4, was only prevented from being an ignominious shut-out by a quarter-back in the latter part of the second half. Peacock did good work for Westminster and Auckerman, too played a splendid game, but not being acquainted with the signals, did not get into interference. Geneva's team work was very good.

Westminster	Positions	Geneva
Shira	left end	Long
Auckerman	left tackle	Alexander
Chambers	left guard	McGall
Boggs	center	Engell
Stewart	right guard	Taggart
Scott	right tackle	Blackwood
E. Porter	right end	Todd
Hanley	quarter back	Butler
Berry	right half back	Morton
Peacock	left half back	Martin
Wilhelm	full back	W. Sterrett

The Grove City team came over to New Wilmington on Monday, Nov. 16 and played part of one half of a game of football. Grove City made one touch-down and kicked goal in the first part of the game and then, by leaving the field, permitted Westminster to score six points, unhindered, making the score 6-6. The spectators were greatly disappointed that the game was not finished, for Westminster was improving in her playing as the game progressed and in the second half, the play would probably have been much more brilliant and harder. After kicking for an hour or more, this line up was agreed upon:

Grove City		Westminster
Mechling	Center	Boggs
Fruit	Right guard	Shira
Cunningham	Left guard	Anderson
Graham	Right tackle	Chambers
C. Hamilton	Left tackle	Scott
Sincox	Right end	Porter
Maxwell	Left end	Auckerman
K. Hamilton	Quarter back	Hanley
Shannon	Right half back	Fitch
Brandon	Left half back	Peacock
Craig	Full back	Taggart

* Exchanges. *

If one sees only the bright side of life, let us commend him. If it is the dark side we cannot condemn him. He has his place. He is needed.—Geneva Cabinet.

Psychology.

I.
Excitation,
The sensation,
Expectation
Trepidation.

II.
Recitation?
Hesitation,
Explanation,
Extrication.

III.
Examination,
Degradation,
Notification,
Transportation.

Bucknell Mirror,

The class of 1900 will cross the bridge that "spans the chasm between the centuries."

The October issue of The Sibyl contains an article on the life and works of "Ian MacLaren."

No winter has the college year,

Its spring times never pass:

For verdure is each fall supplied.

By the in coming class.—Ex.

The Campus contains an excellent editorial on the benefits to be gained from work in the literary society.

"The Broken Violin" published in the Laurentian is a very interesting story.

'Twix gold and silver I have no choice,
For I worship them both I swear,
Since silver there is in lady's voice,
And gold in her wavy hair.—Ex.

A Tragedy.

So pale and still the lady lay
 Like death did seem almost.
 Above her bends a man, whose face
 Of love or pity holds no trace,
 And she moans in her troubled dream,

Lower he leans. Then lifts his arm:
 A hurried flash—a gleam
 Of glistening steel! And his cold white hand
 With blood is stained like a scarlet brand,
 With blood that flows in a stream.
 Then the lady raised her drooping head.
 "Your tooth is out, two dollars!" he said.

The last issue of the Davidson Monthly
 contains not only instructive essays but in-
 teresting stories.

A Freshman wrote a letter home;
 The weather he said has been clear
 But what he dreaded most of all
 Was its hazy atmosphere.

—The Sibyl.

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 general to their large and complete line of goods for **Suit-
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PROF. S. R. THOMPSON, A. M.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE
ON THE DEATH OF PROF. S.
R. THOMPSON.

WHEREAS, It has been the will of our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our esteemed friend and teacher Prof. S. R. Thompson, and

WHEREAS, In recognition of his efficient work in behalf of our College, it is not only fitting but proper that we, the students, place on record, as a mark of our appreciation, the following resolutions; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That in this providence we recognize the hand of God, who hath said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter"

RESOLVED, That in the death of Prof. Thompson every student has lost a true friend and counselor, one whose godly example has been an inspiration to us all

RESOLVED, That we accept this bereavement from the hand of God, who doeth all things well, and may we who are left behind be admonished to a greater diligence in the cause of the Master.

RESOLVED, That we, as a student body, express our heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved family and that we do earnestly pray that God, by His grace and in His infinite mercy, may sustain them; that He may sanctify this dispensation of His providence for their good, and may they meet an unbroken family, around the throne of God.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and published in the United Presbyterian Holcad and New Wilmington GLOBE.

COM. { WILLIAM STEWART,
ELIZABETH DUNCAN,
J. A. McDONALD.

Hard, words from us into the unseen

HOLCAD,

Wilmington, Pa., Dec. 1896.

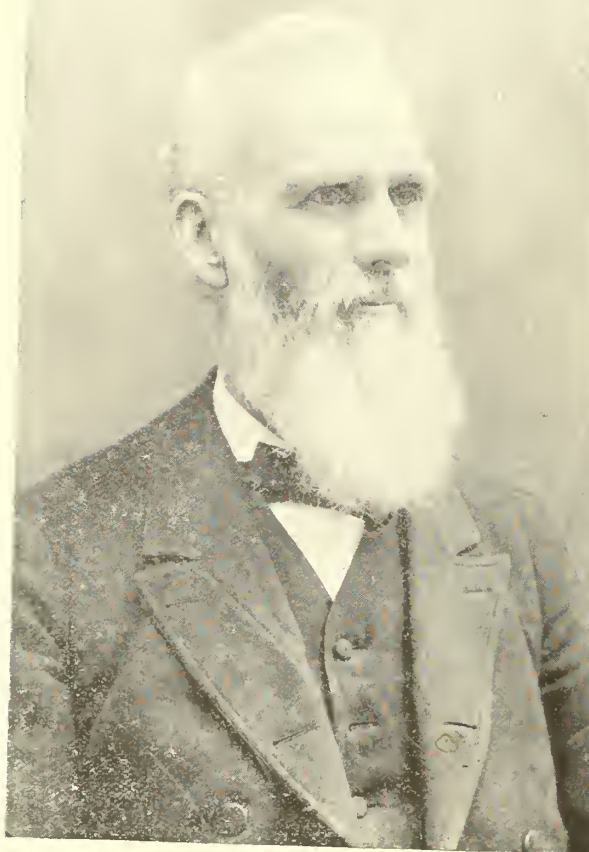
No. 4

world. It is fitting that we make this recognition of his virtues, and of his labors in behalf of the College. In our view, Science Hall is his monument, though it was erected by his generosity and that of his wife, to the memory of a beloved daughter. In another view the department which he built up by his personal efforts—by his mechanical skill, his unceasing labor and wise planning—stands to his lasting honor. Into it he put his whole heart and mind and the result is that Westminster is behind no College in this region in equipments, method and the spirit of scientific study. He was moreover, a man respected and loved by students for his personal qualities. Every struggling, earnest young man found in him a friend; every ambitious young woman received encouragement at his hands. Out of his wide and varied experience he could bring something to guide and cheer. He was a friend of the HOLCAD and sought to keep it in harmony with its own high ideals. We miss him as a friend and counsellor and wish in this number to record our loss and lay a flower on his grave. May his life be a stimulus to all who strive for better things.

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PROF. S. R. THOMPSON, A. M.

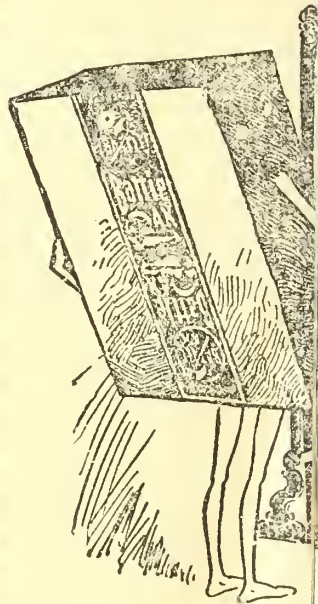
The above statement is true in every particular. I certify on honor.

"(Signed) Wm. H. Briggs."

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Better than

Battle

THE HOLCAD.

Vol. XIII.

New Wilmington, Pa., Dec. 1896.

No. 4.

The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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DECEMBER 1896.



WE make the present number of THE HOLCAD a memorial of Prof. S. R. Thompson, who, about the middle of the present school term, passed from us into the unseen

world. It is fitting that we make this recognition of his virtues, and of his labors in behalf of the College. In our view, Science Hall is his monument, though it was erected by his generosity and that of his wife, to the memory of a beloved daughter. In another view the department which he built up by his personal efforts—by his mechanical skill, his unceasing labor and wise planning—stands to his lasting honor. Into it he put his whole heart and mind and the result is that Westminster is behind no College in this region in equipments, method and the spirit of scientific study. He was moreover, a man respected and loved by students for his personal qualities. Every struggling, earnest young man found in him a friend; every ambitious young woman received encouragement at his hands. Out of his wide and varied experience he could bring something to guide and cheer. He was a friend of the HOLCAD and sought to keep it in harmony with its own high ideals. We miss him as a friend and counsellor and wish in this number to record our loss and lay a flower on his grave. May his life be a stimulus to all who strive for better things.

Professor S. R. Thompson.

BY PRESIDENT FERGUSON.

Prof. S. R. Thompson was born April 17, 1833, in South Shenango, Crawford county, Pa. His early life was spent on the farm of his father, William Thompson. His grandfather, James Thompson, came from the north of Ireland. He entered the preparatory course of Westminster College in 1853. He would have graduated in 1860, but was called to a position elsewhere, returning to graduate in 1863. During his connection with the college he taught mathematics, while carrying forward his college studies.

Before his course was altogether completed he was urged to accept an appointment as school superintendent of Crawford county, which he did, and after filling an unexpired term of his predecessor, was elected to the same position for an additional term, serving in all about five years, from 1865 to 1865. The revision and systematizing of the course of study in the Meadville high school was his work, and has served as a model for many other cities.

He was professor of natural sciences in Edinboro State Normal School from 1865 to December, 1867. At the latter date he went to Pottsville, Pa., where he assisted Supt. Benj. Patterson in instituting and organizing a high school, of which he had charge for a few months, when he resigned to accept a position in West Virginia. He went to Marshall College, Cabell county, W. Va., to organize it as a state normal school. He remained there three years, from September, 1868, to 1871, when for reasons of health, he removed to Nebraska. There he became principal of the Agricultural College in connection with the State

University of Nebraska, in Lincoln, and held this position till 1876. For a brief period of one year—1876 to 1877—he was principal of the state normal school at Peru, Neb. He was state superintendent of public instruction for Nebraska from 1877 to 1881. After a very short interval, during which he was superintendent of the city schools of Lincoln, Neb., filling out the term of Prof. W. W. Jones, who had been chosen his successor as state superintendent, he resumed the professorship of agriculture in the State University. From this position he was called to Westminster College, in June, 1884, and commenced his work as professor of physics in the following September.

This brief statement of his varied labors shows something of the important position he filled and the valuable work which he did. Such a career was only possible to a man of intellectual ability and energy. He has been a member of the National Educational Association since 1866, and was one of the charter members of the National Council of Education connected therewith.

He was married to Miss Lucy Gilmour, Pontiac, Mich., in 1859, who survives him. An only daughter was taken in the bloom of young womanhood, in March, 1886.

What I say will be concerning his life in New Wilmington in connection with Westminster College, in which he did his last and best work. The keynote of his life may be fully expressed in the words of the inspired record concerning Hezekiah, "He did it with all his heart and prospered."

During the years of his connection with Westminster College certain characteristics of his work appeared.

1. He was independent. He brought

his own ideas with him, and at once sought to realize them. Like Paul, he was not disposed to build on another's foundation. Ancient things were not sacred to him unless they justified their continuance by present service. Some rules and regulations were more honored he thought in the breach than the observance. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that his tendency was radical rather than conservative.

He was not, indeed, independent of the educational world of which he was a part. He kept in close touch with men of the profession in every grade, and was a learner to the day of his death. Nothing gave him greater delight than the interchange of ideas with other men of ability—both giving and receiving. He was always seeking and contributing something to think about—to be weighed and tested. His opinions and plans were sought and valued by others, and he gave ready credit to his fellow who was working along lines similar to his own. Yet he was independent in this that he accepted no man's dictum—he recognized no authorities whose word must be accepted without investigation. There were many whose word inspired confidence—confidence that led to inquiry rather than submission. He brought all to the test of his own thought and experiment.

2. As a workman he was progressive. He was so within the sphere of his immediate operations, each advance becoming the stepping stone to another. He began by securing apparatus by purchase or his own mechanical skill. To this he added from year to year till the place was too small for the satisfactory use of it. Then began the hunger of his heart for a scientific building which was not satisfied till the Mary

Thompson Science Hall was erected, which performs the double service of perpetuating the name of a lovely daughter and providing a home for the scientific department of the college. He was progressive also in the sense of keeping pace with the progress of scientific instruction in the higher institutions of the land. He visited other institutions to learn what they were doing, and introduced into the college whatever commended itself to his intelligent judgment as desirable and within the range of our possibilities. The advanced condition of the college in the department of the physical sciences is due to his untiring effort. With the possible exception of chemistry, every one of the sciences owes what it has in the way of appliances to his guiding stimulating hand. They are now every one on such firm footing that they cannot retrograde and may easily keep even with the advances that are yet making elsewhere. The best monument he has made for himself is the mark he has left on the college work. It will bear his impress for good as long as it shall continue to serve the generations of men. Henceforth the study of things and not of books will be the method employed, and secondary sources of information will only prepare the way for the examination of the original or record the results of the same.

3. His work was characterized by great versatility. He was a man of many gifts and acquirements. He could make a piece of delicate apparatus as well as teach a class. He could play on an instrument as well as make known the nature and laws of sound. He found equal pleasure in the heavens with the telescope and the study of plants with the microscope. His first teaching in his earlier years was of mathematics

of history. His logical memory was marvelous. His mind was both comprehensive and accurate, embracing the whole yet not neglecting the parts. He was well versed in literature as well as science, and sometimes entertained his friends with happy selections from his favorite authors. He was equally at home with a bevy of young folks or a company of savants. With, maybe, an exception of the classic tongues, he might have taught any part of the college curriculum with good success. His powers of observation were unusual, exciting the wonder, possibly the envy of many. A journey with him through the country was not only a pleasure but a revelation of what nature offers to one who has eyes to see.

The breadth of endowment and culture, combined with a genial social nature, made him a man of note wherever he went. People gathered about him to listen to his conversation, that proved both entertaining and instructive. Perhaps one of the best services he rendered the college was the wider knowledge given of it through acquaintance with him as he went from place to place. Interest in him led to interest in it as associated with him. His versatility of mind did not lead to a scattering of his energy. All the rivers ran toward the sea; all his powers were subordinated to his love of science and especially his desire for the promotion of the science department under his care.

His work was done in the Christian spirit. He meant to be, he was a Christian. He may not have been fashioned after the same mould as some of us, but Christ was his Master. Everywhere he made known his unshaken adherence to the Christian faith and morals.

He was interested in the Christian activities of the college and especially in the missionary enterprises. For many years he taught a Bible class, in which he took a deep interest. He desired, moreover, to keep in sympathy with the Christian public to which the college looks for patronage and support. In science he sought to know the truth as science revealed it, yet he had not a shadow of doubt that her teachings were in entire harmony with the Bible. He did not teach it with any bias contrary to Christian doctrine. Whatever explanation of the universe he gave was to his mind in full accord with the whole mind of Christ, and the whole teaching of the Scriptures. The faith of young men was not undermined, but braced and fortified against the attacks of skeptical teachers. He did not dogmatize either for or against science or religion, and therefore his influence was favorable to both. He never lost sight of the fact that this is a Christian institution, and that Christian education is the hope of the land and the world.

The year 1896 will be a memorable year in our college history. March 15 and Oct. 28 will be marked as dark days in the calendar. In the midst of their usefulness two men of our faculty eminently representative and important, have passed away. They were very unlike, as diverse as their departments. Yet each was a master in his own line. The one was more conservative; the other was more radical. The one was attentive to all details and all interests of the college life; the other was a tower of strength in difficult cases. Each might be regarded as a sort of complement of the other. We of the faculty who remain will miss them from our counsels as we would no other two of our number. Our trust is

that he who removed them will come to our help and strengthen us for the increased responsibilities that are upon us.

Twelve years ago Prof. Thompson and I began work together in the college. We both entered the service here in the fall of 1884. He came with the ripe experience of years in school work, having superintended the schools of his native county and the educational work of the state of his adoption, having taught in normal schools, colleges, and state universities. I came with the inexperience of one whose life had been given to the pastorate. I have regarded him in all these years as my senior, and with a feeling akin to reverence. In very many things I have been ready to act on his judgment rather than my own. When in any matter our counsels have not agreed our disagreement has been with mutual confidence and esteem. From him I have ever expected upright, even generous treatment, and was not disappointed. And I had every reason to know that the confidence was reciprocated. Twelve years we have labored together, sharing the anxieties of oversight, the anguish of discipline as well as the pleasure of toil. The breaking of this pleasant relation of life adds another sorrow to life already saddened by a similar loss. We part with him in grief that is mitigated by the thought that he has now found what with his eager, earnest nature earth could not give. There remaineth a rest for the people of God, and he has entered into it. Will the rest be sweeter for the long years of an unremitting toil? There is a noble as well as an ignoble discontent. Will the satisfaction of the other life be enlivened and deepened by the hunger of the present? We often sang together "I Shall Be Satisfied." With him

let us hope it is realized now. Satisfied with the heavenly rest! "In my Father's house are many mansions." "Satisfied with the heavenly home!" "With Christ is far better." Satisfied with the Master's presence and companionship! Satisfied with the company of the redeemed! Let us aspire unto this fellowship that becomes ever dearer as one after another enters into it. Let us continue to sing with ever brightening anticipation—"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.

Prof. Thompson as a Citizen.

BY REV. G. H. GETTY.

The subject of this brief sketch was indeed a man of many gifts. While it was true that he was a specialist in his own department of College work, still he was not a hobbyist, oblivious to all other questions and demands. His interest was always aroused by anything that presented itself in the name of progress and if its claims could be established it at once received his unequalled support and assistance. And he was not simply a follower of others in this direction; but he was a leader. It seemed to be his delight to form plans and to start movements that would tend to improve and beautify this community and its surroundings. And so from the day of his advent into this community until he was stricken with the disease that resulted in his death, the name of Prof. S. R. Thompson was synonymous with all that stood for advancement. The monuments to his work are neither few nor hard to find, nor mean in their character when found. What he attempted he generally succeeded in achieving and when achieved the work was well

done. Nothing could be added to it or taken from it without marring its completeness.

Without reflecting in anyway upon others we think we can truthfully say that his settlement in this place marked a new era in its history along the lines of advancement. His beautiful home, erected for his own comfort it is true, was also built with the idea in view to adorn the village, and it seems to the writer that the taste and skill manifested in its well-kept lawns and beautiful surroundings have been an object lesson, whose influence has not been lost entirely upon the community, and this home is one that is always pointed out to the visitor and stranger with feelings of admiration and pride.

One of his successful enterprises can be seen in the complete system of Water Works connected with our town. It was due to his efforts, seconded by some others of a kindred spirit, that the movement was started. As the result of it we have a water supply second to none in the country. He gave to this work his time and money and the hours he needed for rest were oftentimes sacrificed by him in superintending the construction and management of this plant. But it was a success and this was reward enough for him. And yet we all recognize this fact that it marked a new era in the advancement of the community and has done much to attract the attention of the outside world to this place, and more than this is a decided blessing, adding as it does to the safety and health and happiness of the village.

But perhaps the work which reflects the greatest honor upon his name was the founding and the building of the new Science Hall which bears the family name.

True, it was a gift to the College but not less to the community for their interests are one. It is not ours to write of its complete furniture and of the months and years of toil and effort that are represented in this building. Enough for us to say that its equal is difficult to find and perhaps but few excel in all this land. The erection of this building is a help to the community because it has tended to make the continuation of the college here, perpetual. Its completion and afterward that of the Clark building silenced at once the clamor of the few who were always agitating the question of removal, and now as the results of these gifts we have the assurance that while the necessity for a higher education exists, Westminster College will remain here, our pride and honor. The building of itself is an ornament to the place—simple, yet massive—unpretentious, yet noble and grand. It is indeed a reflection of the character of him who planned and built it; and if the old masters with the brush and the chisel revealed their character by their works, not less is it true that when men pass this building they will see in it a revelation of the character of the noble man who made it an expression of a kind and generous heart. As a member and President of the School Board for years; as a promoter of the Village Improvement Society and in other ways he showed his interest in everything that tended towards advancement and progress.

But Prof. Thompson was a great help to this community in another direction—the example that he placed before men of a kind and unselfish life will never be forgotten. Some one has said that there are but two classes in this world, “those who lean and those who lift.” He was indeed one

of those who lifted. His ear listened to every cry for help and to every tale of woe, and when it lay in his power assistance was granted. His acts of kindness were as modest as the man himself, the left hand not knowing what the right hand did—and when the end came to him, many a soul could look down into its depths and say as a tear of sorrow fell, a friend is gone, he was a helper to me in my time of need. This is what makes men and women to be missed in the community; for in the exercise of this spirit they have helped the world as they could in no other way. It is such a spirit as this that makes life a blessing and forms a more enduring monument than any sculptured pile or moulded form. And so while this community will always honor the name and respect the memory of their benefactor who now sleeps, for those plans and achievements which have tended to beautify and improve their beautiful village; it will honor the one and respect the other not the less but rather the more for the kindness of heart and the interest in humanity he manifested, in assisting the needy, helping the struggling, in imitation of Him who went about doing good.

A Student's Estimate.

BY REV. J. D. BARR.

The most valuable possession the college student carries away with him on graduation day is not knowledge. The facts of science, literature and philosophy are only tools, or the intellectual coin with which he begins business. Like the beginner along other lines, the college graduate is apt to put too much store by these. Is it not the experience of the majority of students that the farther the years push back their own graduation into the past, the farther they get

away from the early impression of the relative importance of this or that part of their college life? Then other things begin to loom up as the real contributors to intellectual or spiritual life. Contact with the world emphasizes the fact that the most valued inheritance the teacher can bestow on his pupil is the impress of his life. Facts become obsolete, but character never. Facts are illusive, but the impress of a life shadows us. Well is it for the student if in after life the memories of college days bring up to our vision the image of a man or woman of noble character. We may not know that we have been under the shadow of a great life until we are farther removed from it. Dr. Parkhurst is reported to have said recently, "Aside from my own home training, I regard the most salient influence of my life as coming from my fortunate association with the late President Julius Seelye at the time that I was a student. His was a strong, rich nature, and—well, he left his impress upon me, that's all there is to it." It is the small college rather than the university that exercises this influence.

Our own Westminster has not been behind-hand in the possession of such teachers—men and women who belonged to the true nobility of character. This memorial number is evidence that Prof. Thompson belonged to this class of teachers. Possessed of a strong personality, the residuum of his life influence on students cannot be summed up till the lives influenced have closed their records. In the minds of all who had anything to do with Westminster during the time of his connection with it, Prof. Thompson will always loom up a conspicuous figure.

We leave it to others to give due re-

cognition to Prof. Thompson's work from other standing points. As supplementary to what others may say, a few words from the students prospective may not be amiss. There were certain characteristics in Prof. Thompson as a teacher that all of us who were students under him will recognize as marked..

Was not friendliness one or these characteristics? This may not be esteemed as an essential in the repertoire of the qualities of a teacher, but there is no doubt it should be. There is one student at least who has not forgotten the impression of friendliness which his first contact with Prof. Thompson produced. He came from a school where professors were distant and only half-approachable. The experience of the reverse was to say the least an agreeable surprise. There was not a friendliness of the class-room and another for the street, but the same always. No hour was so busy, no work so pressing that a student found him inaccessible. A passing greeting was never omitted. Was an honest doubt expressed, all work stood still till the personal word made all clear. Was the life path of the student shadowed by uncertainty, he was offered helpful advice and assistance. As a teacher Prof. Thompson was never forgetful of one essential in the step toward influencing his pupils. By friendliness he bridged any distance that a student might feel in his presence. Like George McDonald, he felt he had not fulfilled every duty until he had fulfilled the duty of being pleasant.

May we not say that his candor was another of these characteristics? Many a student comes to the collage from a narrow intellectual environment. There are intel-

lectual trammels that he needs to be rid of before he can grow intellectually. If a student is not freed from these when his real thinking life opens, he may go thro' life halting. What he needs to be shown is that truth is many-sided. He needs the contact with a mind that has large and broad views of truth. Prof. Thompson stood for an independence in thought that, far from being antagonistic to, was the complement of the truest conservatism. He taught the student to respect his own powers. He was led to see that there is such a thing as honest doubt. Prof. Thompson loved truth. He esteemed no sacrifice too great on his part to arouse within his students the same love. The slightest manifestation on the part of a student to be intellectually himself or herself met from him instant recognition. "I know not what I may seem to others, but to myself I seem to be a child playing on the seashore and picking up now and then a pebble or shell that was a little brighter than others, while the whole ocean of the truth lay undiscovered before me." As a teacher, Prof. Thompson seemed to possess the same spirit as that voiced by the great Newton in these words.

Another thing that left its impress on his pupils was the enthusiasm of Prof. Thompson. His life is a standing example of the power of enthusiasm. There was no phase of his work into which this did not enter. If a teacher is to be anything to his pupils, he must be enthusiastic. In the presence of Prof. Thompson there was a constant appeal to the student to enter heart and soul into the task before him. He valued enthusiasm and its least manifestation elicited his heartiest approval.

We hear much nowadays about "an enthusiasm for humanity." Prof. Thompson took time by the forelock. In serving "his own generation" he allowed his enthusiasm to take direction toward the rising generation of humanity. He loved young people. He was one among them because of his enthusiasm. He was not at his best except in their presence.

Another feature we love to dwell upon was his hatred of everything that was untrue. He abhorred falsity. The student that once forfeited his confidence, found it could only be won back by a frankness commensurate with his misdeemeanor. Honesty was always above par in his sight. Perhaps he assumed its existence sometimes where it was not. But this is a weakness natural to arise in the case of one who loved manhood and womanhood so thoroughly. All this being so there was a constant appeal to the student in his presence to be what he ought to be. If students went out from him with their sense of honor unaroused, it was because it was a minus quantity in their make-up.

To the writer, Prof. Thompson's religious views were singularly interesting. No doubt this arose from the fact that with him religion was a genuine possession—deep and true. He exemplified to an unusual degree the child-like spirit in religion. He was not afraid to be religious in the presence of young lives. There was no straining after the tenets of faith. Morbidity was foreign to him. Cant he could not abide. He never was led so far in the investigation of any line of truth that he did not come back with his reverence for God increased. The writer recalls the remark of a student in regard to Prof. Thompson's prayers. "I like to hear Prof. Thompson

pray. He prays like a child." The naturalness of his religious life was seen in his views of the future, as shown, in a recitation in astronomy when he spoke to us of the probability as it seemed to him of our continuing activities in the other world along the line for which we showed aptitude here.

All this and more he was to us. Was it to be wondered that he silently influenced us for the highest and best? That he called out of us all that was noblest in us? We shall not soon forget him. To us who were fortunate enough to be his pupils, he will ever be an inspiration to keep up the ambition of life. At 63 he had seen so much of life's possibilities and of the beautiful things in God's world, that he longed to begin over again. We believe he has begun over again in a brighter world and under a more perfect environment. Let us think of him as there bearing fruit unto perfection.

Prof. Thompson's Service as an Educator.

BY PROF. W. E. WILSON.

To have enjoyed in any degree the companionship of a strong and pure man, to have shared life's experiences with a master spirit, it is one of the most precious privileges of any life. Am I not right in believing that there are here present today many who feel with me that one of the blessings of our lives has been to know Prof. S. R. Thompson and to enjoy his friendship? We prize the sad privilege of gathering this quiet November afternoon to join in this final tribute to his memory. Alas that we should be called to share this sorrow so soon!

Has this noble brain ceased to devise and suggest, this strong warm heart ceased to throb? And must we go on, as we may,

without the pleasant companionship, the good counsel, the needful help which through all these years we have had in him? We were not prepared to spare him yet.

This present duty of mine I count one of the most precious, though the saddest that has ever fallen to me to perform. How can I discharge it as I wish? It would be easy to speak many words in praise of the man in whom for thirty years I have been finding qualities to admire and whom I esteem as I esteem hardly any other man, but knowing his genuine, noble and modest nature you know that I must not speak words here that might sound like adulation. And it would be superfluous to state my estimate of his character and abilities. You have seen him and known him for yourselves. He has lived and labored and died in your midst. His worth and influence have gone forth amongst you. How should I make them known to you?

But you have had him here in the community and in the college only during his later and riper years. You have been highly favored in this. You had the benefit of the accumulations of his fruitful life. The acquisitions of his earlier years, the products of an exceptionally wide and rich experience and a matured and finely disciplined mind he brought to you and spent them here. I know how he loved his home among you. It was restful and peaceful here and he had had his share of knocking about the world. His deepest sorrow came to him here but here also in his work in the college he found a certain consolation and a sweet satisfaction such as I suppose few men ever attain.

You have not known him as well in his more vigorous middle life. The strength and vigor of his mind and his remarkable

energy while he was on the up grade of life, you have not seen here as we have who were with him during those years. You have not seen him in his most strenuous conflicts with the world nor in his most signal triumphs. I like to remember him especially as he looked and acted, as he strode and spoke and planned and wrought in those days of his power. His very attitude and gait expressed the rare energy of his nature.

So I shall refer only to this middle period of his life.

He left Westminster College in 1860 to become superintendent of schools in Crawford county. You can to this day learn of his services in that position by making inquiry of old residents in any part of that county. In 1865 he was invited to the State Normal School at Edinboro as vice-principal and teacher of natural science.

In this position he revealed the strong qualities which characterized him as a teacher and he soon had the respect and confidence of his associate teachers, of the best students and of the community. He also became known to the prominent public school men of the state and was cordially recognized as one of the most scholarly able and progressive among them. As early as 1867 he was strongly recommended from the Western part of the state as a candidate for the State Superintendency.

From Edinboro in 1867 he went to Pottsville, Pa., to organize and conduct the public high school in that city. He had been in Pottsville but a few months when he was called to West Virginia to organize the State Normal School at Marshall College in Cabell county, where Huntington now is. This noble piece of work occupied him from 1868 till 1871, when on account of failing health he resigned it into other hands and

removed to Nebraska intending to engage for a time at least, if not permanently in some out-of-door occupation. He purchased a farm near Lincoln and began improving it, but before many months had passed he was chosen to organize the Agricultural College of the State University. The work was congenial to him and he felt that his health was returning so he became Professor of Agriculture in the University of Nebraska and filled the position until 1876. He then resigned to accept the principalship of the State Normal School at Peru. After one year's service in this position he was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction and was re-elected in 1879 and after a brief interval, during which he was Superintendent of Schools in the city of Lincoln, he resumed the professorship of Agriculture in the State University remaining in the position until 1884 when he came to Westminster College as Professor of Physics.

This period of twenty-four years was one of great opportunity for him of very great activity and one of very considerable influence and accomplishment. It was spent in the work of public education. An account of his work in each of these several fields ought to be written. In every one of them important results were accomplished by him. In West Virginia his work was particularly interesting and useful. It was during the period of reconstruction of the Union and in West Virginia this was a kind of renaissance. New industries and new institutions were established and a broader and more vigorous life for young men and young women had begun to be realized. The students gathered at Marshall College those years included a considerable number who had served in the armies, some on one side and some on the other. Most of them

had felt sharply in their homes, some of them in their persons, the effects of the civil war. They felt that a new life was beginning for them and for their state. They were greatly in earnest to become fitted to do service in educational or some other constructive work. They found in Prof. Thompson and his associates not only help but sympathy and example and that influence which produces aspiration and practical results in new activity. Some of them have become prominent and influential in the state and some of them elsewhere. They hold his name in grateful and affectionate remembrance, and as the word 'he has gone,' passes round there will be sadness in many homes of those who were his students at Marshall.

Much more deserves to be said of his work in Nebraska where he was among the most influential of those who laid the foundations of the public educational system of the state. It was as a representative educator in Nebraska that Prof. Thompson became recognized as an able and influential educational leader in the nation. He was among the most active and progressive of the promoters of reform in methods of teaching, and of school administration, who in the period preceeding the present period, introduced those important improvements that are now finding their development and general adoption.

He was a strong advocate of industrial and manual training in the schools, was one of the organizers of the Department of Manual and Industrial Education of the National Educational Association, and as its secretary through several years, bore the chief burden of carrying the department forward to successful establishment. His contributions to the earlier discussion of

this important movement in agricultural and educational journals were valuable and not without effect.

But his advocacy of reforms was not centered upon one or two matters. He sought to promote all reforms to secure better work, more adequate means, more substantial results, more rational and efficient methods in all lines. He urged attention to physical education as the basis for all higher possibilities, to the study of nature as the source of primary ideas and the opposite means of awakening and directing mental activity, to the study of history and literature and art, and language and mathematics, each with an intelligent purpose and under the inspiring guidance of an appreciative and skillful teacher. It was however, in the capacity of teacher himself that he was most efficient in promoting educational improvements. The impulses which he has communicated to many in his classes, the suggestions which his own spirit and methods have furnished some of his many students have propagated themselves and must continue to multiply in all directions.

If I were to attempt to describe the man—Professor Thompson—as I knew him in those years, I would speak; first of his industry, second of his versatility, third of his progressiveness, fourth of his genial good nature and fifth of his sincere, earnest christian spirit. I have never known a more industrious man nor one more economical of time. He was not so apparently as busy as many others but he had rare ability to make time yield results. He was a man of many-sided interest and ability. His mechanical ingenuity was admirable; his scientific insight was remarkable; his interests in art and history was more than common; his literary taste was fine. He could

take interest in all things human and he held in reverence all things divine.

What a traveling companion he was—for those who could keep pace with him! If you were in search of recreation in the mountains or by the lake or sea, his love of nature and his familiarity with her would furnish refreshing occupation for you both. If you were on business to the country or the city, if you were studying schools or industries, or visiting museums or libraries or attending meetings in any interest his acquaintance with the objects you would see, and his generous interest and sympathies would greatly enhance your enjoyment and the value of your time. He was not less companionable at home. In his own home where music and pictures abounded a merry hour never lacked his cordial participation if he were present.

Concerning that which is essentially greatest in a man, Christian character, no one who knew him at all, needs any testimony. His genuineness was evident. But during this middle period of his life his integrity, as well as his ability, was tested in public service and in political contests in the West. He had opponents and some of them were malicious but no shadow ever rested upon his reputation.

He was a man of deep and simple piety. Consistency and constancy characterized his religious life. His religion was not something apart from his life. It permeated and regulated and sustained his every-day activities. Certainly his religion was never displayed nor was it ever concealed.

Professor Thompson was a successful man in that he was able to use the world. He learned science and art and history and literature and he was able to use them.

They were at his service for his own up-building and for his usefulness. He was a useful man in that he applied his knowledge and power to improve the world. His great energy was always expended constructively. He criticised sparingly and sympathetically and always with the view to helpfulness.

It may said of him, I believe, that he never shrank from a public duty and that he never sought public recognition or favor for himself. He was an honest Christ like man.

Providence, R. I.

Funeral Services.

The funeral services of Professor S. R. Thompson were held in the Second United Presbyterian church, Monday, November 2nd, at 2 P. M. Dr. E. N. McElree, pastor of the Second Church, of which Professor Thompson was a member, conducted the services. After the choir had sung the 81st Psalm, Rev. D. A. McClenahan, D. D., of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, read several passages of Scripture. Rev. John S. McKee, D. D., of Butler, led in prayer and, after the singing of the 143rd Psalm, Dr. McElree made a short address from the text, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth," closing his remarks with a tribute of praise to the character of the deceased. Dr. Ferguson, president of the College, spoke of the independence, progressiveness, versatility and Christian spirit with which Professor Thompson performed his work as a teacher. Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, of Allegheny, representing the Board of Trustees of the College attested the fact that a place had been made vacant in the college that would be very difficult to fill. Pro-

fessor McClenahan, of the Theological Seminary, spoke of Professor Thompson's influence for good on the young men who went from Westminster to the ministry. At one time in his life Prof. Thompson was associated with Prof. W. E. Wilson, of Rhode Island State Normal School, who said that it was a great privilege to have known and come in contact with such a master spirit. Rev. Dr. Mehard, a fellow student, Rev. Dr. Grassie, a former pastor, and Rev. J. D. Barr, who had been a student under Prof. Thompson, all spoke feelingly of the professor as they had known him in their different relations to him. All were of one mind in praising his true christianity, which was free from all cant and had had a wholesome effect upon the students. After an opportunity had been given those present of viewing the remains, the body was taken to Fair Oaks cemetery for interment.

Extracts From Letters.

Many letters were received, on the death of Professor Thompson, by his wife. They express the love, the appreciation; the sorrow and the sympathy of those whom his death touched nearly. They are from the young and from the old, from students and from co-workers, and from near and from distant places. A very few of these letters, and extracts from some others, which seem fitting to this memorial number, are selected for publication.

From Hon. Sam'l S. Mehard, Member of the Board of Trustees, of Westminster College.

* * * "I beg to express my deep sorrow for the loss of such a noble, useful man. The death of Professor Thompson will be widely felt and deeply lamented. Westminster

College has never had a truer friend. Her interests always seemed upper-most in his thoughts, and her prosperity was certainly one of his dearest wishes. It can well be said of him that he was faithful and efficient in every department of life's duties."

From Dr. J. G. Templeton, Member of the Board of Trustees of Westminster College.

* * * "I can only say that I shall miss him much, as he was the most intimate friend I ever had outside of my own family, and I feel that the place he held in my esteem will remain vacant." * * *

From Rev. Dr. R. M. Russell, Pittsburg.

* * * "My sorrow was both for your loneliness and for the loss that has come to the church through his going. Many of us have deeply appreciated his liberality and his earnest work, and feel that much that pertains to the success of the College will abide as a memento to his memory." * * *

From Rev. Dr. Thos. H. Hanna, Monmouth, Ill.

* * * "And what will the College do without him? No one did more for it, or better work while living, and, being dead, his work will yet go on. He was an educator, enthusiastically and intelligently devoted to his calling, beloved by his pupils, trusted by his fellow-professors and admired by all the patrons of the school; and who can take his place will be a question hard to settle. As a fellow student of the long ago, I wish to make record of my love for him, which has never been interrupted in the forty years that have gone since we were students together; and I know of no student, of those early days, who has done better work for humanity than he whom we mourn today. 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' will be said of him by everyone who knew him; and I am confident will be said

to him by his Master and Lord." * * *

From Dr. J. B. McMichael, Pres. Monmouth College.

* * * "Forty years ago this autumn, 1856, he and I roomed together in Thos. Carpenter's house, I think not far from where your house now stands. He was a true friend and befriended me when struggling to get an education. He was then teaching some classes in mathematics, but, catching the Western fever, went west. Before leaving, however, he recommended his room-mate to take his place and on the strength of it he was chosen, and thus the way was opened up to work his way to graduation. I have always felt honored in numbering him among my friends." ° ° °

From Prof. J. N. Swan, Ph. D., Monmouth.

° ° ° "If I could do so, I would go on to the funeral, for I think I have had no friend who was a better friend or a more helpful friend than was Professor Thompson to me. I can well remember his advice to me when I began college teaching, and, acting on that advice, I have had whatever success I have had as a teacher. My father-in-law, Mr. Duffield, who is in Penn'a., may be able to be there on Monday. I have sent to him to go, if possible, to represent me at the grave of my teacher, co-worker, and dear friend." ° ° °

The foregoing extracts breathe the sentiments of some whose names are familiarly spoken, and with loving reverence, in Westminster College. In the wide educational field there are many others to whom the death of Professor Thompson has brought a sudden sense of a great loss. Some words from their letters follow.

From Hon. A. K. Gowdy, Lincoln, Neb. Ex-State Superintendent.

° ° ° "I always felt the inspiration

which comes to an ambitious, young man from one, who, older in years and riper in experience was always ready to encourage and commend." ° ° °

From Prof. J. C. Gilchrist, now of Iowa.

° ° ° "I add my testimony to that of many others, that he was a good man, a man that combined great magnanimity and unaffected simplicity of manner." — —

From Dr. Emerson E. White, Columbus, Ohio.

— — — "I have just heard of the death of your noble husband; and beg you to accept my heart-felt sympathy. I have known Professor Thompson for over twenty years and have held him in high esteem, not only as an educator, but as a man and a friend. His efficient administration of the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Nebraska, attracted the attention of the superintendents of the Country, and he was awarded a prominent place in the National Educational Association. He took an active part in the organization of the Department of Industrial Education, and, if my memory serves me, he was for several years its Secretary. He was one of the original members of the National Council of Education—an evidence of his high standing in the National Association; and he attended the first regular meeting of the Council, held in Atlanta, Ga., in 1881.

Professor Thompson was not a seeker of preferment or place, but he filled every position to which he was called, with unwavering fidelity. He disliked pretence and sham, but was quick to recognize and to know true worth and manliness. In his death the teachers' profession has lost a worthy representative, and the cause of educational reform an able and efficient promot-

er. He was, in a sentence, a true and manly man, and he leaves the world better for his living in it.

Accept, dear madam, these poor words as the expression of my esteem for one who honored me with his friendship."

Telegram from Dr. Wm. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

Prof. S. R. Thompson was a pillar of strength, and the National Educational Association and higher education will mourn in his death, the loss of an excellent and wise teacher.

From his friends, from the young and from those who have been under the personal instruction and influence of Professor Thompson, come many words of tongue and pen, of love and gratitude, of unstinted tribute to his attainments, to his worth, to his helpfulness, to his generosity. Born with a most wonderful love of nature and with the God-given gift to enter into closest communion with her, in her marvelous and manifold ways, he was still, in all that pertained to education and culture, thoroughly self-made. Not only did he rise through his genius and his assiduity alone, to the position of usefulness now left vacant, but many and many are the young people who also have risen through his helping hand, and whose hearts and words now bear testimony to their grateful love. Following, are short extracts from a few of such letters.

"The years spent under his instruction both in college and in the Sabbath morning Bible class, have blessed my life more than I can as yet fully realize."

"I shall never cease to be thankful to

God that I was permitted to be under his influence and instructed by him."

"The many lessons that he taught, the grand sentiments that he uttered and the holy deeds of generosity by which he was characterized still survives him."

"Of all the men who have been my teachers, I have been wont to place your husband at the head."

We heard to-day of yours and ours and the world's loss, but of Mary's and Professor's gain. I do not want to intrude, but I want to tell you how we love him, and how he has helped us and that our hearts ache for you this night. One such as he was and is and ever shall be, cannot die. His work cannot cease. As long as one of his students is left or one of their pupils is left, his work goes on. I do not pretend to be able to understand your grief, but up to the measure of my soul, I am sad with you."

"Our old teacher and esteemed friend held his own place in our hearts, and he will continue to be cherished there; we loved him; we mourn with you. I speak for the Westminster boys."

"As a pupil of his, I have always had the greatest admiration and respect for him, and I assure you that none of us who have any admiration for what is truly noble and sublime in human character, could help receiving the greatest benefit from both his instruction and his example. He always seemed to us an ideal toward which we should continually strive; and thus, altho' he is gone, yet his influence still remains and he continues to live in the thoughts and in the characters of all of us, his pupils."

"To our hearts came a keen sense of loss yesterday when we learned of your sor-

row and that the kind husband, the faithful friend; the loyal citizen had gone home."

"I think I shall always be a better woman and a better mother, because of his influence. Hundreds of other students live to call him blessed."

These few extracts suffice to show how into many another life has entered the life of Professor Thompson, in its wide spreading sympathies and activities. This truth was felt by his trusted old friend and pastor, Rev. Wm. Grassie, when he wrote the few but meaning words,

"We are with you in our hearts for the trial that is upon you.
May the supporting arms be about you."

Then, too, in the terse expression of his heart at the burial service: "I thank God for making such men as Professor Thompson."

Prof. S. R. Thompson, A. M.

(From the Monmouth College Courier.)

In the death of S. R. Thompson, A. M., professor of physics, Westminster college has lost one of its most gifted and beloved professors, and the cause of education one of its ablest representatives. He was a true man, an enthusiastic teacher, and an educator of high standing and experience. It is not my intention in these few lines to give an analysis, either of his character or of his life work, but since his life and mine touched each other at two or three points in the last forty years, the announcement of his death has vividly recalled them, and I feel sure that I will not be regarded as a stranger meddling with the sacredness of another's sorrow, should I gather up these scattered leaves of memory and tenderly place them upon his honored grave. This and nothing more.

In the fall of '56 I found myself in New Wilmington, Pa., a candidate for the sophomore class in Westminster college, and succeeding in this regard, began to cast about for a place to board and room, and was soon introduced to a tall, honest and kindly looking student by the name of Sam Thompson who was looking for a room-mate. We then and there entered into a mutual agreement upon the reciprocity which I know resulted in benefit to me. I found him to be a high minded and pure hearted man, an excellent student and specially gifted in the line of mathematics and mechanics. He was inventive and delighted in practical experiments. Dr. D. H. A. McLain, the mathematical professor, had resigned, and Thompson was acting as instructor in this department, and at the same time was pursuing most of the studies in the regular course. Near the close of the term he got a notion in his head, which was to me a strange one that he would leave school, go to Nebraska and operate a portable saw-mill in the valley of the Platte. Nebraska was not as near to the home of civilization then as the delegate to the Omaha institute thinks of it now. And the way of reaching it was not in a palace car. It was in the winter of 1856, and in the bloody days of "the Kansas and Nebraska Bill." Looking at it from a boy's standpoint of getting on in the world, I could not understand why he should leave such a position as he had and undertake an enterprise in which I could see neither profit nor glory. Results showed, however, that he could see things. To aid him in getting ready, when nothing would do but go, I agreed to hear his classes in algebra and geometry for a few days. Those days lengthened out into more than one year and

a half after he had gone, and before the authorities could prevail on Prof. Melhard to come to the relief of the long suffering students.

Some time after I had left college in '59, Thompson returned and graduated in '63, and after a while returned to Nebraska where he was eventually elected to the position of superintendent of public instruction of that state, which he filled with ability and distinction. On expiration of his term of office he was elected to a professorship in the State University at Lincoln. Years ago I had occasion to visit that state and took occasion to look up my old friend and room-mate. I found him true to life. He was one of those characters who never change let him occupy whatever position he would. After cordial greetings, I said to him, "Sam, this was a queer place to come to with a portable saw-mill, I haven't seen timber enough in the state to feed a buzz-saw for a week." "O," said he, "there is none now, I sawed it all up." Sawing up cottonwood trees, which grew along the Platte, to furnish lumber to build the shanties of the early settlers of the state, was the way he made himself useful and the place where he

"Was held in estimation,
According as he lifted up his axe
Thick trees upon."

That was the character of the man; he "sawed wood" and kept on thinking and doing good.

And when he died, "Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."

Resolutions Adopted by the Students of Westminster College on the Death of Prof. S. R. Thompson.

Whereas, It has been the will of our heavenly father to remove from our midst

our esteemed friend and teacher Prof. S. R. Thompson, and

Whereas, In recognition of his efficient work in behalf of our college, it is not only fitting but proper that we, the students, place on record, as a mark of our appreciation, the following resolutions; therefore be it

Resolved, That in this providence we recognize the hand of God, who has said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Resolved, That in the death of Prof. Thompson every student has lost a true friend and counselor, one whose godly example has been an inspiration to us all.

Resolved, That we accept this bereavement from the hand of God, who doeth all things well, and that we who are left behind be admonished to a greater diligence in the cause of the Master.

Resolved, That we, as a student body, express our heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved family, and that we do earnestly pray that God, by His grace and in His infinite mercy, may sustain them; that He may sanctify this dispensation of His providence to their good, and may they meet, an unbroken family, around the throne of God.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and published in the United Presbyterian, HOLCAD and New Wilmington GLOBE.

(Will Stewart
Elizabeth Duncan
J. A. McDonald

That girl you left behind you is doubtless all right, but there are lots just as nice here in College.



Prof. Conner with some of his elocution pupils gave a pleasing entertainment in Chapel on Friday evening, Nov. 27. It consisted of recitations, a scene from Shakespeare, and a well rendered farce. Miss Kimball also sang a charming little song, and Misses Frampton and Sowash rendered a beautiful piano duet.

A well known young lady never missed a snap of any kind, especially a ginger.

Prof. H.—"Now, Miss M.—open open your mouth and put your whole soul into it."

Miss Margaret Howell, who has been ill for some time, left for home on Monday morning. Her sister, Miss Mary Howell, also returned home.

On Thanksgiving evening, Mr. Geo. R. Wendling for the ninth time addressed a Westminster College audience. His subject was "Unseen Realities," and he certainly opened our eyes to the existence of the many unseen forces, which so much affect our lives. His lecture throughout was intensely interesting and enjoyable besides being highly instructive. He is without doubt a very successful orator.

The Juniors are beginning to look thin and pale. Tempus is fugiting fast, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred that essay isn't finished yet.

The Geology class was loud in its praise of the teacher, Prof. Byers, one morning recently. It had been a most interesting and extremely pleasant recitation.

Prof. H. to Ladies Quartette—"Each one of you idealize your darlings."

"O a man with false teeth I never will wed."
 She spoke with a toss of her classic head;
 But in after years when Prince Charming came
 She forgot her vow and changed her name,
 Though he hadn't a natural tooth in his cranium.
 (Last line blank verse.)

Miss K—was heard to say that she could walk up town in five minutes, but failed to add how long it would take her to come down.

The brief season of skating was highly enjoyed by all—especially beginners.

The power of habit is shown by the fact that when Dawson recites he begins by saying, "Ahem!"—(Ah, Em.)

Bill is talking to Miss A., Prof. Mc. comes past.

Bill says—"Oh, I have my Latin out all right, professor."

Next day, Prof. Mc.—"What mood?"

Bill—"Don't know."

Prof.—"If you wouldn't talk so much to Miss A. you'd know more."

It is reported that the Assistant in German will soon have a Reed to guide her foot-steps through this weary world.

Miss Mc—seems to be quite fond of fruit. (For instance, the elder Berry.)

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association, McPeak, '99, was elected manager of the football team for next year.

Note to window decorators in dry-goods store—three or four bright red wrappers make a very striking display.

The foot-ball eleven had a meeting on Saturday Dec. 19th and elected L. M. Peacock, of Hickory, Pa., captain of the '97 team.

Prof. Mc—(calling roll for Sabbath exercises: "Mr. Owsley.")

Owsley—"Both."

Prof.—"Present at both?"

Owsley—"No, absent from both."

On Thanksgiving eve, a fowl was hurled through an open window into the parlor of the Ladies Hall, where some of the fair ones were tripping over each others light fantasies. The sudden appearance of chicken caused much consternation among the girls, whose screams could be heard for miles, (more or less, according to the length of the miles.) Finally one young lady, bolder and braver than the rest, laid violent hands on the poor bird and persuaded it to return whence it had come.

The Juniors and Sophomores played a game of basket ball on the 14th of Dec. The score was rather one-sided, being 15-0 in favor of the Sophs.

The literary societies have selected their contestants for the Society Contest next June. Those who will contest for the Adelphics are:

Debate—Wm. Stewart, Moniteau, Pa.

Oration—J. C. Hanley, East Liverpool, Ohio.

Essay—Wm. McElwee, New Wilmington, Pa.

Declamation—R. R. Littell, Service, Pa.

For Philomath:—Debate—James Chambers, East Brook, Pa.

Oration—Harold M. Irons, McDonald, Pa.

Essay—Geo. H. Seville, Bellevue, Pa.

Declamation—Wilert H. McPeak, Canonsburg, Pa.

The worshippers at the temple on Mount Moriah are becoming so numerous on Friday nights that there is already great need for more parlors. This need is emphasized when one of the rooms is given up to the "lying in state" of a rodent.

Wm. McElwee has been seriously ill with the fever for several weeks.

The fourth entertainment of the Lecture Course was given in the Second U. P. Church, Saturday, Dec. 19th by Professor R. L. Cummock. Professor Cummock is deservedly popular and held the attention of the large audience by his clever reading of the varied selections. The program was as follows:

1. Trial Scene from Merchant of Venice.
—Shakespeare.
2. A Critical Situation, (By request.)
—Twain.
3. Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness.
—Dickens.
4. Death of Dr. McClure.—Ian McClaren.
5. Selections from Robert Burns.
6. Bill Mason.—Brete Harte.
7. A Georgia Sermon—Anon.

Music Notes.

A new prodigy appeared at the first recital of the season of the Hock Conservatory, Frankfort on the Main. His name is Granger and he is a small boy of eleven years, with fair complexion, golden hair, and blue eyes. He hails from Melbourne, Australia, and is said to be the peer of any prodigy yet known. We are told that he has a touch, a Virtuoso might be proud of, a technic as sure as it is wide in scope and that his legato is worth crossing the ocean to hear.

Lecture Musicals are rapidly growing in favor in New York. The Lecture recital means musical education for the people.

Rumor says that Mme Patti has written both words and music of a romantic, one act opera that will be first presented at Her Welch Castle.

The score of Richard Strauss' latest symphonic poem "Zarathustra" is completed, and the work was produced for the first time on Nov. 27th at the Frankfort Museum.

Sgambati has been called the "king of pianists—the one upon whom the mantle of his own beloved master—Liszt, seem to have fallen." He is the greatest Italian piano and symphonic composers, the most dignified and commanding of directors the most magnetic of teachers it is said. His splendid Mass just completed is the theme of themes in Italian musical society throughout Italy.

Miss Margaretha Peterson, a native of Denmark is the latest star in the realm of song. She has achieved phenomenal success before critical audiences in London, Vienna, Berlin and other large continental cities as well as in Scandinavia. Without doubt the lovers of song may expect a treat when this young artist visits our country which she intends to do at some future time.

"A little girl when asked if her sister took music lessons, replied, 'Sis is takin' somthin' on the piano but I can't tell ye whether it's music or typewritin.' Wiser ones than this little girl have been at a loss to know just what was being accomplished at the keys."

"Paderwski's son, when a little boy, asked his father, who was playing in Paris at the time, whether he might go to the place where Paderwski was to perform. The distinguished pianist consented. When the lad came home his father asked him how he had enjoyed himself. "Oh, not at all," was the youngster's reply. "It was the dullest circus I have ever been to. I expected to see you go through hoops, but you only played on the piano, just as you do at home."

Alumni and College World

Vassar boasts that none of her graduates have ever been divorced.

The University of California will offer a course in Chinese language and literature for the next year.

Rev. Dr. McKay, '72, has recently been called to the pastorate of the U. P. church in Greenville, Pa.

Women are to be eligible for positions on the faculty of Ann Arbor.

In Germany one man in 218 goes to college; in Scotland one in 520, in the United States one in 2,000, and in England one in 5,000.

Volant Collage seems to be dangerously near the shoals. The dormitory was burned down last summer and now, at the request of the board, President Galbraith has resigned. If the matter is not smoothed over soon the results will be serious.

They are trying a new experiment at Harvard. The athletic committee has appointed an instructor in base ball and all students are allowed to enter the class.

Allegheny College proposes to erect a stone gymnasium costing from \$12,000 to \$15,000.

It is reported that John D. Rockefeller is endeavoring to open negotiations with Dr. Nansen for the purchase of the recently discovered North Pole which he hopes to give to Chicago University. The University wishes to use it as a flag staff.

A college has a right to feel proud that has given diplomas to one President, two Vice-Presidents, one Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, four Associate Justices, seventeen cabinet officers, twenty-five

Governors, one hundred and seventeen Judges of state courts, one hundred and fifty Congressmen, seventeen Ministers to foreign countries, and thousands of men in all the learned professions. That is the handsome record of Princeton University.

J. H. Wallace, of New York, has recently presented the Western Theological Seminary with \$20,000 to found a chair of elocution. By different means this sum will be increased to \$50,000, and definite action will be taken at once.

With the consent of Warden Coffin, of the State prison at Columbus, Ohio, eight students of the law school at the State University were initiated into a Greek letter fraternity with experiences in the methods of punishment used in the prison, including the ducking tub, the padding machine, the thumb chains and the humming bird, after being brought to the prison blindfolded in cabs.

The world has lost a noble and useful man by the death of Rev. James McFarland Fulton, D. D., for many years pastor of the Fourth United Presbyterian church, Allegheny, and founder of the Young People's Christian Union. Dr. Fulton was born in Ohio in 1849 and graduated from Westminster College in 1872. After finishing a theological course at Allegheny Seminary he began active work, but was obliged to give up his pastorate on account of failing health. Since then he has been a regular contributor to the Christian Union Herald and done much good work among the freedmen of the south. Besides all this he was the founder of an orphan's home, trustee of Westminster and director of Allegheny seminary. In short he was a man with a great soul, a man who made the world better.

* Exchanges. *

Professor.—“What is the universal negative?” Junior (taken by surprise) “Not prepared.”

The Oak, Lily and Ivy contains a column on current events. This is a good idea

The editor sat in his sanctum
Penning a beautiful thought;
Next day came his compensation—
The professor recorded a naught.—Ex.

Over 40,000 women are attending the various colleges of America, yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to them.

“Without Sound of Hammer” is the subject of a well written article in the Campus. Character—human temples—are builded in the same quiet way as Solomon's temple. All through life certain eternal, silent forces are at work.”

Two cribs in his pocket and one on his cuff:
Some formulas, rules and other small stuff
Tucked up his sleeve; and a stolen test
A text book buttoned under his vest:
A buckish chum to assist him—
Behold the result of the marking system.—Ex.

The short story in the Davidson monthly, “A Ghostly Adventure,” is very interesting.

When you have a hair-raising story to tell always spring it on a bald-headed man. —Spectator.

Pros. (to hesitating Soph.) “Sir, you seem to be evolving that translation from your inner conscience.”

Soph —“No, professor; last night I read that by faith Enoch was translated, and I thought I would try it on Plato.”

Prof.—“Faith without works is dead.” —Exchange.

The College Chronicle contains an article written on the importance of the study of mathematics. Particularly is the study of mathematics needful in this fast age of the novel and newspaper, when men hardly take time to think two consecutive thoughts on the same subject. Mathematics requiring careful, logical thought for its mastery, and acting as a governor or break, checks the superficial, thoughtless youth in his mad, feverish rush to the nowhere of intellectuality.

High ideals are necessary to success. “Show me a man whose visions are large and lofty, and I can show you one who will labor unceasingly for their realization.”

The Monmouth College Courier contains a short sketch on the life of Prof. S. R. Thompson, in which it says—“Westminster College has lost one of its most gifted and beloved professors, and the cause of education one of its ablest representatives. He was a true man, and an educator of high standing and wide experience.

After you have read the following exchange we refer you to our business manager.

If you want a college paper
That is full of college news,
Just bring around your dollar
Or a round dollar if you choose.—Ex.

Mme Melba coaches with Mme Marchese, and is as regular and earnest a pupil as one could wish. She thinks the New York people are “too much given to making money.” It is suggested, “How could they hear Melba if they were not.

At Cornell it is no longer necessary to study Latin and Greek in order to secure the degree of A. B.

THE HOLCAD.

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The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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Publisher's Notice.

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JANUARY 1897.



DR. F. C. IGLEHART, the popular lecturer, delivered his lecture, "Brawn and Bread," in the Second Church January 15. Mr. Iglehart possesses great oratorical pow-

ers. His lecture abounded in eloquent flights and rhetorical passages. His lecture was full of good, practical advice which should make impressions lasting and profitable. He held the attention of the audience for an hour and a half, and the large audience frequently interrupted by hearty demonstration of applause.

GEORGE KENNAN will deliver the sixth lecture of the course, Tuesday evening February 9th. "The Siberian Convict Mines", is his lecture, and we expect a rare treat.

THE challenge sent to the Adelphic Society by the Philomath brings up the old question: "Is a contest profitable?" While there are some things that are no profitable, yet there are many things that are. It is true that there is not much profit in the unfriendly rivalry it engenders, nor to the disappointed candidates in each society, nor to the societies in that they must comply with the established custom of allowing to each elected contestant optional attendance at society for the remainder of the year. But when we think of the intellectual training, the hard working and digging given to each individual contestant; when we think of the advantages to be gained for public speaking; when we think

of the value to be had from a hard-won victory or a fair defeat; when we think of the \$80 (more or less) the contest places in each society treasury—we are convinced that society contests are profitable.

AFTER each athletic season there is always a greater or smaller number of "cranks" who, as opportunity presents itself, are ready to hurl their philippics at athletics. But it is seldom that a man like President Harper of the Chicago University comes in open opposition to them. President Harper has hitherto been a strong advocate of college athletics, and his change of view excites no small surprise. The President now considers them a menace to the good work of the college, which may be explained by the fact that six or seven of the foot-ball team have actually "flunked." It is thought that in his change of view he may go to the limit of having all athletics barred, except the required daily work of the gymnasium. We do not hold in question the wisdom of President Harper, nor shall we say that his course, if carried out, would be right or wrong. But is not one fact noticeable? That dissatisfaction with athletics, as it is carried on to-day, is becoming wide-spread. Some would attribute this dissatisfaction to the character of the game itself, saying that it is "brutal" etc., and hence must die. But we do not agree with them. We hold that this dissatisfaction arises from the fact, that athletics is fast becoming a profession, and that the men for whom the game was intended are crowded out by those who made the game a profession. The majority of the men who hold the chief places in our university teams, are anything but students. Hence is it a fair shake for athletics, when

six or seven of these "professional athletes" flunk, that college athletics must be condemned as a menace to good college work? We believe not.

Joseph McNaugher Esq.

Joseph McNaugher was a familiar figure in New Wilmington. He served as a member of the Board of Directors for many years. His children one by one received their education here. One bright, manly son—Thos. W. McNaugher—died here, after leaving an impression of excellence of character that remained for a long time.

Mr. McNaugher's worth was recognized by all who came to know him. He died at his home in Allegheny Dec. 6, 1896, after a long illness. We append the remarks made by Dr. Ferguson at his funeral which presents some of the salient features of his character.

I have known Mr. Joseph McNaugher for many years. I cannot remember when first I met him but I seem to have known him during all my ministerial life. Of late years our lives have been intimately blended and I feel that I have been bereft of a friend by his removal. I am glad therefore to embrace the privilege of laying a flower upon his coffin—of paying humble tribute to his name. As a man he well illustrated that apostolic summary of right living—"Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He was enterprising—he was spiritual—he abounded in the work of the Lord.

He was so attentive to business that we almost wondered how he found time for anything else. He was so deeply interested in many departments of the church's

work that we almost feared that he would neglect his business. He was so alive to the spiritual condition of himself and others that we never thought of him as absorbed in the mere worldly life. He exemplified how it is possible to be both a thorough business man and a thorough Christian. That trinity of engagements—business, worship and church activity—were harmoniously united in his daily life—"Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." I knew him particularly in connection with his work as a member of the Board of Trustees and as Treasurer of Westminster College. In both these positions he did very valuable service for which he should be held in grateful remembrance by the friends of the institution. No doubt God will raise up another to take his place and do his work but to us it seems that this providence has created a vacancy that will be hard to fill. Let me but mention a few of his traits of character that came to light in connection with this service.

1. His clear practical good sense. To every matter that came before us he gave earnest attention and consideration. No man's words were listened to by our Board when in session with more profound respect. He was not in haste to express his judgment and when it was given it always awakened thought even when failing to carry assent. In regard to financial matters, what he said had almost the weight of authority. He was so familiar with details and had given the situation so much previous thought that when he came to the meetings his opinions were sought and were often decisive.

2. His unswerving integrity. His name has been a source of strength in our financial affairs for years. With him as

Treasurer there was confidence that our funds were in safe hands. There has been never a whisper of doubt concerning them. Sometimes the best service one renders is by what he is rather than by what he does. This service which sterling character gives he rendered freely in a position which eminently required it.

3. His conscientiousness. Others may tell of this as it appeared in relation to Christian truth and worship. I am sure that his convictions in regard to these were honestly reached and held. But I speak of his conscientiousness as manifested in his fidelity to every trust. Whatever duty was legitimately put upon him he endeavored to fulfil. It might be an unpleasant one yet with mildness he would discharge it. It might require plain words yet they would be spoken without mincing though tenderly.

His character was transparent. His conscientiousness shone through what he said and did. He made little ado about it yet it impressed itself on others. No one even thought of him as descending to a trick or concocting a scheme. What he said expressed his conclusion conscientiously reached. What he did was the act of a man who formed his purpose deliberately and honestly.

4. His modesty. This was the crown of his good qualities. He hated pretense in others and any display of self-importance was certain to cause an adverse opinion. And what he condemned in others he avoided himself. When his work was done he was off. He would make sacrifices for the College and then pass out of sight. He was more of a factor in a business meeting with its cares and anxieties than at a reunion or a banquet. I have sometimes

...stancy of his interest in Westminster College. As often as I met him, it never seemed an intrusion to mention its affairs. Only one week ago yesterday I had a pleasant chat with him and received some wise counsel concerning its affairs. It seemed to be one of the objects that for his Master's sake lay very near to his heart.

This thoughtful, genuine, conscientious, modest man I have rejoiced to think of as my friend—one about whose friendship I never raised a question. I shall miss him as I would but few among men. There was no limit to his loyalty to his friends except the superior obligation he felt to be due to his Master.

His best friend was his Master and now he has been translated to the presence and companionship of that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He has passed within the veil that separates from the better world and we cannot follow him now.

But we know on the testimony of God's word that for such as he, who live by Christ and for Christ, that other world is indeed a better world. To depart is to be with Christ which is far better. He goes out from the home on the hill to purer and clearer skies and brighter outlook on the heights of heaven. He goes away from sweet friends on earth to join the company of the just made perfect. Dear sorrowing friends, Sorrow not as those who have no hope for "absence from the body is presence with the Lord" even now, and "if we believe that Jesus died and rose again then also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

We can afford to wait for justice, but we can not afford to be idle.

The Development of the Anglo-Saxon.

In the northern part of Germany, in a low region exposed to the raging sea, which threatens to blot out all sign of land, a region covered with immense forest, lived the Saxons, a race well suited to their environments.

Large and strong, they were as savage and uncontrolled as the raging waters. Their life was one of activity. They hunted not only the beasts of the forests, but carried the chase to a more terrible end. Hunting their fellow man was their chief delight. By land and sea they roved leaving desolation behind them.

To the west of this land lay an island apparently of little importance, inhabited by a race who had long been in subjection long, to the Roman power. Dependent for so they were unable when their conquerors had withdrawn to protect themselves from their warlike neighbors on the North. In their trouble they appealed to the Saxons for aid saying "The barbarians drive us to the sea and the sea drives us back to the barbarians." The appeal was favorably heard.

"Then sad relief from the bleak coast that
hears

The German ocean roar, deep blooming
strong

And yellow haired the blue eyed Saxon
came

Uniting with their hosts they soon drove
The Scots back to their northern home.

Delivered from their enemies, the Britons might well pray to "be delivered from their friends." The Saxons soon saw that they were in a better land than their own. They at once made themselves at home, drove the nations before them, and established Saxon rule. Years of

blood shed followed. Having subdued the Britons they waged war upon one another. Christianity had at some very early period been introduced among the Britons. Conquered by the pagan Saxons, they became in turn the conquerors, converting by their efforts the hearts of the Saxons to the living God. Slow but certain was the change wrought by Christianity upon them. Civilization began to advance, the people becoming more settled and less quarrelsome.

But they were not long left in peace. An enemy came upon them from without. For a time the raven standard of the Danes carried terror to the Saxon homes. Then, like one sinking in a quick-sand, they were absorbed by the Saxons leaving no trace behind them.

A mightier foe next appeared. William the Conqueror wrested the scepter from the hands of Harold, and the Normans seemed to be the ruling race. Only in the higher circle of the land was their triumph complete. The common people always form the race in the end. The characteristic stubbornness of the Saxons refused to change and their predominance was sure. The Normans were compelled to learn the language and adopt to some extent the customs of the conquered race. This together with inter-marriages hastened to complete the fusion of the races. 'Tis true the Normans wrought a great change in the island, exerting a refining influence upon the people and the language but at last the Norman and the Saxon became one people—the Anglo-Saxon or English.

Years that were full of interest passed slowly by. Years that witnessed the forming of a great nation. Advancing equally in all things, they have ever been supporters of that same faith they found so early.

With it has come prosperity and culture. Out of all these events has come a people hardened and prepared to perform their part in the next great event in history—the settlement of America. Animated by the same adventurous spirit as their ancestors, they turned toward the new land. Settlements soon covered the entire eastern coast of the country with France and Spain by their side. Although for a time too much occupied with the task of establishing themselves to pay much attention to each other, they came at last to the inevitable conflict. The prize was worth the contest. The possession of a continent was the stake. The end was not long deferred. The result was but the working of a natural law, "the survival of the fittest." The Anglo-Saxon was to develop the land.

Hampered for a while by the governing hand of the mother country, the old in-born love of liberty began to assert itself. The colonies declared that they would be a free and independent nation. Long and bitter was the strife between the two nations of the same blood, equally brave and determined. But there is a God who overrules all things, and it was his will that this branch of the race should not be hindered in its onward course. Development now began on all sides. Forests were cleared. The great plains were crossed and settled. In place of the war cry of the savage was heard the sound of peaceful industry. It were impossible to trace the development of this land in detail. Torn at times by civil strife, it has emerged stronger, more united, and more respected by other nations.

Not only in this land have the Anglo-Saxons established colonies, but Canada, South Africa and Australia have also been settled by them. Wonderful has been the

increase of the Anglo-Saxon nations in power, wealth and population. From a few brave and adventurous people in their forest home has grown two great nations whose development in the last century has become the wonder of history. Their past has been glorious. In keeping with it, what must be the future? United by the ties of blood, having common desires, developing along the same lines, they must move shoulder to shoulder as one people.

That they are first in peace is clearly shown by the fact that these two leading nations of the race have determined to settle all by their disputes by arbitration rather than by resort to the doctrine of "blood and iron," showing by this action that they fully realize the meaning of the message delivered by the heavenly hosts on the plain of Bethlehem. Though first in peace, they have in the past stamped with indelible letters upon the pages of history that when they so desire they are also first in war. In the future as in the past, when justice and humanity demand it, they may not rest idly upon their arms. Lifting up their united voice against wrong and oppression who shall say them nay? Were they now determined to stand or fall together, think you the "unspeakable Turk" would long continue in the work of slaughter, or the Russian Bear presume to stand in the way of their avenging hand? Will they not see their duty as the foremost people of the world and go forward unflinchingly in its discharge?

You ask what are the reasons for the success of this people. The home is the center of their existence—a home having in it one husband and one wife, a place kept pure and sacred, from which go forth noble men and women to form other such

homes—homes that have their welfare co-existent with the welfare of the state. Its value is recognized by law and "every man's house is his castle." Protected by law they are a law abiding people, realizing that in the supremacy of the law lies the safety of the nation, and it has been their allegiance to their constitution that to a great extent has made any retrogression on their part impossible.

They are a commercial people. This was the secret of the success of the greatest nations of antiquity. They may truly be said to be the successors of the Phoenicians as the commercial carriers of the world.

Their greatest superiority lies in their treatment of inferior races. Look at the Spaniards in Mexico and South America, the French in this country and in Canada. They adapted themselves to the condition of the natives, living as they lived, marrying into their tribes, making no effort to raise or enlighten them. Not only did they leave the natives in their ignorant state, but sank themselves to their level. The Anglo-Saxon kept above such relations with savages. As far as possible they have civilized them; those refusing to be civilized have given way to the more progressive races. The result is apparent. Where is now the mighty empire that belonged to Spain, rich with the wealth of the murdered Incas? Where are now those possessions of France to which the Anglo-Saxon colonies were but as a string to the mighty bow? The one divided into many states is yet in gross darkness; the other in the hands of their successors developed into the foremost nation of the earth.

Their progress is well shown in the spread of their language. Far and wide

over the earth its sound is heard. A century since French was the leading language of the civilized world; to-day English is the vehicle of modern, western thought, and where the currents of new life touch in the Old World "there are nations eager to learn English." Its destiny is nothing less than the universal speech.

In art they are equal to the best; in science undisputably leading the world. What wonderful achievements they have made along the line of discoveries and inventions that have become a blessing to the nations. In their literature they have no cause for regret. Essayists, historians and poets, writers of fiction and biography; in every department of the work their representatives will bear comparison with those of any people. In religion, to their honor be it said, they are the foremost exponents of that faith which has brought men out of darkness into a bright and eternal light.

Ever thus go on thou many times blessed race; thou second chosen people, "Sacred are the trusts committed to thy care, and bright the visions of the coming ages."

R. M. C. '98.

"The Love of the Beautiful and Useful."

There is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than that which is beautiful. It immediately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination and gives a finishing touch to anything that is great or uncommon. The very first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties.

"Beauty is the form under which the intellect prefers to study the world." The world is full of the beautiful and by studying it, we are enabled to study the world.

When we begin to think of the beautiful we do not look on the surface, but we must go far deeper, down to the very foundations of things Goethe said: "The beautiful is a manifestation of secret laws of nature, which but for this appearance had been forever concealed from us." And this deep instinct causes all the excitement—much of it superficial and absurd enough—which leads armies of vain travelers to Italy, Greece and Egypt.

When a man makes a great acquisition in the science of the beautiful he values it above all his possessions. The most useful world, would remain unsatisfied as long as only commodity was served. But as fast as he sees beauty, life acquires a very high value.

"Every natural feature—sea, sky, rainbow, flowers, musical tone—has in it somewhat which is not private, but universal, speaks of that central benefit which is the soul of nature and thereby beautiful."

Though we can never "remount the river of our years" he, who loves Nature, is always young. But what is the love of Nature? Some seem to think they show a love of flowers by gathering them. How often we find a bunch of withered blossoms on the roadside, plucked only to be thrown away! Is this the love of Nature? No, it is on the contrary a wicked waste, for a waste of beauty is almost the worst of all. When we look at the sky, it is in most cases merely to see whether it is likely to rain.

But if each time we look at the sky, we should look to see the many fleecy clouds floating above us, or at morn, to see the rising sun, or perhaps to see the rainbow after a refreshing shower, and if every hour the attentive eye looks upon Nature, it

should behold a picture that was never seen again. Is not this the love of Nature?

It is instinct to see beauty in the fields and by the roadside, in the shop and in the mill. And yet too many of us see nothing in the fields but sacks of wheat, in the meadows, but trusses of hay, and in the woods but planks for houses, or cover for game.

Of all the peoples who have inhabited the world, the Greeks are almost the greatest lovers of the beautiful. They did not love the beauties of nature as moderns but as Greeks. Everything that we think is beautiful seemed to them to be a hinderance in their work and in their travelling. They had not learned the science of subjecting the forces of nature to the power of man. But oh, how they loved the the beautiful statues carved by the sculptors hand. It was not from the want of perceiving the beauties of nature but from the different manner of perceiving it, that the Greeks did not turn their genius to poetry, the outlines, the hues, and the contrasts of all the fair valleys and bold cliffs, the golden moons and rosy dawns which their beautiful country affords in lavish abundance. Do we not all love a beautiful landscape painting more than any other? Yet the Greeks never turned their genius in that direction. The want of it is not due to the absence of deep feeling for nature, for its countless variety in texture and color, for its power to give peace and repose in time of trouble, for its response to the happiness and peacefulness of the human breast. How is it that the sensitive poetical Greeks should have missed this great comfort and perpetual delight? This answer might be taken for granted without special allusion.

Turn now and look at the beautiful and useful together. Some person has said: "The beautiful and useful agree so well together that of all the trinkets wherewith they are attired, there is not one but serves some necessary purpose."

Beauty and use are so inseparable that they are often taken the one for the other.

"Arising out of eternal reason one and perfect, whatsoever is beautiful rests on the necessary. Nothing is arbitrary, nothing is insulated in beauty. It depends forever on the necessary and useful."

Has not the plumage of the bird, the mimic plumage of the insect, a reason for its rich colors in the constitution of the animal?

The most perfect form to answer an end is so far beautiful.

Art makes the same effort which a sensual prosperity makes, namely; to detach the beautiful from the useful, to do up the work as unavoidable and hating it, pass on to enjoyment.

This separation of the beautiful from the useful, the laws of nature do not permit. As soon as beauty is sought, not from religion and love but for pleasure, it degrades the seeker. High beauty is no longer attainable by him, in canvas or stone, in sound or lyrical construction; an effeminate, prudent, sickly beauty, which is not beauty, is all that can be formed; for the hand cannot execute anything higher than character can inspire.

Beauty must come back to the useful arts, and the distinction between fine and useful arts be forgotten. If history were truly told, if life were nobly spent, it would be no longer easy or possible to distinguish the one from the other. "In nature all is useful, all is beautiful, because it is alive,

moving, and reproductive; it is therefore useful because it is symmetrical and fair." Beauty will not come at the call of the legislature, nor will it repeat in England or America, its history in Greece.

Emerson has given us a law which pertains to the beautiful and the useful. The law is this. "The universal soul is the alone creator of the useful and the beautiful; therefor to make anything useful or beautiful, the individual must be submitted to the universal mind."

This law shows that in the useful art, in order that it may not be a contradiction to nature, must be subjected to her. So the beautiful art must be subjected to Ideal Nature. In happy hours, nature appears to us, one with art; perfected, the work of genius. Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.

The traveller who visits the Vatican and passes from chamber to chamber, through galleries of statues and vases, through forms of beauty not in the richest materials, is in danger of forgetting the simplicity of the principals out of which they sprung, and that they had their origin from the thoughts and laws in his own breast.

We must not forget that the beautiful and useful go hand in hand. That everything beautiful rests on the necessary. If you find one you are sure to find the other. Every necessary action pleases the beholder. Every useful labor is becoming to the wise eye.

M. A. T.

Sometimes the gods (the faculty) are propitious and make vacant periods coincide.

WATERING STOCK.

Its Pretty Tough When a Farmer Has 'o
Depend Upon a Cistern For
Water.

A FEW OF THE TRIBULATIONS

Which Winter Brings to the Farmer Whose Land
is Not Well Watered Fate o' the Boy ..ho
Has to Fill the Water Buckets Winter is Hard
in the Country, Indeed.

There has been a great deal more sport made of the farmers of this country by the city press, and especially by the illustrated comic papers, than there ought to have been. They have been at critical periods the mainstay of the nation, and there ought to be a more general recognition of their sterling qualities of heart. It was thus that the writer soliloquized only yesterday, and the reason he did so was this: That he had before him the living proof that a farmer is often cool and patient in the most critical and trying positions. Here is the reason: The summer of 1894 tried the water supply of the northern states by a long period of extreme drouth, and the sturdy yeomanry resolved in many a state, to not be so entirely "beat" by dry weather again. Large cisterns were therefore built by many of them, and the rains of the fall and winter have since been stored up in readiness for drouths of coming seasons. But the cold winter of 1895 was a terror to cisterns. The average country cistern dug out of the clay and then cemented was about ready to give up the fight when spring came, for it was cracked up with big cracks and goes sliding down into the water as soon as the

frost let up a little. If that was all it would not be so bad, but there will soon be three feet of ice in every cistern.

IT GOES ON FREEZING

As the water goes down, and a boy is let down to cut the ice with an axe. He fills the bucket and while his father "hoists away," he is kept mighty busy dodging the falling water and keeping himself and the axe from getting into the hole in the ice. The boy often has to cut the hole out larger so as to let himself and the bucket down to a new ice formation, and in such narrow quarters will likely have to climb back to the level of the first ice and then sink the wooden bucket with a rail. Imagine the farmer and his boys in this predicament and a yard full of big steers hooking and pushing around the trough, all wanting more water. But this is not the worst. The boy is down in the cistern and can't get up till he is hoisted up and the cold that he suffers is often intense. That he does not from sheer exhaustion fall over into the icy water must be the result of his great appetite for buckwheat cakes and greasy pork. The old man can go to the house and get warmed, but the boys work is not done until the water is all up. The old man has the greatest difficulty to keep the big four year old steers from pinioning him to the ground with his horns in their effort to get at the water first. Add to this the biting air and the blinding storm and you have some idea of what it is to water stock from a cistern in January, 1897.—R. J. TOTTEN, '88, in New Castle News.

The greatest criminal court in the history of Lawrence county was that of the December Quarter Sessions and Oyer and

Terminer. During the term two murder cases were tried and many other important cases came up. During the two weeks' sitting of the court, Westminster College graduates carried off the honors. Robert K. Aiken, '89, the district attorney, delivered some of the most powerful addresses ever heard in the court, Hon. J. Norman Martin, '81, defended with consummate skill, the celebrated Clark murder case, making several legal arguments of great power. Judges William D. Wallace and S. H. Miller presided in closely contested cases with the highest dignity. Both judges are honored graduates of Westminster College. Mr. Aiken '89, recently took an appeal to the Supreme Court on a decision of the lower court on the "Livery Stable Keepers" act and by his exhaustive preparation of the appeal he won the case

R. J. TOTTEN.

New Castle, Pa., December, 25.

Locals.

Dr Ferguson was ill with la grippe for a week and unable to meet his classes.

Although Leap Year has gone, we heard a young lady proposing a visit to the clergyman. So they two went, with other two for witnesses.

Judging by the lateness of her arrival at the first of the term, one member of the Ladies' Quartette must have been following the professor's instructions and became so interested in 'idealizing her darling' that she came to Westminster four days over due.

The Juniors are glad to welcome Miss Harper and Miss Speer to their ranks.

In the English exam., we hear that the young ladies wrote on "The Power of Love."

Moral Science seems to be an inter-class affair:—there's everything in it, from Preps. to Rev. Seniors.

An English visitor inquiring for the 'h'art studi'o would probably be directed to the library at the Ladies' Hall.

Overheard in the Gym.

Freshly—"Say diyou know Smith is trying to get on the track team?"

Soph—"No—what event?"

Freshly—"Standing broad grin."

A number of new students have entered college this term, most of those who attended last term are still in college and several have returned who have been away a term or more. The new students are:

Harold Ashenhurst,	New	Wilmington, Pa.
Margaret A. Eckert,	"	"
Edwin McCormick,	"	"
May McKelvy,	"	"
J. Vance McKelvy,	"	"
R. G. McGill,	"	"
Mary E Sharp,	"	"
Jos. J. Sharp,	"	"
E. W. Byers,	-	Butler, Pa.
Richard C. Clark,	-	New Castle, Pa.
H. H. Donaldson,	-	North Star, Pa.
Harry W. Dornan,	-	Florence, Pa.
Ray Neville,	-	Sharon, Pa.
Thos. A. Sampson,	-	Fay, Pa.
J. A. Smith,	-	Pittsfield, Pa.
Jennie May Wallace,	-	Pulaski, Pa.

The former students who have returned are Mary Watson, Helen Barnes, Isabel Harper Martha Speer, L. M. Davies, W. E. Wenner, Leeper McClean.

We understand that H. Russell and a certain young lady have formed a mutual admiration society. It is quite proper for he is a well read and she's—well—red, too. Doubtless this is a case of capillary attraction.

The following schedule of basket ball games has been arranged by Mr. Holmes and the captains of the different terms:

Monday, Jan., 18th, Freshmen vs Preps.

" " 25th, Senior vs Juniors.

" Feb. 1st, Sophs. vs Preps.

" " 8th, Seniors vs Freshmen.

" " 15th, Junior vs Preps.

" " 22nd, Freshman vs Sophs.

" Mar. 1st, Seniors vs Preps.

" " 8th, Juniors vs Freshman.

" " 15th, Seniors vs Sophs.

Saturday Mar. 20th, Juniors vs Sophs.

Games called at 11 A. M., sharp.

The first game was very hotly contested resulting in a victory for the Prep; by the close score, 2-1. The points were all made on fouls, neither side being able to throw a goal from field.

There was quite a large number of spectators present but very good order was maintained; no demonstration of class feeling was permitted except the applauding of good plays. There is good material in all the classes and splendid teams should be evolved by practice so that the games are likely to increase in interest and excitement. The teams consisted of the following.

FRESHMAN		3RD PREPS.
Miller	L. F.	D. McKim
Sloss	R. F.	Kuhn
Shira	C.	Veazey
Ferguson	L. G.	Wright
Chambers	R. G.	Marshall.
Smith	Sub.	

Wanted to know by a beginner in Chemistry—What sort of chemicals applied to the brain will produce the quickest action?

Here is a fragment from an old English ballad. Can any of our readers help us to finish it?

“Long, he kissed And (d)rew
Nearer to the palace door.”

Rev. Iglehart lectured in the Second Church Friday, Jan. 15th on ‘Brawn and Bread.’ The large audience listened attentively throughout and were well pleased with his handling of the subject.

Miss Oella J. Patterson, a former teacher in Westminster, died Jan. 17, at San Diego, Cal. Only recently she was elected to the chair of German in an educational institution of prominence at San Antonio, Tex.

A regular peruser of The Holcad sends us the following question: “Could I possibly find out through your columns the moral of the latest of the Westminster Stories? I am much interested in knowing.”

A meeting was held Wednesday evening, January 20th in Professor Barnes’ rooms for the purpose of organizing a Glee Club. It is the intention to make the organization permanent and a success. A Glee Club is a necessary part of an ideal college and as Westminster is progressing in other directions there is no reason for her being behind in this matter. There will be a great deal of enjoyment in both to those who are members and to those who listen, we hope, and it ought to arouse a more enthusiastic college spirit. The officers elected were: President, G. H. Seville, Secretary, Chas. Trainer, Treasurer, T. P. Shira.

While in Chicago Prof. Hahn heard the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, and also the Apollo Club in the annual performance of Handel’s Messiah. The club numbers 500 voices.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association a constitution, drawn up by a committee, was read and adopted. The dues are one dollar a term and it is expected that each student join the association and thus help the different teams by his support. Professor Barnes was elected manager of the ’97 foot ball eleven to take the place of McPeak, who resigned.

Mr. Holmes reports an increase in the number of students attending Gym. There is an enrollment of sixty, now with prospects of more coming in. Both divisions are doing good work and the physical director does his work in such a way that the best possible results are obtained. We might say here that there is a woeful lack of space in the dressing room.

A dark night, a surrey not quiet full waiting at the Junction. Two girls in search of a conveyance appear. They are thrust inside with little ceremony, and the closed carriage moves away. By lucky chance the maidens recognize the voices of the young gentlemen in the front seat, but the man beside them remains a mystery. In vain do the several occupants try to find him out. A match is lighted, but the unknown shrinks back into the shadow. He is repeatedly addressed, but only snores in return. At last, the Hall is neared. All hope for light, but disappointment awaits them. A careful glance reveals only a dark, silent unrecognizable form. Five dollars reward for a correct answer to the query—Who was he?

Professor S. I. Connor's class will give 'The Merchant of Venice' toward the latter part of this term. The cast for the play is given below.

Duke of Venice	-	Robert Coeper.
Antonio	- - -	Jas. Scott,
Basanio	- - -	Jas. Black.
Gratiano	- - -	Oliver Degelman.
Lorenzo	- - -	J. C. Hanley.
Salarino	- - -	W. H. McPeak.
Solanio	- - -	R. R. Littell
Old Gobbo	- - -	L. K. Peacock.
Lancelot Gobbo	- - -	Jas. Chambers.
Tubal	- - -	Monroe Witherspoon.
Balthazar	- - -	William Owsley.
Portia	- - -	Miss Donaldson.
Nerissa	- - -	Miss Andrew.
Jessica	- - -	Miss Bessie Stewart.

Musical Notes.

Miss Kimball spent the vacation at her home in New York.

Mrs. Hahn and son Harold visited at Toledo, Ohio, during the holidays.

Paderewski will make his reappearance at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, on Feb. 11.

The Emperor of Russia prefers the cello to all other instruments and is himself a performer on it.

Miss Flora Parsons, a pianist of distinguished merit, has recently returned from Europe and is now concerting with the violin virtuoso Remenyi.

Jan. 31st will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Schubert, creator supreme of rare and noble gems of melody, fitly framed in golden harmonies.

In the death of Wm. Steinway of the Steinway piano firm, America lost a valuable musical friend.

Teressa Carreno the eminent pianist returned to America for a Concert to be beginning Jan. 14th.

Prof. Hahn spent vacation in study at Chicago, taking daily lessons with Mr. Burrett and Mr. Seeboerk.

The Annual Concert by the chorus class will take place during this term, and will be an event in musical circles.

Sickness and death have wrought serious havoc in the musical world. Franz Klafsky, Campanini, and Mr. William Steinway, the greatest manufacturers of pianos the world has known have recently passed into the land beyond. Max Alvary and Brahme are slowly dying of painful and incurable maladies, Moritz Rosenthal is still suffering from the effects of an attack of Typhoid fever.

Alumni and College World.

J. W. Price '83, is teaching school at Eastbrook.

J. V. McKinney, '92, has gone to the South on account of his failing health.

As a result the recent football game in the City of Mexico, the Mexican papers condemn the game as more brutal than bull-fighting.

One of the requirements of the student seeking honors at Amherst is that his college expenses during the previous year must not exceed \$500. Sad news for "Cholly, the dean boy."

Mr. Nevin '95, is doing good work at West Sunbury Academy. Since he became President the institution has grown steadily both in attendance and merit.

Cambridge has passed a statute enabling the authorities to deprive a graduate of his degree and the privileges of the university, in case of misconduct.

Gen. G. W. C. Lee, who has just resigned the presidency of Washington and Lee University, was the eldest son of R. E. Lee and through his mother was a direct descendant of George Washington's father.

The trustees and faculty of Johns Hopkins University joyfully accepted the subscription of \$240,000 made by merchants of Baltimore and alumni of the university to tide the institution over the financial difficulties occasioned by the failure of the B. & O. Railroad Company to pay dividends on the stock owned by the university.

The board of regents of the University of California have selected San Francisco as the place of location of the Wilmerding School of Industry. Mr. Wilmerding left \$400,000 to found the school in order that boys might have an opportunity to learn the trades.

John D. Rockefeller has been made an honorary member of the University Convocation of the University of Chicago. This is the highest honor within the gift of the University.

The Moravian Seminary and College for Women at Bethlehem, Pa., was founded in 1749, and is only a few years younger than Princeton. The faculty and alumnae now wish to put it on a level with Vassar and Bryn Mawr, and the alumnae society is working hard to interest all the graduates in the matter.

Exchanges.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

These narrow gates— First, "Is it true?"
This "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give a truthful answer, and the next
Is last and narrowest. "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these ga-ways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.—Ex.

If we only know our best things lie near
us, close to our feet.

Brutus—"Say, Caesar, how many
oysters did you eat for supper?"

Caesar—"Et tu, Brute."

Friendship is not only heart to heart,
but a soul to soul relationship. In this
deepest sense you cannot be a friend to
every man.—Ex.

The Amulet under The Idea of an
Education says:—"There are three kinds of
intellectual power, thought, expression and
execution." Accepting these then the
student must be trained to think, to origi-
nate thought to the extent that is attainable
to ordinary minds—in other words, be able
to see with his own eyes."

The Wittenberger in speaking of the
lack of attention paid to social affairs
around college says—"There are few re-
ceptions and parties; class or society ban-
quets. We need not be told of the good
which a better acquaintance might bring
about. We need more social gatherings.
If we would frequently come together soci-
ally, it would help lighten the daily tasks
which otherwise become burdens; we could
study better; we would enjoy college days
more. It is noticeable that at college there
is a tendency to criticise one another sever-
ely, we are constantly finding fault. This
would not be the case often, we feel sure,
were we better acquainted."

This is a good suggestion.

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FEBRUARY 1897.



FOR THE sake of the "small boy" and for some who are not so small, we raise the question, What is applause? To applaud is to express publicly our approbation and praise. But must our approbations be high explosives or lighted powder-magazines, which not only make themselves heard, but decidedly felt? Does he who makes the

most noise, applaud best? Is it essential to the expressing of our approbation that we raise the dead for their approval? We hold that excessive and unnecessary noise is no characteristic of good applause, but rather an evidence of its absence. A good, hearty applause is commendable at its time and place, but we wish to condemn most strongly those in our public meetings, who "make night hideous" by their excessive clapping of hands. Let us remember that we must be gentlemen, that we must think of the comfort of those about us, that we must consider embarrassment of one who first "launches out on the mighty deep."

THERE is a very general inclination on the part of the majority of people to repeat remarks, which soon lead to unkindness and misrepresentation. How often we hear a remark or idle word and meaning no harm, repeat it to some friend, and that one to another until it contains nothing of the original meaning. Although most everyone of us despises such misrepresentations, we unconsciously pass them on until they reach the one who said them. We must talk something and it is not all of us who can find a rational topic of conversation or discuss it when found. But let each one of us cultivate truth in every thing we say, for when once we have repeated a remark, we are unable to recall the harmful influence exerted by it, although we may recall the words. Even in the simplest, most everyday statements, we cannot be too guarded or too exact.

The Modern Greek.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Pheobus sprung:
Eternal sunshine gilds them yet
But all except their sun has set."

The life of Greece was the life of a thousand years. A nation like an individual, appears in the freshness and vigor of youth, passes to its maturity, begins to decay, and finally yields its place to others. So it was with Greece. Starting from obscurity, she rose rapidly and steadily to a height in culture and learning seldom reached by a nation, and then slowly, surely the decline came and Greece had fallen.

Though the stream of culture has broadened and deepened since her glory waned, receiving in particular the mighty tributaries of Christianity and science and invention, it must yet trace its origin to the renowned city of Athens, the centre of Greek civilization. And what has Greece left to us? A rich heritage in the domains of science and government, heroic deeds of patriotism that have never been surpassed; in architecture and sculpture, models and inspiration for all time; in the most important departments of literature, in poetry, history, oratory, and philosophy, works of exalted genius and perpetual worth. Surely this must always retain a prominent place in the history of the world.

The central fact of all Greek history from the earliest age down to the present day is the unbroken continuity of the Greek nationality. Freedom departed from Greece when Philip of Macedon conquered; from Macedon, the power over Greece passed to Rome—from Rome to Constantinople; now it has once more come back to Greece. After all these two-and-twenty centuries, the Modern Greek yet claims genuine des-

cent from the race which once made Athens the light and glory of the world. The ties which link him to the far past are chiefly three: race, character and language.

In the middle of the eighth century, a great pestilence swept over the Byzantine Empire and the Greek population of Greece proper was greatly diminished. The partially depopulated districts were occupied by Slavonians, who for a hundred years formed the majority of the population in Greece. But then the tide began to turn. The superior social civilization of the Greek element tended to repair its numbers. The process of Hellenizing the Slavonians went on steadily in Greece until in about two hundred years it was practically complete. Thus was formed the basis of the modern Greek nation. It contains a large infusion of Slavonic blood, but it is a fact equally well established, that the stream of Hellenic blood has been perpetual, and that the Hellenic element is that which has determined the type of modern nationality.

Certain it is that the Greek of today possesses distinctive traits of characters that were distinguishing characteristics of the inhabitants of Ancient Hellas. Two national tendencies are especially noticeable. One is the marked aptitude for city life, as distinguished from rural life on the one hand, and on the other from the life of a larger political organism. Closely connected with this is the ability which they have always shown in commerce. In the second place, the Greeks have at every period of their history been true to the love of mental culture, not merely from a perception that knowledge is power, but more for the sake of the intellectual and moral pleasure which literature and art bestow.

What is still more surprising is, that

the ancient tongue, of Greece has been so little affected by the centuries of alien power and material degeneration. Greek was for centuries rude and ungrammatical, but it was always itself and itself alone. Many foreign words crept into its vocabulary—most of which have now been thrust out; but in the organic matters of structure and syntax, Greek has never made a compromise with any language. Thus it has been the unique destiny of the Greek language to have had from pre-historic times down to our own a continuous existence. Not one link is wanting in this chain which binds the New Greece to the Old.

A mere enumeration of mental and moral traits would give an indefinite idea of the Hellenic mind. It is the peculiar assimilation of these qualities that makes up the Greek of today. So far as characteristics go, it may be said that he is vivacious, impulsive, shrewd, inquisitive, sensitive, impressible, the child of the moment, in temperament more French than German or Italian, and the opposite of the Anglo-Saxon. He is a bitter enemy and a generous and hospitable friend. The subtlety of the Greek is in such marked contrast to the blunt frankness of the Englishman or American as to be often mistaken by the foreigner for dishonesty.

Personal ambition is today as prominent a trait among the modern Athenians as it was in ancient Athens. Jealousy and revenge, more or less developed, active or latent, according to his degree of civilization, stir the blood of the Greek and are not easily allayed. The "E Pluibus Unum" principle, the neglect of which brought the states of Ancient Greece to ruin is not yet comprehended by the moderns sufficiently to induce self-sacrifice for the good of the whole.

The Greek is inquisitive. Nothing, however insignificant, escapes his restless eye and busy tongue. He is a passionate man; his emotions are excited as readily as dry straw kindles to a flame, but the passion subsides as quickly if the cause is not substantial. He is notoriously sharp witted and takes a pride in his wit. To be outmaneuvered in a bargain, especially by one of his own countrymen, is always a source of the deepest mortification.

If Greece had larger resources, if instead of her liberal notions she would bend her energies to conciliate her enemies, suppress her own schemes and advance those of other powers, she would find herself with many champions among Christian nations. Under such a condition of things, we should cease to hear so much of the moral deficiencies of the Greeks. But until this is so, the traveller as he approaches Greece must expect to hear the people denounced for all the sins which they have and for many more which exist only in the imagination of their detractors.

The love of knowledge is an essential part of the Greek character. Under the system of public instruction adopted in Modern Greece, the Greek passes by three successive grades of schools to the University; the *Demotie* or Primary National Schools; the Hellenic Schools, secondary grammar schools; and the *Gymnasia*, still higher. From the *Gymnasium* the next step is to the University. In all three grades and also at the University, instruction is gratuitous. At the present time, Greece can compare favorably in educational advantages with any country in the world.

The neglect of the religious education of the Greek is more apparent because of

the striking contrast to the general thirst for secular education. Ignorance is permitted in the priesthood because the Church might be endangered by the discussion of theological dogmas. The power, great as it is, of the Greek Church is not chiefly temporal. It is a profession of faith held together by forms and sanctified by hereditary observances. It is sufficient for the Greek that these forms have been the recognized standard of his nation from time immemorial. Thus from fear of endangering the safety of the Church, the intelligent Greek shuts his eyes to what his own common sense assures him is false in theory and it must be added, corrupt in practice, because the masses are permitted by the clergy to cling to superstitious beliefs, which are worthy only of pagan days.

Closely connected with the progress of the higher education in Greece, is a phenomenon which every visitor observes, and which has hitherto remained an unsolved problem of modern Greek society. This is the disproportionately large number of men, who having received a university education, become lawyers, physicians, journalists, or politicians. One of our Secretaries of Legation at Athens, said: "While there is felt in Greece a painful dearth of men whose education has fitted them to supply some of the multifarious material wants of the country—such, for instance, as surveying, farming, road-making, and bridge-building, there is, on the other hand, a plethora of lawyers, writers, and clerks, who in the absence of regular occupation, become agitators and coffee-house politicians."

The great need of all Greece if Greece is to prosper is, that politics cease to be a game played between the holders and seekers of office, and that all local or personal

interests whatsoever be uniformly and steadily subordinated to the public interests of the country. Before this can be thoroughly secured, two changes in the life of the Modern Greek must come to pass. First, adequate outlets must be found for the energies of the educated class who have hitherto been driven into politics. Secondly, the Greek people must bring a sound and vigorous public opinion to bear on public affairs—not by fits and starts, but steadily. It has been said, with too much truth, that Greece has been a nation of opinions without a public opinion.

The Old Greeks had common national characteristics, but never formed a nation; the Greeks of today are a nation with a strong national sentiment, but sometimes with too little unity of national purpose. Nothing but such unity of purpose can enforce those reforms which the country most needs—reforms of principle, not of detail—the choice of public men on the public grounds of character and fitness, the management of the finances with undeviating regard to the thorough re-establishment of the national credit.

Long ago Greece lifted up her own signal to the West, the star which guided the dim research for truth, the star which still shines with a ray so clear and so serene. All men can unite in hoping that Greece may yet again become a source of illumination and of temperate strength for those neighboring countries which were once Hellenic, but which have long been the abodes of barbarism, ignorance, and violence—that a torch lit by Greece may yet flash through them with a message bringing the reverence for law, the love of ordered liberty, the will to work for the common good, the desire to rise from the aims of individual ambition to those which contemplate the advancement of mankind.

EDA NICHOL, '99.

Webs That Become Garments.

Every man is a weaver. He weaves not for the present but for eternity. His lifetime is the loom. Blithely the hours speed onward as he flings his shuttle back and forth, at every cast he adds a thread that helps to fill in his destiny. It may be a shoddy thread of wasted hours or lost opportunities that mars the fabric, or it may be a golden thread that adds to its beauty and lustre. The mark of God or Satan is slowly making its impression upon the texture day by day, and it shall be revealed by the great Tribunal when the web has been completed. There is a deep significance in the lines of Whittier:—

“This day we fashion Destiny, one web of Fate we spin,
This day for all hereafter, choose we holiness or sin.”

In factories for making cloth a single broken thread ruins a whole web; it is traced back to the weaver who made the blunder, and the loss is deducted from his wages. Who is it that shall pay for the broken threads in life's great web? It, too, is the weaver. The web completed; judgement pronounced; destiny determined.

If we visit the great factory of human life, and see what sort of fabrics the weavers are turning out, we shall find one man weaving the web of a respectable life; another, the web of formality; still another, the web of self-righteousness; some weaving webs of pride, avarice and false humanity, bestowing pains upon them, and thinking well of them; but they are mere shoddy—worthless for wear, though they pass through the loom. True these may beautify and recommend for a time, but when detected, the weavers are at the mercy of their friends. “Their webs shall never become garments.”

But we shall also find men weaving

webs that are a surety for permanent comforts and wear; webs that become heavy, quilted coverlets for a protection from poverty and danger, and that shield from the seething biting blasts of Satan's dynamic forces.

Such a web is tact. Look over the chief events of history. Who brought them about? Men of tact. Who were the actors in them? Always individuals of great tact. Never men of brawn, brag, wealth or reputation. These may counsel, stimulate and provide the means; but tact is the warp and woof that gives color, form and beauty, and brings to pass the event. In war and in peace; in common life and in religion, it is by tact mainly that things have been shaped and settled.

Oh tact! thou hast yoked the forces of heaven to do earth's work. Thou hast made the antipodes to be our neighbors. Thou hast broken assunder the bondsmen's clanking chains and set the captives free. Thou hast stopped armies, reformed abuses, colored diplomacy and thou hast made despots liberal. Thou makest a goodly garment, giving warmth, comfort and vitality to every nation; peace happiness and dignity to every court where thou art worshipped.

Another web that becomes a garment which neither age nor force is able to corrode or ravel, is concentrated energy. Riveting every faculty upon one unwavering aim has chained lightning, harnessed Niagaras, and bridged continents. The most formidable obstacles have become as cobweb barriers in the path of an invincible determination to do a specific work. “This one thing I do,” cries the great apostle to the Gentiles, and this concentrated energy of Saul of Tarsus gives him greater influence over the thought of the Christian

world to-day, than that of any other man who ever lived, save the Christ, whom he served so gloriously.

Dispersion of energy is the bane of business life in every age and clime. If a person would reap richly, he must not scatter diffusely his time, means, nor toil. However much of versatility the man of many professions may have, however much he may excite the wonder and admiration of his friends; by the man who knows everything about some one profession he is far outstripped. He never wins the laurels of renown at home or abroad. The old Latin adage: *non multa, sed multum*, is the true and only rule for real and permanent success in every vocation of life.

Perserverance is another web that becomes a garment adaptable for any emergency; a garment that is worn, prized and highly recommended by all who have reached the Meridian of success; a garment that protected thousands of thousands from the frosts of discouragement, in their weary climbings to the summit of Mt. Fortune. Perserverance reclaims the waste places, builds stately cities, and makes the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. To have the reputation for it is the passport to favor; and to practice it gives daily, additional power and worth.

"To the persevering mortal, says Emerson, the blessed immortals are swift." "For him all doors fling wide. Him all tongues greet; all honors crown, and all the eyes follow with desire." This has been proven and verified in all the ages. The persistent tortoise outruns the swift but fickle hare. The drop, by continually falling, wears its passage, through the hardest rock, while the hasty torrent, rushing over it

with hideous dash and uproar, leaves no trace behind.

"The heights by great men won and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight.
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Honesty is still another web that becomes a garment to comfort and sustain the weaver; to honor and glorify God, and bless mankind. Burns well understood this when he wrote:

"Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Honesty affects not only outward prosperity, but appeals to what is highest and noblest in man. It is the index of character. "As to the Lord and not unto men," is its grand motto. It stoops to no equivocation. It applauds "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are of good report."

Another web that becomes a garment, is Religion; the only garment that keeps evil from breaking down all that is good within us, and that preserves us unspotted from the world. It forms an edge and border to our lives, without which they fray out and unravel. It is a garment that shall not wax old, and shall be more and more satisfying as the years roll on, until life's journey is ended; then it shall become a white robe that will wear for eternity.

Other webs there are that become garments which would grace any character and make the grandest of court robes. Such are patriotism, philanthropy, temperance and forbearance. These with tact, concentrated energy, perseverance, honesty and religion give standing and success in the world—determine character. And character determines destiny.

Then let our characters be real, the shining warp and woof of each day working

out the part God has assigned us in the great loom of life. For only according as we set the right thread in the divine warp will God's design be wrought out in us in beauty and in perfection.

JAS. A. McDONALD, '98.

A Broader Citizenship.

The maintenance of government is made possible by a principal in nature which fits everything to its environment. This well-known adaptation by nature is psychical as well as physical, and the operation of the principle on mankind brings about correspondence of man's internal relations with those of the external world which do not relate in all cases to his mere physical being.

While the race might continue to exist without the development of man's psychical nature, it is this development in conformity with an ever-increasing part of his environment that enlarges his life: that lifts mankind above the level of brutes, and makes the race human.

Beginning in a narrow compass, with the aid of education and experience, man's relations with the exterior world become more and more complex and varied. The field of his activities, the number of his correspondences, and the area of his sympathies become more comprehensive as his development continues and the truly enlightened man finds himself in harmony with the whole of mankind and intensely interested in the welfare of the race. Free from the petty fears and souring prejudices connected with darkness and ignorance, and reconciled to the world, he views society as one great family; as a single organism. His development has made him more alive,

more human, better adapted to government, more patriotic. A government for such men is saturated with life and its stability is insured.

When governments were established and maintained for the express benefit of the rulers their existence was most precarious. Selfishness was the predominating feature and the fear of the sword alone maintained a respect for law. Governments were not institutions for the people then and their interest in them was not vital; but, in the course of time, laws were administered with an ever-increasing regard for the rights of the governed classes until at the present time, the old order of things has been overturned; the relation of servant to master has been reversed; a mental revolution has been effected which has made patriotism a practical reality, knit the nations into compact masses by a new force, and paved the way for the introduction of a republican form of government into every civilized land.

Another mental revolution must take place in regard to government before its richest benefits can be enjoyed. Men must realize that political boundaries do not naturally interfere with the life of the social organism. Governments have been arrayed against governments, nations have viewed their neighbors as dangerous competitors in the struggle for life, and legislation has been colored with the widely diffused idea that the embarrassment of one country brings a corresponding benefit to another.

This attitude of the nations has been one of the greatest drains on the wealth and happiness of the world. Not only are huge armies, costly navies, and greater inconveniences of war made necessary, but the very principles which, when rightly directed,

tends to universal peace and the co-operation of nations, when checked in its progress and perverted through ignorance, produces national prejudice, sectional strife, and finally a reign of conflicting selfish interests which makes clean legislation impossible. This retrograde development leads to the decomposition of society and a state of political decay. Government is then used, not for the public good, but as an instrument to divert the rewards of industry and virtue from their proper course and place them in the hands of a favored few. The broad wings of government, stretched out for protection of a people united in a common cause, hover over a stampeded mob struggling farther and farther from the light and deeper and deeper into the quicksands of ruin and despair. The social organism writhes and groans in the fury of contending factions, and anarchy stalks red-handed through the crumbling ruins of disintegrating society.

Science and Christianity, great guides for men in their dealings one with another, encourage a more comprehensive patriotism, and experience, in support of these great teachers, shows how practical are the lessons taught. Science breaks through the boundaries of countries and points to our growing mutual dependence as the light to guide men in their relations. Christianity, with her benevolent influences, melts down the barriers between nations and welcomes all men to assemble together and share on equal and friendly terms the blessings that God has given us to enjoy here on earth; and the history of Oriental countries as compared with European and American nations shows the tendency of national exclusiveness. While the life of China has long since passed into an estate of lassitude and

stagnation, our own national life has been stimulated by contact with other nations. Our great progress in civilization has felt a propelling force from every direction and most of ills that have lately disturbed our land can be traced to an ungrateful sentiment which prompts legislation in a selfish direction; to a prevailing delusion that government can be safely used to benefit one part of society at the expense of another. Proud, flattered America,—she has suffered her patriotism to be made the snare and shield of designing men. She has departed from the broad lines of conduct laid down by her sires, and languishes for a season in the toils of her betrayers. The great lessons of Liberty, Equality and Universal Brotherhood she was designed to teach have been neglected, and her pure birth and virtuous youth alone assure us that the way of morality and truth will again mark her path and the fond dreams of our fore-fathers will yet be realized.

Under normal conditions and leaving out of view the idea of war, it may safely be said that the citizens of one country cannot legislate against the interests of another country to their own advantage. It was such humane views as this that animated the founders of our government, and it was by the inculcation of only such principles as are morally right and positively good into foundation walls of our governmental structure, that enabled them to make that foundation so solid and flawless that the rapid advance of civilization, the shocks of the great industrial changes, the clash of opposing interests, and the uprooting of long-standing evils have taken place without impairing but only improving it. They builded better than they knew. Inspired with a noble purpose, their judgment trans-

cended sense and with reason akin to faith they saw beyond the designs of men; and no base scheme, however alluring, was admitted into their plan. But the great work designed by Providence as a model for the world is threatened by a danger subtle and more dreaded than any it has yet experienced and the closing years of the nineteenth century witness the threatened decay of the very principles that upheld our government against the fiercest storms that could assail it.

If the successors of those immortal architects, whose duty it is to arrange about the original structure the materials brought to them by the changing conditions of society,—if these men were animated with the same spirit and cleansed of prejudice and selfish ambition, there would still be no weak place in that great temple, but every particle that went to its upbuilding would be handled with one end in view,—to increase the sum of human happiness.

If the politicians who in the course of time usurped the place of statesmen had been proof against the blinding glitter of gold, and the patriotism of our people had not been narrowed to sanction the accumulation of wealth by misuse of legislation, most of the errors of our later national life would have been prevented. The spectacle of a mob marching to the seat of government for a redress of fancied wrongs, of riots and bloodshed and destruction of property in our industrial centers would never have been witnessed; and the anxiety of our citizens, the precarious condition of the working people, their growing distrust in the efficiency of our government and in the Providence of God, would all have been averted by the adherence to right principles, but the simple, honest way of our fathers

has been judged too slow for us and we have become woefully entangled in the jungles of political intrigue in our efforts to find an easier way to prosperity.

Selfishness has run riot in our midst and prejudice fed through the mouth of selfishness and fostered by flattery has been used to stifle the protest of a tortured public. Laws contrary to a spirit of universal brotherhood and inconsistent with the welfare of society have covered up the natural principles of honest government concealing in their rubbish the lurking places of vilest corruption.

If men are taught to realize the significance of their mutual dependence and the possibilities of national co operation such a condition of affairs could not possibly exist. Patriotism could be projected through the boundaries of countries and meeting throughout the world would bind the nations together in love, and the sense of a broader citizenship would produce a revolution in the condition of society surpassing understanding.

While the possibilities of a united people are more or less remote, good results do not await the full accomplishment of this great object but under the leadership of good Christian men and women in both hemispheres, rich blessings have been secured which no other force could command, and every influence in this direction is followed by a train of practical benefits whose value is too little realized.

The Christian church in behalf of this great object is already in the field. Broad minded men in every land have already cleared the way for the introduction of this great reform. The flag of international arbitration leads the van and the people have learned to welcome the herald of

peace. The nations are ready to give up their narrow view of public policy for a pleasant and virtuous way to prosperity. Ready to return to the teachings of Christ in their dealings, and prepared to realize that only such legislation as is good for society as a whole should benefit any part of it.

When the laws of the world are tempered with the spirit of this higher patriotism; when the men of all nations acknowledge a broader citizenship and the social organism is nourished by all alike, —then will government resume its proper functions and the shield of unscrupulous legislators be torn from their grasp; then and not till then can the ideal condition of society exist. Then will that land whose natural advantages are the greatest and whose form of government is the fittest, establish her supremacy among the nations and America, destined from the first for the leadership and deliverance of the world, will blaze forth her great lesson to mankind and all nations from the highest to the lowest will rise up and call her blest.

HARRY PHYTHYON '98.

Westminster Stories.

MOSE JOHNSON'S CONFESSION.

I was born in Fulton County, Pennsylvania, and my name is Moses Johnson. I struck New Wilmington about the First of September 1894. I always was a modest youth. Ma says I'm bashful, but I'm not. I'll admit that a girl will scare me almost to death, but when I make up my mind to go any place or do anything I do it no matter if all the girls in town meet me on the way. Still there is one thing I can't stand, and

that is to meet the father in the yard and have him ask me if I came to borrow the sausage cutter.—that's awful.

But, as I said before, I, Moses Johnson, struck the town about September first 1894. I went to the Y. M. C. A., social (I always do,) and there, I met Miss Kate Rogers. Now if any body is reading this for a love story he should stop right here, for there is none in it. But to resume, when I met her I was most awfully scared. I said "How'd you please to meet me," and then shook, and said "Please to thank you." That old Fulton Co., sausage grinder stood like a shade of evil over me. I made some other remarks in my own room that were hardly in the spirit of Moses. At last I determined to return home with my shield or upon it, and at the same time gratifying my curiosity to know how they did at the Hall Friday nights. This is how I came to call on Kate Rogers.

SCENE I.

It was as cold as Greenland and the walks were just like glass, but I had set it up with her that I'd go and I went. About four o'clock I went down to the barber's shop. But one of those old residents who had been walking around for a month with his hair like a wild cat went in ahead of me. I never saw "Shaf" take so long for one man before. But at last I got home and got ready.

It was half past five. I didn't know the proper time to go. What should I do? I was cool, but not to excess. And then what in the world could I find to talk about? At home when I went to the blacksmith shop, I could talk extempo, but this was different; I just sat down and wrote a story, so that I could go through with it. I'll give it.

Somewhat back from the village street of that populous, commercial centre known in the dialect as "Pinch" there lies a lonely grave. The snow is drifting over it just as it did when the Indian smoked his pipe before the fire long ago; but the silent sleeper knows it not. It is the grave of the mad dog. The mad dog was a monster—just one size less than a number ten elephant. From his head to the tip of his tail was measured in radins; his feet were like the feet of the mammoth; the wag of his tail was like a kink in a diurnal circle while his jaws were beyond description.

For six hours he lay dormant in a native's barn. It was as the calm before the storm. Just as the hour of noon came on the monster rose, shook himself and began. As if warned by some strange voice that his end was near, he began to do or die. Up the road the demon strode, and as he strode even the man who ran ahead of him until the heels flew off his shoes could see that he had blood in his eye. First, a sheep fell into those awful jaws. But the tragedy had just begun. It was a fearful hour. As the cannibal kills his brother and makes sandwiches out of him, so the mad dog ate a pup between his mutton and his beef. Once more he took the road, and his eyes were like the diamond bright, his face was like the tan, he swore he'd eat what e'er he met, be it mutton, cow or man.

At this juncture Battery A Light Artillery of the "Pinch Reserves" came up, but the enemy had withdrawn. But look! Why did that one oak in the wood sway back and forth while the others were still? It was the mad dog's tail. And then the chase began. On, on he went. He turned not to the right hand nor to the left, but walked straight into a barn and grabbed a

cow. Hideous and heart-rending were the groans of that poor creature, made still more awful by the gloating cries of that fiendish dog. But there he died, there he was buried, and his sepulcher was hidden in a day. Go on, O thou mad dog! thou eater of sheep and cow! May you ever go on! (I had been to Junior Orations and knew just how to end.)

This was my story. At 6:30 I had it well committed. I repeated it once more to make sure, made the finishing touches of my toilet, donned my coat and departed for "Girls Bluff."

SCENE II.

KATE ROGERS IN HER ROOM.

Kate was a country girl, but graceful of form and fair of face. "A—Friday—Night—Caller" was a new thing for her, as her Scotch parents were quite strict about such matters; but she was comparatively cool under the circumstances.

At 6:30 Kate retired to her room to prepare for "The First Battle." As she crossed her room you might have heard the quick tread of busy feet, or the peculiar rattle of stiffened skirts. Out from the remotest corner of her ward-robe she pulled her neatest attire.

*Her sleeves were not the "butterflies,"
Nor the "puffies" with tighties up the arms;
But hers were the old baloon kind,
And they were behind the time.*

But listen! "What? That can't be the bell!" she said, "Mr. Johnson would not come at half-past six." She thought a moment, then said, "I know what that means, he wants the library." With that she placed her curling poker in the lamp. Up the stairs came Milton's familiar tread, until rap-rap-rap came at her door. Milt then called out, "Miss Rogers, Mr. John-

son awaits you in the library," and departed.

Kate tried to make haste, but dressing, like time, cannot be hurried. In her haste she became somewhat confused. By this time her poker was hot, hotter indeed than she knew. To make our story short, let us record the first calamity of the evening—Kate burned her fore-lock. At last she thought she was ready, but took one last look into the mirror to make sure that she was not in the predicament of the Irishman after the fire—'badly twisted,' convinced that she was ready, she swept through the door and down the halls to the library.

SCENE III.

IN THE LIBRARY.

I, Moses Johnson, reached the library in safety. I confess I breathed quite rapidly, and that I could hear my heart beat. I felt like running, but I thought that would not be nice. I tried to think of my story, but determined not to tell it the first thing. When I heard the rustle on the stairs I breathed more rapidly than ever, and my heart beat so loud I was afraid she would hear it. Miss Rogers entered. There was a lump in my throat as big as a hen's egg. She said "Good evening," and I tried to answer. While she talked about the weather, Junior Orations, etc., I managed to swallow that lump in my throat enough to say "Yes'um," "That's true," and even at times to put in a sentence.

At last I determined to tell my story and summoned all the courage that was in me for the task. I straightened up and asked, "Say, did you ever hear that wonderful story about the mad dog of Pinch?" She smiling said, "Yes, isn't that a beautiful story, it has such a nice moral." With

that answer my heart sank like lead, for my evenings conversation was gone. When Milt rang the "half past nine bell" I arose to go. I confessed that I had a good time, but determined that on the next Friday evening I would have a story that Kate never heard.

MOSES JOHNSON.

That Moral.

To that "regular peruser of THE HOLCAD" let me say that our columns cannot be devoted to explaining our stories. It would be imposing upon the good nature of our contributor to ask that a nice little moral tale be appended each time for the benefit of those who cannot or do not wish to delve into the secrets of Westminster Stories and if we should undertake to give the moral publicly, it might not agree with those drawn by others. Moreover, your request is a marvelous one. You have no trouble about the moral when you have "perused" a modern novel as far as:

"Scotch Preacher"—"O won't you have me Emma! Can you love me?"

"Rich Girl"—"O Gavin! Gavin dear! I love awfully."

Your whole trouble seems to lie in the fact that Winston didn't get her. If this isn't sufficient, the writer will answer through the mail what he thinks the moral is; if desired. No more space can be given to it here.

R. E. G.

How does it come that the man who yammers most to the HOLCAD man about his piece not being worth anything; always gets the maddest when the aforesaid tells him that he is pretty hard up and might use it to advantage?

[ADDITIONAL EDITORIAL.]

FOR SOME time back prize-fighting has gone begging at the doors of state legislatures. Almost every state in the Union has turned it away with disgust, while the majority of states would make it felony. But one "Sovereign State of the Union," even against a protesting public, has gone to the extreme—Nevada has legalized prize-fighting. In the present session of her legislature Nevada passed a bill, instantly signed by its governor, making prize-fighting a legal sport. The particular purpose of this bill was that it might bring to Carson City the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, and thus to bring to the state the financial aid that would accompany such a "sport." Can we believe that a state in these United States would sink its commonwealth to such degradation, and would do this with the sole aim of securing the dirty money of our low-minded "Eastern Sports." Nevada has disgraced herself, yes she has caused the whole Union to blush. But there is one thing we hail with joy, and that is, that the press, from the Atlantic, is hurling at Nevada the sharpest words of denunciation. May there arise from all parts of our fair land such a strong voice from public opinion that Nevada will be compelled to recant, for in the end, the good must conquer.

THE DAY is rapidly approaching when President Cleveland will step down from his high office; and, in all probability out of official life forever. Eight years ago he retired, defeated it is true, but honored by his party, and respected by the whole people as a man of firm convictions and independent character. Behind him he left a record that none assailed except by insinua-

tion in political harangue; and when again the voice of the people was heard in '92, it cried Cleveland.

Cleveland, Harrison, Cleveland needs only to be said and the tale will be told—but not all. The man who eight years ago retired from office honored and respected; now steps down scorned and thoroughly detested by his own party—if he has any—having made, it is said, a great figure in history, although it may have been a huge cipher. His first great mistake was in appointing Mr. Gresham Secretary of State. Not that we doubt Mr. Gresham's ability nor that we favor the spoils system, but we think that it was imprudent for him to needlessly alienate his party at a time when his opponents were determined to destroy the administration even if they had to starve the nation. In the mistake list we might put his transferring the seat of government to Wall Street, his pension bluff, and most of his foreign undertakings. His financial policy is at least very doubtful; while the Venezuelan episode might be characterized as a happily terminated leap in the dark.

To his credit be it said that he sent the troops into Chicago to protect the U. S. Mail, quieted the Hawaiian and Cuban "jingo," instituted civil service reforms, and made the arbitration treaty.

His Thanksgiving proclamation was good enough in itself, but coming as it did from one politically dead, who had heretofore refused to take this step, it looks amazingly like grasping at the last straw of public favor. Mr. Cleveland's path has not been strewn with roses, and whether he made the best of his circumstances is yet a question.

Mr. Cleveland proposes to locate at Princeton and live a retired life.

Locals.

Miss Margaret Dick of Greensburg, is visiting friends here.

A place for sudden and unexpected reports—the Laboratory.

Miss L—— says she likes red because you can easily tell it.

Mr. D—— says he likes old-fashioned candies (mint, for example.)

Miss Margaret Guthrie, of Cleveland, paid her friend Miss Andrew, a short visit.

Miss Lillian Moreland '94, died at her home, New Wilmington, Sabbath, Feb. 21st of typhoid fever.

No wonder Miss P—— delivered her Junior Oration so well—she had some one Train(h)er for it.

Mr. H——, seems to hold the same opinion as the Ephesians mentioned in Acts 19:28, last clause of verse.

The power of habit is shown by the fact that when Dawson recites he begins by saying, "Ahem"—(Ah, Em)

The annual Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed on Thursday, January 27, in the college chapel. Dr. R. J. Miller, of Allegheny City, preached the sermon.

The Geology class all feel intensely thankful that they did not live in the days of the Ichthyosaurs, who, as a member informed the class, were troubled with "big head."

When warm weather comes, members of the Senior Astronomy class will, no doubt, be taking strolls and singing, with their eyes turned heavenward (?), that song "'Tis moon, 'tis moon, etc."

The Sophs must be very fond of "Roman Life in Prose and Verse"—they talk about it a great deal, anyway.

As a matter of fact, Friday, Jan. 29, was a bitter cold day in Professor Freeman's class room. Quite often during the recitations, when the temperature was taken, it was observed to be "down to zero."

Rev. C. E. Little, '91, assisted Rev. Barr, of the First Church at his communion services, Sabbath, February 7. Mrs. Little '95, was also here during the few days of her husband's stay in New Wilmington.

The Juniors who will take part in the annual contest in June have been chosen by the faculty. They are Elizabeth Duncan, Francis McDowell, Eda B. Nichol, Maude Slemons, Jas. McDonald, Harry Phythyon L. K. Peacock, Jas. Scott.

(She)—Do you know why the Sublime spoken of in our Moral Science lesson is like an elopement?

(He)—No. Why is it?

(She)—Because it carries one away.

Junior Orations have come and gone. The class has done its best for the enlightenment and edification of the College and the community at large, and the effect remains to be seen. Shall the wisdom imparted bear fruit or die?

Rev. Howard Wilson, '80, pastor of the United Presbyterian church, of Mt. Pleasant, gave his illustrated lecture on "Ben Hur" in the First Church January 26. He was accompanied by Hill '87, who assisted him in his lecture.

The Temple Quartette, assisted by Miss Katharine Ridgeway, will give the last entertainment in the Lecture Course of '96-97. The company is an old organization, yet is doing its best work to-day, as shown

by the universal favor with which it is received. Seats will be reserved for the concert.

The reception at the Ladies Hall last month was such a success that it ought to encourage a more frequent occurrence of affairs of the kind. Rev. Barr's solo was very much enjoyed as was the music furnished by the ladies of the Hall. Cake and fruit were served later in the evening and altogether a very enjoyable time was had.

On the last Sabbath of January, Mr. W. B. Anderson, '94, and Mr. Milligan, a graduate of Muskingum, both of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, gave two very interesting missionary addresses in the college chapel in the afternoon and evening. Mr. Anderson preached in the Second Church in the evening.

(Class in German.)

Miss E——, "Miss A——, decline lang (Long.)

Miss A——. "I can't."

Miss E—— "Compare it I mean, pardon me."

Miss A——. "He is incomparable."

George R. Kennan lectured in the Second Church Feb. 9, on the subject, "Siberian Convict Mines." His lecture proved intensely interesting. His vivid manner of presenting the stern facts made them seem all the more horrible. The various experience through which he passed while in Siberia and his wonderful escape were without doubt remarkable. His speech in Chapel the next morning was so bright and lively that the students almost forgave him for taking up so much of their first hour.

Prof. S. H. Clark, head of the Department of Public Speaking in the University of Chicago will give one of his interpreta-

tive recitals in the Second Church, Tuesday evening March 9. Mr. Clark is also principal of the Chautauqua school of expression and as an interpreter and teacher of literature rather than an elocutionist, in the general sense of the term, is most highly endorsed and commended by both public and press. He is leading a healthy reaction against a morbid and affected elocution and we bespeak for him the generous patronage that his superior talents merit. Further particulars will be announced later.

Philo and Chrestomath Societies held an open meeting Monday evening, Feb. 15. The audience became too large for Philo Hall, so the chapel was made use of. Miss Kimball rendered a very pretty vocal solo. Miss Gertrude Clark sang the "Maying Song" from "The Wizard of the Nile" and the audience showed its appreciation of the sweet melody by encoring her. There was other music which, with the essays, orations and declamations made up a very entertaining program. Miss Laura McClure's essay, or rather poem, on "Girl life at Westminster" was a very clear portrayal of the habits and interests of girls.

Athletics.

Candidates for the base ball team are all doing gymnasium work now.

Messrs. W. J. Holmes and Degelman went to Pittsburg Jan. 23, to attend the meeting of delegates from the colleges that meet in track athletics this year. Grove City has obtained permission to compete this year so that there will be five colleges in it.

The basket ball game between the Seniors and Juniors on Monday, Jan. 25, resulted in a victory for the Juniors, by the score, 6-3. The teams were.

Seniors.		Juniors.
Ferguson	L. F.	(Seville
		(Long
Chamberlain	R. F.	Phythyon
Hanley	C.	Breaden
Taggart	R. G.	Boggs
Weller)		
Dawson)	L. G.	Scott
Goals from field—Seniors 1.		Juniors 3.
Goals on fouls—Seniors 1.		

The Sophs beat the Preps. on Feb. 1st, in a very exciting game. The Preps. were determined to win and put up a hard game but were not equal to the task of winning from the Sophs. The score was 3-0.

Sophs.	Position.	Preps.
Witherspoon	L. F.	(D. McKim
		(Whitmore
Gealey	R. F.	Kuhn
S. McKim	C.	(Whitmore
		(McKelvey
Berry	L. G.	Wright
Degelman	R. G.	Marshall
Goals from field—Sophs 1.		
Goals on fouls—Sophs 1.		

The Freshmen were unable to play their game with the Seniors scheduled for Feb. 8th so the Sophs played the Seniors. The game was clean and hard with plenty of good quick passing in it and resulted in a tie 4-4; neither side were very anxious to play on, so the game resulted undecided.

Seniors		Sophs
Ferguson	L. F.	Witherspoon
Chamberlain	R. F.	Gealey
Taggart	C.	McKim
Phillips	L. G.	Berry
Hanley	R. G.	Degelman.

Feb. 15th the Preps again went under, this time by a score of 9-7. When time was called at the end of the second half, the score was a tie, 7-7 and so play was resumed. In about a minute, Long threw a goal from field, thus securing another scalp for the Juniors. The teams played as follows:

Juniors		Preps
Long	L. F.	D. McKim
Phythyon	R. F.	Kuhn
Breaden	C.	Huber
Scott	L. G.	Whitmore
Boggs	R. G.	Wright

Goals from field—Juniors 4. Preps 3.
Goals on fouls—Juniors 1. Preps 1.

A visit to the gymnasium on any of the class days would convince one that the preparatory work of the field and track athletes is being carried on with greater sincerity than has ever been manifested in Westminster. A general interest is being taken in this line of sport, and the interval between the two classes is fully occupied by the aspirants. And as this branch of athletics includes several different lines of work, it offers to almost any one a field for training and improvement. There is a place for the short or the tall man, the light one or the heavy, and whoever expends time and energy in this work will be, in great measure, rewarded even though he may not attain perfection in any line.

At the meeting of the College delegates, held in Pittsburg last month, some very important business was transacted. The admittance of Grove City College to the Association will no doubt prove a stimulus to us in training for the next meet. The city of Pittsburg offered the Colleges Schenley Park in which to hold the meet,

thus reducing the expenses. They also agreed to furnish the prizes and arrange everything at the park in a satisfactory way.

The matter of accepting or rejecting the offer was left to the executive committee. The one addition to the list of events will prove most interesting to many. It is a mile relay race to be run by teams of four men from each college and for which there shall be prizes, as in the other events.

This Inter-Collegiate meet is an event in which our college must not be content with third or fourth place, for in no other are so many representatives from each college brought together. The results of these contests are not to be disregarded as they show, in great measure, the spirit and enterprise prevalent in the college. We want to make an advance this year which will put us on a more even basis with W. & J. and W. U. P. and recover some of the ground lost in past years.

Our gymnasium is now one of the best equipped in this part of the State, and the students have shown their thorough appreciation of this fact. From the beginning of winter, the classes have been daily augmented and a general interest in the work has been shown. On one of the men's days there were sixty-one in the classes and twenty or twenty-five ladies attend quite regularly, the ladies classes.

Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Holmes; his instruction has been excellent and the discipline maintained,—which is necessary for the proper conducting of the classes—has been perfect. There has been added from time to time the apparatus needed for new lines of work and the introduction of basket-ball has stirred up the class rivalry. Roberts' dumb-bell and Barnjum's bar-bell drill are the ones followed.

An indoor meet is to be held at the close of the term. It is to be a contest between the classes, each class having a team of about four men. It will no doubt be a hard contest and the class winning will have to work for the victory.



Mrs. McIntosh '82, died last January at Wilmerding.

Samuel Byers '67, a well known resident of Greenfield, died recently.

J. Norman Martin '81, of New Castle, has just recovered from a nearly fatal illness.

The number of American College graduates is fully 300,000 of whom 150,000 are supposed to be living.

Earnest Porter '96, has obtained the position of department foreman in a wholesale carpet store at Scranton.

College fraternities have fourteen representative news papers with a combined circulation of 6,380 copies per issue.

Congregationalists in this country are training 30,000 students in 45 colleges with over 500 men in other theological seminaries.

The authorities at Harvard are crying for a new university chapel, declaring the present one entirely inadequate for their needs. The work of the chapel is now that of a large church, with a staff of six ministers, a choir of forty men and boys, a series of eight services a week, and a weekly attendance of 2,000 persons.

The faculty of Harvard University have officially announced that any student detected cribbing examinations will be expelled. Although the penalty seems severe it is certainly none too heavy if it will advance the sentiment of honor among the students.

As Grove City has been admitted into the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, Westminster may have a chance of coming out better than last place. A mile relay has been substituted for the high kick. In this race four men from each college will compete and each man runs a quarter.

Those who have long known our college are called upon to mourn the death of Miss Oella J. Patterson, our former Professor of English. Miss Patterson always did faithful work, for the Master as well as for mortals, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. She was a member of Westminster's faculty from '77 to '87 after which she travelled in Germany. Returning home taught at Monmouth for three years but failing health compelled her to remove to San Diego, California, where she died.

In the death of General Francis A. Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the world has lost one of its ablest scholars. He was a brave soldier, a prominent educator, and a world famous student of political economy. He was superintendent of the census of 1870 and United States commissioner to the international monetary conference at Paris in 1878.

A six-year-old little girl, on the conclusion of a song by a celebrated tenor, asked: "Papa, did that man make all that noise on purpose?"

Music Notes.

A course in musical history is offered at Wilkley this year for the first time.

Four new students have entered the voice department of the conservatory recently.

The College Glee Club is having regular rehearsals, and is destined to become a valuable addition to the musical life of Westminster.

The Male Quartette has been reorganized with all the old members but one, Mr. Stewart not having time to devote to practice this term. Mr. McPeak has been selected to fill the place.

In Japan a play begins at eleven in the morning and lasts until nine at night. There are no seats in the Japanese theater every one sits on the floor, and every one smiles during the performance.

A sailor who had been to a church service, where he heard some fine music was descanting upon an anthem which had given him great pleasure. A listening shipmate finally asked, "I say Bill, whats a hanthem?"

Willie Yaleford.—I think the muscial tastes o' this country is improving don't you, uncle?

Uncle Coldfax—There ain't a doubt of it. I saw in the paper this morning that several college glee clubs have had to walk home lately.

Beethoven claimed that musicians live on a higher plane of consciousness than non-musicians. Literary people who regard this as the egotism of a musical en-

thusiast, are referred to Browning who is surely many sided, and who takes a position quite as extreme in these words: "I state it thus: There is no truer truth obtainable by man than comes of music."

Pittsburg is properly proud of her beautiful "Carnegie Music Hall and under the management of Mr. Geo. H. Wilson the music hall is a great factor in the cities' musical life. Paderewski praised it as the best hall in the country for a pianist.

Hostess (at evening party)—How dull everybody seems. I think I had better ask Miss Poundaway to play something.

Host—O! Matilda! She's such an execrable performer, you know.

Hostess—What difference does that make? It will start the conversation all the same.

Exchanges.

In everything aim at perfection, although in most things it is unattainable.

"Alas! what can I do,"

Cries the girl, and she sorely grieves,
And truly, what will she do

With her dresses that have large sleeves.

Ex —

The exchanges of January were especially interesting. Besides containing many excellent literary articles, many of them contained stories which show a remarkable degree of imagination.

We often wonder what life is like to those who have no other spirit than that of criticism.

The Geneva Cabinet contains an account of the inter-society contest together with the winning oration and essay.

It is not only amid the thunders of eloquence and lightnings of genius that there are emanations of influence from soul to soul; every social circle is charged with this power and by example and conversation it enters the heart and acts on the character.—Amulet.

Under "The Aim of Art" the Davidson Monthly says; "The artist stands between the reader and nature as nature's interpreter and it is for that very element of humanity; which he puts into a poem, symphony or statue, that we value the work of art." This same paper also contains a well written story. "Out of the Dark into the Dark."

The editor in the Hermonite says after speaking concerning the Treaty of Venezuela "The world is moving on. Twenty years ago no one would have dared to prophesy that a treaty would be concluded between two of the most powerful nations of the world. It is more than likely that other nations will follow this example, disband their standing armies and thus relieve their people from the burdensome taxes now imposed for their support. It is certainly a great step in the direction of international peace.

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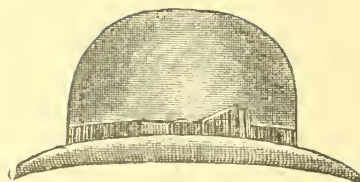


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THE HOLCAD.

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No. 7.

Editors.

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GEO. H. SEVILLE, '98.....	ASSISTANT
HARRY N. HOLMES, '99.....	LIT'Y DEPARTMENT
EDA NICHOL, '98, }.....	LOCAL
LYNN BREADEN, '98, }	
HARRY PHYTHYON, '98.....	ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
FRANCES McDOWELL, '98.....	MUSIC AND ART
ESTELLE SPENCER.....	EXCHANGES
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99.....	BUSINESS MANAGER

Publisher's Notice.

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THE HOLCAD has left port on another voyage, with a new captain in command, and, for the most part, a new crew. Yet, when we consider the successes of other years, we are incited to make this the most successful voyage that the good ship has ever made. To accomplish this aim will be no easy task, we are well aware, and the co-operation of faculty, alumni, and undergraduates *must* be ours to make it possible. Each student who has any capability for writing is urged to contribute, whether his work be essay, oration, a local, poem—anything, in fact, readable and original. There is surely enough ability in Westminster to produce plenty of literary material with which to fill a paper published monthly; and if not, what a sad lack of brains! But

if we are capable of good work in this line, and yet allow our college paper to suffer for want of it, or are either lazy or disloyal, either of these faults is exceedingly reprehensible in a college student. As THE HOLCAD becomes better and more interesting each month, we hope that it will be the majority of students who subscribe for it instead of the minority, as at present. It would be a great incentive to the staff to do their best all the time if they knew that the whole college was reading and criticising their work. We bespeak, therefore, your hearty good-will and co-operation in making THE HOLCAD represent more completely the life and work of the Westminster student.

THAT there is a tendency toward carelessness in pronunciation in the various college classes is quite evident even to a chance observer. This is especially noticeable in the higher classes, perhaps because here for the first time the student is required to give full expression to his interpretation of the subject matter. Surely we, as young people, should be fastidious in this particular. However galling to our pride self-application of this criticism may be, by thoughtful attention now we may save ourselves much mortification hereafter. It doubtless is amusing to hear a child speak of the "snoot" of an animal, but if the same be heard from the lips of a college student the amusement provoked is of a different character and can-

not be fully appreciated by the one chiefly interested. We cannot emphasize this suggestion too strongly. The fact that some of our higher classmen are unable to pronounce the names of the different parts of the brain rather argues the absence of these parts in their own anatomy. Surely the fact that such an inference may be drawn will be sufficient warning to all.

THE decision of the Harvard faculty concerning cribbing in examinations is an action to be commended for its effort to raise the standard of American manhood. Although this same remedy would be rather severe if applied to our case, still we need to arouse an active sentiment against this kind of dishonesty. See that young man at the board cautiously consulting a strip of paper rolled on toothpicks! It is not hard to supply the missing links between this glimpse and the final one which we catch of the same individual as he, grip in hand, successfully passes the border line into Canada. Of course this is an extreme case, but is the tendency not in this direction? Let cribbing no longer be considered an admirable sort of cunning, but let it stand forth in all its baseness and hypocrisy.

GREECE, in taking the part of the Christian insurrectionists in Crete, has acted so promptly and vigorously as to put to shame the nations who have stood by and watched the persecution of the Armenians without lifting a finger to aid them. About three-fourths of the three hundred thousand inhabitants of Crete are Greeks, and they have been aroused to rebellion by the treachery and faithlessness of the Turks. Reforms promised them three years ago have never materialized. When fighting broke out between the Christians and Mussulmans,

Turkish soldiers joined with the latter; the Christians were massacred and their towns pillaged. In this plight the Cretans naturally appealed to Greece to help them, and, when soldiers arrived from Greece, showed a determination to be united to the country that had responded to their cry for aid. The Greek flag was raised and the island proclaimed under Greek rule and protection. Even if compelled to give up her claims on Crete, Greece will probably have obtained for it the autonomy and other reforms which the powers are now demanding for it from the Sultan.

Literary Department.

THE IMPENDING CONFLICT WITH ROMANISM.

The most stupendous organization in the world today is known under the name of Roman Catholicism. Its influence is felt and recognized in every nation on the globe and in every department of human activity. In the light of the present history it is not necessary to go back, to any great extent, over the details of the past. Only glance back over the Middle Ages. See Martin Luther rising into eminence and power from obscurity and want. Watch him as he nails the ninety-five theses to the church door at Wittenberg. Follow his footsteps to and from the Diet of Worms. Note the bloody massacres such as that of St. Bartholomew's day. Notice in the history of England the struggles between Catholic and Protestant rivals for the throne. Mark the cruel and barbarous persecutions in Rome's attempt to civilize the world. Thus Romanism shook all Europe and well nigh rent asunder the nations of the earth. Return to the present, about which the storm clouds are gathering. It is useless to deny the fact

that we are on the eve of a violent crisis. Dark and ominous storm clouds have appeared on the horizon, which, if not dispersed, will burst in a disastrous cyclone that will rent this nation.

Some Protestants believe that the papacy is adapting itself to the age and the progress of free institutions. But it can no more change its fundamental principles than the leopard can change his spots. Catholicism is just the same to-day as it was in the Middle Ages, and, if it had the power, would destroy all our free institutions. Romanism presents itself to America in a mask of deceit. We cannot judge Romanism by what it is in the United States, where the whole spirit of the age and of the nation is toward enlightenment and religious liberty. We cannot judge it by England, where it has not been the established church for three or four centuries and where it has been constantly held in check by a Protestant Government. We must judge Romanism by what it is in countries where it has full sway, as in Italy, Spain, Austria, Brazil and Mexico. We certainly know what Romanism would do for America, if it had the power, by what it has done in these countries.

Since its fundamental principles are always the same, it will be characterized by the same actions in the future as they have been in the past. Patrick Henry has well said: "I have no way of judging the future but by the past."

The whole system is built up on the idea of subjection to hierarchy. No Romanist has any right to think for himself or to go to God by himself. His soul, with all its deathless interests, is in the hands of the priests. He can be saved only through them, and hence he must obey them as if

they were in the place of God. Our Protestant Bible is condemned. Monseigneur Segur says of it: "The Protestant Bible is only a false skin in which revolution and and infidelity wrap themselves."

The papal legate in this country claims the right to control eight millions of our fellow citizens as absolutely as the Southern slave owner used to control his slaves.

We have a system of free schools, which are the pride and the hope of our country. We must sustain them, because we believe that education is essential to the perpetuity of free institutions. Popery pronounces its blighting curse on our English language, because, as they say, it has for over three hundred years carried forward the idea of popular government, personal liberty, free thought, free speech, free press, free religion and free schools.

From a political standpoint, they are endeavoring to fill all the offices that are possible with those of their belief or with those who are friendly to their cause. The masses are exhorted not to vote with any one particular party, but to vote for those who will favor their interests and exalt the church of Rome. Mark you the number of Catholics who teach in our public schools, also those who hold official position in our large cities, and who are even sitting in the seats of Congress and the Senate. Why is it they work with such unceasing effort to gain supreme political control? Why is it they strive to control our public schools? They would if possible enslave our land to the Pope and keep our youth in ignorance, teaching them that Romanism is the only true religion.

They are undermining our industries, endeavoring to get supreme control of our cities, manufactories, railways, steamship lines, and in fact every industry by which they can

obtain employment for the rapid increase of their newcomers and thus crowding out the so-called "American Heretics" who are now employed. They are determined to do this and will not hesitate to commit the lowest act which will promote this end.

This is the enemy that confronts us, threatening our liberty, threatening our open Bible and religion, threatening all our free institutions, threatening all that is noble, good and true. And still shall we think there is no danger from it? Shall we think the enemy is so easily conquered? No. The enemy is on the alert.

What means this story of arms? What means this secret military training of their youth? The serpent has nestled close to the warm heart of our Republic, and is about to strike its poisonous fangs into the *life organs* of our commonwealth. Can the enemy's onward march be hindered? Yes. Check the tide of foreign immigration which is filling our country full to overflowing with an alien element we cannot assimilate. Can we give the rights of an American citizen to one who has not been Americanized? The answer comes to the patriotic ear, No. Then restrict suffrage. Let no man vote who can not read and write the English language, and who has not been on the shores of America at least twenty years. This will exclude many of the ignorant subjects of the Pope.

Let us not underestimate the strength and magnitude of our opponent. Let us not permit this country, whose freedom has been purchased by the blood of our forefathers, to be entombed in ignorance and in subjection to the Pope. Let us rise in our power and protect this "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave" from the encroachments of the enemy.

"Shall the glorious birthright
Our dead fathers won.
Be sold to the pope,
For the priest and the nun;
And their labor of love
Be forever undone?"

"Oh! never, no, never,"
We have your reply;
While the shouts of the people
Go up to the sky:
'For the freedom once won
We will live, we will die.'"

H. L. D.

LIGHT FROM THE ORIENT.

The planets shine with borrowed light. The rainbow of the cloud is but reflected splendor. The light which sustains life within us, which causes plants to grow, put forth their bud and bloom, the power which drives our trains, or moves the wheels of factories, directly or indirectly, comes from the sun.

The light of learning is a borrowed light. From time immemorial man has been striving to unfold the mysteries of creation. He has gone down into the very bowels of the earth, has wended his way among the distant stars, has reasoned and studied, calculated and thought, and the results of his labors, written down in books, he has left to his posterity, that they might reap the benefits, quicker learn and farther go.

The ancient Anglo-Saxon lived for war. He learned to maintain the honor of his clan, fight the battles of his king, and defend fair women and the helpless. Aroused by a religious zeal, he buckled on his armour, took his sword and set forth to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of infidel Turks.

Once, twice, thrice and again these living seas of humanity burst in fury on the shores of the Levant and poured out their life's blood upon the thirsty soil. Their attempts to rescue the tomb of Christ were utter fail-

ures, but they found something else they were not looking for. The Teuton found in the Orient learning of which he never dreamed.

Accustomed to a life of war, letters were disdained. Books were for monks and monasteries. Swords for knights and nobles. Douglas in his anger fitly expressed the sentiment of his time by saying:

"Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
Save Guwan, ne'er could pen a line."

The Teuton while he stayed at home lived on in blissful ignorance. But when he went abroad he realized the darkness in which he had been sitting, saw the light which others enjoyed and made that light his own.

Far back in the dim centuries of the past, upon Mt. Sinai's clouded top, Moses received the law of God to man. Upon the hills of Palestine young David watched his father's flocks, and with some small round stones picked up beside a running stream struck down the armored giant. And there, too, beneath the walls of fair Jerusalem, guided by the hand of God, he penned the immortal Psalms. And in that same fair city the wisest king that ever swayed a scepter spake his three thousand proverbs and sang his thousand songs.

'Tis night in Palestine. Three wise men journey on, guided by a star which shines with bright and steady light. It guides them to the birthplace of a child. They find him wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. The wise men break their boxes, offer their gifts and do homage to the Son of God, the Prince of Peace.

A few short years pass on and the Babe of Bethlehem became the Man of Nazareth. He chose his twelve disciples and unto them he told the story of His Father, His kingdom and His crown. He asked them to be

His followers, and promised them reward; first duty, then the crown. Three years of labor, suffering and toil, and the apostles see their leader taken by a band of soldiers, sentenced by a Roman Governor and crucified upon a cross.

Amazed, despairing and dispersed, the faithful band are left like sheep without a shepherd. But lo! while yet in the deep darkness of despair they hear their Master's voice. He calls them to himself and unto them He gives that great command: "Go forth and teach all nations." They went and nations yet unborn shall testify how well the duty was done.

'Tis gala day in Rome, the people flock to the amphitheatre and arrange themselves by thousands on the seats overlooking the arena. A prisoner from some distant land is doomed to fight with wild beasts.

A door opens and there comes forth a man bent with age, his gray locks falling on his stooping shoulders. He looks about him, lifts his hands and we hear him cry out with mighty voice: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

Napoleon was banished to St. Helena, John to Patmos. The first dragged out his life in miserable wretchedness and cursed the fate which brought him there. The second held sweet communion with his God, saw visions of the New Jerusalem, and to his brethren wrote concerning what he saw. All praise be unto those who, with untiring zeal, wrought out the will of heaven, and unto those who wrote that book, which, although centuries old, is ever new.

We hail the light which comes to us from that far distant land, that birthplace of the nations. Shine on, and may thy brightness

ne'er grow dim, but ever shine and show to
man the mysteries once wrought out, and
guide him with unerring hand to peace and
honor and heaven. W. C. T. '98.

THE SEASONS' CHORUS.

The sunshine glimmers on the snow;
The air has chill and frosty stings;
And yet a charm is found in all
These biting Winter things.

We love the golden Autumn days
When glorious colors deck the trees;
When ripened nuts and fruits are rife—
There is a charm in these.

So, too, we love the Summer time,
The gayest season of the year,
When skies are blue with azure tints—
There's winning beauty here.

We're also fond of weeping Spring,
When birds and flowers return,
When Nature's budding out anew—
These things we do not spurn.

And yet of all these beauties rare,
The grandest, most sublime,
Is that one formed when all the four
In harmony combine. —G. E. D.

X RAYS.

The Roentgen rays are not receiving much attention from the newspapers at present and so people are led to think that scientists have dropped the subject. On the contrary, thousands of scientific scholars are spending time and money to improve on Roentgen's discovery. It is even reported that the great Roentgen is just now on the eve of another important discovery by which our knowledge of the rays will be much increased. Although the subject is little more than a year old, wonderful progress has been made.

On January 4, 1896, Roentgen announced his discovery, accomplished only a few days before. He took care, however, to make his investigation so thorough that a month passed by before the world caught

up with him. As soon as the news reached America, Edison began work, and after two weeks of almost continual toil, produced, among other improvements, the flourescope, now regarded as indispensable.

Profs. Wright, of Yale, and Trowbridge, of Harvard, were also among the foremost American experimenters.

At the University of Pennsylvania, in 1890, a "skiagraph" was obtained accidentally, but no one was able to account for it.

When the rays were first brought to public notice the photographic effects were not of the best, but since then Nicola Tesla has obtained good photographs at a distance of forty feet from the tube and at a short distance from the tube, with only five seconds exposure. The greatest improvement has been made in the Crookes tube, the source of the mysterious rays.

These tubes, known for the last eighteen years, are filled with highly rarified air, about one millionth of an atmosphere. The walls are made of very thin glass, as thick walls produce considerable heat, and in each end of the tube there is sealed an electrode. In the focus tube, the cathode plate, the electrode by which the current leaves the tube, is a concave disk of aluminum which focuses the cathode rays at a point near the center of the tube. The anode plate is a small piece of platinum foil placed at an angle a short distance beyond the focus of the cathode rays.

The current from the battery transformed by a Ruhmkorf coil to a potential of several thousand volts, enters the tube at the anode, and, rarified air being a good conductor, jumps across the space to the cathode.

The passage of the current through the rarified air is in form of a peculiar discharge,

visible to the eye, and along with this light are produced the x rays, which are not "cathode rays." These rays penetrate many substances opaque to ordinary light, produce photographic effects, and are made visible by passing through a fluorescent substance. They move in straight lines and can neither be reflected nor retracted, although there are indications, but no proof, that they may be.

Some scientists believe the rays to be waves in the ether of much higher vibration rate than any we have yet discovered, far beyond the violet rays. Others, and among these is Roentgen himself, consider the rays as a rapid emission of negatively electrified particles either from the parts of the Crookes tube or of particles of ether. This latter theory seems to account for the fact that the rays discharge positively electrified bodies placed in their path. The discovery that the x ray transparency of bodies of equal thickness varies as their density, also supports the latter theory.

Whatever their nature the magic rays are of the greatest value in surgery, in detecting imitation jewels, and will, no doubt, lead to the invention of an efficient electric light. One of the difficulties in the way of investigation is the cost of apparatus, the Crookes tubes costing from seven to fourteen dollars, and the rest of the apparatus corresponding.

Edison has invented a fluorescent lamp that requires only a small fraction of the current used by an incandescence lamp of the same candle-power. If the new lamp could be made and operated cheaply it would be a decided success.

There are a great many ifs about the X Rays, but if Nature were robbed of a few more such secrets, man's condition would be much improved.

LEGEND OF LIBER THE TERRIBLE.

One summer evening there sat before an ivy-clad cottage an old gray-haired man, surrounded by a group of children. They had just eaten supper and were clamoring for their regular evening story, which filled so well the time between the evening meal and bed. The aged grandfather protested that he had told them many times all the tales he knew.

"Oh, well, make up one," suggested Ruth.

"No, no, Grandper; tell us of Liber the Terrible," said Dorothy, who sat on his knee.

"Well, you'll have to help me finish the story then, for you know I never heard how it ended."

"All right," they shouted, and seated themselves on the grass in front of their white-haired minstrel to hear again the "Legend of Liber the Terrible."

"Many, many years ago there dwelt in the home-land a man who had earned himself the name Terrible. He was tall and strong, and the common folk of the village said he had no heart. Yet hither, day by day, came some twenty youths to learn alchemy and astrology. These youths were those who had finished all the simpler studies of the village school and were not yet satisfied with their store of knowledge.

"The house of Liber, though surrounded by the cottages of the villagers, seemed to stand aloof and frown upon its neighbors as though in contempt of their simplicity. A large room was set apart for the school, and here, sitting in a large high-backed chair, the students found the master each day when they arrived. In those days children, young men and maidens attended the same school, although they sat on different sides of the room.

"Liber showed no pity to youth or maiden who for any reason could not answer his questions, but would mark down on the wall behind him large ciphers, which he called 'goose eggs.' If he happened to be in a bad humor he would pounce on some one whom he thought knew not the lesson and, with a smile of satanic pleasure, would ply the poor fellow with questions until the thought of murder entered the victim's heart and he would fain have slain the pedagogue. Sometimes a maiden would weep for vexation and anger and fear. Then Liber would grin, and, stroking his beard, remark to the class, 'Full well this diet of goose eggs and tears agrees with me.'

"One day there came to the school a maiden most beautiful in face and form. Her eyes were blue as the sky on a June day; her hair golden as the sun's own rays; the warm blush of the rose was not fairer than her cheeks. The master approved not of such beauty and would have humiliated her with zeros, but he could not. She answered his most difficult questions with ease. The days went by and the students noticed a change in Liber; he was absent-minded, he no longer tortured them with sarcasm if they failed to answer. Sometimes he even forgot to ask the next question and sat looking at the floor for several moments. The boys said he must be in debt, the girls that he was in love.

"It was a day in May. The sun was shining brightly, the air warm and heavy with the odor of spring. The master surprised the school by announcing that they might have a holiday. They were not slow in taking advantage of his unusual kindness and had soon dispersed, going down the village street in groups of twos and threes. As soon as they were out of sight Liber took

his hat and stick and started out in the direction of the woods, whither, he had taken care to notice, the maid of the blue eyes and golden hair had gone. Soon he overtook her, sauntering along with bare head, the gentle breeze tossing her hair at will, the sunlight playing fitfully over her through the young leaves of the trees. As Liber reached her side the maiden turned toward him a curious gaze. He felt strangely disturbed by the way she looked at him, yet plunged at once into the midst of the subject uppermost in his mind. He had followed her to tell her he loved her. They had been walking slowly before and now she stopped and took the walking-stick from his hand.

" 'You love me,' she said. 'How do you know?'

"He could not put his reasons into words, seemingly, and stood in silence, while she smiled at his discomfiture in much the same way that he had smiled when a student scratched his head in vain for the proper answer.

" 'Ah,' she said at length, 'you do not know why you love me; do you know what love is?'

"Again the silence. She was busy making a large cipher on the ground with the stick. She looked up.

" 'What, another zero? You do not know anything. You have not conned your lesson enough. Good morrow.'

"The maiden turned away and left Liber standing beneath the trees. He took a step as though he would follow her, then seemed to change his mind and started back toward the village."

The old man stopped speaking and leaned back in his chair.

"But, Grandper," the children cried,

"who was the maiden with golden hair, and did Liber win her?"

"I know not. Some have added an ending to the story. They say that the maid was the goddess of wisdom, who, pitying the youths and maidens suffering torture at the hands of Liber, did but take the form of the beautiful maid that she might win his love and punish him by making it vain.

"After that day Liber was different in his ways. He no longer made the poor students writhe under his sarcasms. He was patient and kind. He even outgrew the 'Terrible' part of his name and became, to his loving scholars and the villagers, Liber the Good."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AND BLIND.

Connected with the South Carolina institution for the education of the unfortunates mentioned in the heading is a well equipped gymnasium, practice in which is an important part of the curriculum of the school. In June, '96, an exhibition was given by two classes, one composed of deaf, the other of blind pupils. This work showed plainly the excellent results of eight months training. Great interest is manifested by the students, by the girls as well as the boys.

Realizing the great need of physical training for the blind, the Legislature of Illinois appropriated \$10,000 for the erection of a fine gymnasium, 100 feet long and 50 feet wide. \$10,000 for blind pupils! What use can they make of a gymnasium? If our sightless friends can be taught the regular literary course, broom-making, hammock-tieing and chair-caning, surely they would also be improved by proper physical training. All pupils of the institution spend three hours each week in the gymnasium, and

enjoy that work more than any other part of the course. Advanced classes are given work on at least eleven different kinds of apparatus.

At the very first the greatest difficulties confront the teacher of gymnastics to the blind, but little by little good results are obtained. An ordinary foot ball, with bells inserted, affords much amusement, and is used to play several games. In fact, nearly all games can be taught the blind.

At a recent public exhibition a program printed in inkless, elevated blind type, was carried out splendidly, such exercises as the following being executed:

Girls—Marching, with leg exercises, fancy steps, running, etc., followed by dumb-bell drill.

Boys—Wand drill, running, fancy steps and dumb-bells. W. J. HOLMES.

Social Department.

Miss M——'s favorite by-word, "Oh! dear doctor."

Mr. Albert Berry had his hand severely burned the night of the fire.

Mr. C—— is very fond of cake, but he prefers cocoanut above all others.

A man of strange ways, '94, visited Miss Sowash over Sabbath, February 28.

Miss A——'s experience in the reading room at least has a good moral to it.

Mr. S—— says that among foreign nationalities his favorites are the Welsh.

Mr. E. W. Byers and T. P. Shira visited friends in Grove City, February 27 and 28.

Monroe Witherspoon was at home, March 9, attending the wedding of Dr. Witherspoon, '59.

The new game of "dog" as adopted by the members of the Kelly house is at least very easily learned.

The Senior and Junior classes have selected Mr. John Hanley and Luther Peacock to deliver the Pope orations.

Miss Della Porter has been compelled to drop out of school for the rest of this term on account of her eyes.

Oliver Degelman attended a meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association in Pittsburgh, February 27.

What headgear is the most useful for covering a multitude of sins? Ask some one who was at the late fire.

Miss Eda Nichol, who was confined to her room for a week, has fully recovered and is able to be in school once more.

Miss Laura McClure, '97, made a flying trip to New Castle, February 22, to secure refreshments for the Senior reception.

Why do the girls need an extra number of hat pins two days of the week in chemistry? Because the quiz makes one's hair rise.

O. R. Degelman and Harry Irons attended the wedding of Mr. John Moore, '95, and Miss Mable Irons, '95, at McDonald, Pa., February 25.

Prof. B—— did not intend to change his location, at least for this term. But circumstances sometimes alter cases. He may now be found in the Clark block.

Query—Why was it necessary to ring two bells at the Hall one Friday night recently? A dear girl answers, "Oh, it was so hard to part."

The Juniors chosen by the faculty to take part in the contest in June are as follows: Elizabeth Duncan, Lida Pomeroy, Frances

McDowell, Eda Nichol, Maude Slemmons, James McDonald, Harry Phythyon, L. K. Peacock, James Scott.

In reply to various inquiries by the Sophs as to where and by whom two new legions were levied, they might be referred to Cæsar's Commentaries, Book II, Chapter 2.

Some of our professors, who have the best interest of the students at heart, earnestly recommend to the Juniors that they consult Prof. Taylor in regard to their chirography.

Prof. J. H. W. Cooper, who has been teaching in Lancaster county, has returned to the home of his parents to spend the summer. He expects to enter the seminary next fall.

The good work done by the students the night of the fire was continued in the form of an entertainment given in the First church on March 16 for the benefit of the fire department.

Miss McL——: "For what is Newton famous?"

Bright Soph.—"He invented the law of gravitation."

Prof., entering chapel and laying an affectionate hand on a young Prep's. shoulders, says: "Young man, the devil seems to have hold of you." Innocent Prep: "Yes, Prof., he has."

Owing to a misunderstanding of the arrangements in the yelling on March 4 the Seniors were placed in a false light. They want it distinctly understood that they are not solid free silver men.

A startling discovery has been made by Mr. S——t in regard to the evolution by artificial selection of the dog. He informed some of his most intimate friends that if you cross a dog you will get a bite.

The lecture course of '96 and '97 closed March 13 with a concert by the Temple Quartet. The course was one of the best in the history of the college, and the committee are certainly worthy of all the praise they have received.

Westminster students are certainly advancing along the social line. Certain of our boys now have their "at home" hours.

Mr. Calbert visited friends in town March 5-9. There seems to be some small attraction for him in New Wilmington.

Prof. Clark, of the University of Chicago, gave a most delightful recital in chapel on Tuesday evening, March 9. It was a splendid example of elocutionary power. He is a fine interpreter of literature and natural in his presentation. He is without doubt a master of his art. His chapel speech the next morning was none the less worthy of commendation. His idea is that elocution is not a thing of mere imitation, but a branch of liberal education.

The Faculty and Seniors were very pleasantly entertained at the Hall on the evening of Washington's birthday. Mrs. Robertson and Miss Hodgen, together with the Hall Seniors, were the hostesses. The parlors were beautifully decorated with the class colors, as was also the dining room. A game of old time charades during the evening was heartily enjoyed by all. Professors Freeman and Hahn delighted the company with a vocal duet. Despite the unpleasantness of the weather outside, the evening proved a delightful one. The Juniors have pleasant anticipations for next year.

The man who can endure everything is either a saint or a cur.

Athletics.

The ladies' basket ball team, not to be behind, challenged the ladies of the faculty to a game. At the present writing there has been no public acceptance.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, held in Pittsburgh, February 27, it was decided to hold the meet in Schenley Park, May 30. By holding the meet on Decoration Day the city of Pittsburgh will give prizes to the amount of \$400. In the morning there will be a ball game between W. U. P. and Westminster.

A picked team from the college basket ball teams have challenged the faculty to a game of ball. The makeup of the teams will be as follows:

McElree.....	L. F.....	Phythyon
Freeman.....	R. F.....	Kuhn
Holmes.....	C.....	Taggart
Barnes.....	L. G.....	Witherspoon
Weimer.....	R. G.....	Shira

The faculty have been in training since January 1, and expect to show the boys a trick or two.

The base ball team for the coming season has for the most part been selected. At a meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. Harry Wilhelm was elected captain. New suits of Yale gray, trimmed in blue, with blue and white stockings, have been ordered and it is expected that the team will make a fine appearance and do wonders with all those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands. The team will line up as follows: Lloyd Davies, catcher; H. Wilhelm and Don McKim, pitchers and left fielders; H. Phythyon, short stop; W. Marshall, first base; W. Ray Carnahan, second; Marion

Edmundson, third; Chambers, Holmes and McKim will handle the field. The schedule so far completed is as follows:

GAMES AT HOME.

Geneva—April 24.
Shady Side—May 1.
Grove City—May 10.
Allegheny—May 15.
Grove City—May 27.
Indiana State Normal—June 14.
W. U. P.—June 15.
W. U. P.—June 16.

GAMES AWAY FROM HOME.

Allegheny—May 3.
Grove City—May 17.
W. and J.—May 22.
Geneva—May 24.
Indiana State Normal—May 29.
W. U. P.—May 31.
Grove City—June 2.
Hiram—June 7.

The basket ball game scheduled for February 22, between the Freshmen and Sophs, resulted in a well earned victory for the Sophs. The game was marked by brilliant plays by the Sophs and they clearly showed that the team which would win from them must play the game from the start to the finish. The teams were:

FRESHMEN.		SOPHOMORES.	
Shira.....	R. F.....	Witherspoon	
Sloss.....	L. F.....	Gealey	
H. L. Smith.....	C.....	S. McKim	
W. Ferguson.....	R. G.....	Berry	
Chambers.....	{L. G.....	Dagelman	
Fraser.....			

Goals from field—Sophomores, 6; Freshmen, 1.
Goals on fouls—Sophomores, 2; Freshmen, 1.
Score—Sophomores, 14; Freshmen, 3.

Owing to the fact that the schedule was one week behind time it was decided to play two games on March 8. The first was between the Seniors and Preps and was very hotly contested. The final score stood 11-9 in favor of the Seniors. The second game was between the Juniors and Freshmen. This was also a very close game. At the end of the first half the score stood 6-2 in favor of the Freshmen, but the Juniors, as usual, made a Garrison finish and tied the score in the second half. After one minute's rest they started again and after a pass or two the game was won by the clever work of Phythyon. The game was characterized by the good throwing of Phythyon. The final score stood 9-7 in favor of the Juniors. Between the two games was an exhibition class drill on the horse, which drew from the audience well merited applause. The line up for the first game was as follows:

SENIORS.		PREPS.	
J. Ferguson.....	L. F.....	D. McKim	
Chamberlain.....	R. F.....	Kuhn	
Taggart.....	C.....	Whitmore	
Dawson.....	L. G.....	Marshall	
Hanley.....	R. G.....	Neville	

Goals from field—Seniors, 5; Preps., 4. Goals from fouls—Seniors, 1; Preps., 1.

The line up for the second game was:

JUNIORS.		FRESHMEN.	
Trop.....	L. F.....	Shira	
Phythyon.....	R. F.....	Sloss	
Breaden.....	C.....	H. Smith	
Scott.....	L. G.....	Ferguson	
Boggs.....	{R. G.....	Smith	
Seville.....			

Goals from field—Juniors, 3; Freshmen, 3. Goals from fouls—Juniors, 3; Freshmen, 1.

Alumni and College World



MR. REID KENNEDY.

Mr. Reid Kennedy, class of '89, has been elected Burgess of Homestead. Mr. Kennedy was born January 14, 1865, in Washington county, Pa. He removed to Illinois in December of 1879, and entered the High School department of the Illinois State Normal University near Bloomington in the fall of 1882, where he took a preparatory course for college. After teaching school a year he entered Westminster in the fall of '85 and graduated with the class of '89. During vacations he located around the iron and steel mills about Pittsburg, and after graduation he returned to the steel works at Homestead. In 1890 he was promoted to the position of roller of the armor plate mill and had the honor of rolling the heavy belt plate for the Monterey. Owing to unpleasant complications between capital and labor he resigned his position in 1892 and entered the real estate business, and was engaged in this business when elected Burgess at the recent February elections.

The 23rd, 24th and 25th days of the present month will be memorable in the history of the Western University of Pennsylvania. At that time the university will celebrate the 110th anniversary of its birth as an institution of learning and the 75th anniversary of its establishment as a University. This event will bring together the students of the various departments, the alumni, the different faculties and the boards of trustees. The friends of higher education throughout the country in general, and the friends of this University in particular, will be greatly interested in the proceedings, and it is to be hoped that the citizens of Pittsburg and vicinity will awaken to a proper realization of the fact that a real live University has its existence in their midst. The neighborhood of Pittsburg, with its great wealth and population, seems to be an ideal location for a University, and the friends of W. U. P. look forward to the time when the public-spirited citizens of Allegheny county will unite in an effort to make that institution equal in every respect to the University of Pennsylvania across the State. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of regular college work in connection with an institution for training men for the professions, and at no time has education for its own sake been lost sight of by the W. U. P. The fact has been fully recognized that only the best college training is sufficient for distinguished work in the professions, and also that the standing of the professions would be quickly lowered by the general neglect of this training. Let us hope that this celebration will be a signal for a general revival and growth of interest in the cause of learning, so that in the near future a desire to increase the benefits of a modern education will animate even the least of our citizens.



MISS OELLA J. PATTERSON.

Miss Oella J. Patterson, whose death a short time ago removed from the field of education one of its most useful workers, will be especially remembered by many of the graduates of Westminster. Miss Patterson spent ten faithful, fruitful years at the college as Professor of English Language and Literature, and in the spring of 1887, owing partly for reasons of health and partly for further study, she resigned and spent two years in Berlin, Germany. Returning, she accepted a place on the Monmouth College faculty, but on account of her failing health she again resigned her position and removed to San Diego, Cal., where she died January 16, 1897.

Co-education in the German universities meets with greater opposition than in any other country, but lately many concessions have been made to women there, mainly through the efforts of the present Minister of Public Instruction.

What should be the requirements for admission to college? is a question much discussed in these days of educational progress. Where should the secondary school end and the college begin? There is some danger of placing the college too much in advance of the high school, which would undoubtedly cause much inconvenience and trouble to the student desiring to enter college. If the colleges increase the requirements for admission, the secondary schools must extend their courses correspondingly in order that there may be continuity from the grammar school to the end of the college course. The secondary schools are already complaining of too much work for the time, and an extension of time means much to both student and teacher. It will probably be many years before the question is settled satisfactorily to all concerned. At the second annual meeting of the United Presbyterian Educational Conference, held in Cobb Hall, University of Chicago, December 29, 1896, the question was discussed in its relation to the United Presbyterian colleges. Every member of the conference was of the opinion that the present requirements for admission to our colleges are not sufficient and not equal to that of many colleges of like standing. It seemed to be the opinion of the conference that our colleges should have more uniformity in their courses, the requirements for admission being the same in all. To this end it was decided to set before each college an ideal preparatory course as a goal towards which they should strive. The course proposed by Prof. Swan includes six terms of Science, six of Mathematics, six of English and nine of Latin, while Modern Language and History each have three; Greek is to be placed in the college course and extend through the four years. The

course is on a four study basis and is intended to prepare the student to enter any of the college courses. The report was referred to the college faculties to be amended by each as seen fit, and the report and amendments are to be considered by a committee consisting of one from each faculty. This committee is to report to the next meeting of the conference.

Hon. Robert Martin, class of '63, formerly one of the most prominent men in Eastern Ohio, died last week at his home in Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory. Judge Martin was born near Frankfort Springs, Beaver county, Pa., in 1831. After graduating from college he taught school in Steubenville, and later studied law and was admitted to the bar on April 18, 1862. He did good service during the war as captain of Co. D, 126th O. V. I. After the war he served three terms as Probate Judge and then became the law partner of Lieut.-Gov. Richards. In 1889 he was appointed Secretary of Oklahoma Territory by President Harrison, and after serving in this position with distinction for years he lived quietly with his family at Guthrie till his death. Heart trouble and financial complications caused his demise.

In a communication to one of the daily papers, Prof. Scribner, of W. U. P., advocates the establishment of a chair of Pedagogy in the university. The reasons he gives to show why such a step would be desirable are very good, and it is to be hoped that his idea will be given more attention than it generally receives. If the university is to convey its fullest measure of good to the State and be the culmination of that system of education which begins with the public schools, it is only natural to look to such

institutions to train the instructors for the lower grades of schools and to lift up the standing of the profession of teaching to its true high position.

Mr. John I. Moore and Miss Mabel O. Irons, both of the class of '96, were married February 26, at the home of the bride's parents at McDonald, Pa. The ceremony took place at high noon and was performed by the father of the bride, Rev. W. D. Irons, D. D., assisted by his brother, Rev. J. D. Irons, D. D., professor of theology at Xenia, Ohio. The wedding was a very elaborate one. A reception held the same evening at the Hotel Victoria was attended by a large number of friends from McDonald and vicinity. Mr. Moore is the secretary of the Pittsburg Carpet Company. The bride and groom will make their home at Ingram, Pa.

Prof. R. E. Owens, class of '95, has been elected manager of the base ball team of the the Indiana State Normal School and is making great efforts to put a strong team on the diamond for the spring of '97. By the way it might be noted that Westminster has three other representatives on the faculty of that institution, Profs. McBride, '84, Robertson, '93, and Fulton, '94. Our team was treated royally at Indiana last year and we hope for a continuance of the good feeling that prevails.

All work was suspended at Allegheny on March 4 in honor of the inauguration of President McKinley, who was formerly a student of that college. Addresses were made by President Crawford and Prof. Jonathan Hamnett, the latter being the oldest member of the faculty. The flag of the Allegheny College volunteers was unfurled. The demonstration closed with cheers and the firing of cannon.

The long bickering between Harvard and Yale concerning athletics has been terminated finally by their representatives entering into a five-year compact for the renewal of all branches of athletics. The compact requires that all contests except rowing take place on college grounds. It is thought that by this and other provisions contained in the compact, college athletics in the East will be freed of many of the objectionable features connected with it.

The marriage of Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, class of '59, pastor of the Fifth United Presbyterian Church of Allegheny, and Mrs. S. J. McElhaney, of the same city, took place Tuesday, March 9, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, J. R. Harrah, ex-U. S. Marshal for the Western District of Pennsylvania, Beaver Falls, Pa. Dr. Witherspoon is one of the leading ministers of his church and has been in his present charge for thirty years.

The new Auditorium at Monmouth is completed now and adds greatly to the efficiency of the college. The students and faculty are enthusiastic in their efforts to have a new Science Hall built now. Westminster is provided with a first-class Science Hall and needs an Auditorium, while Monmouth has a fine Auditorium and lacks our facilities in the Science department.

Rev. A. H. Elder, of the class of '59, died at his home in Cleveland, O., February 19. Rev. Elder was held in very high esteem by all who knew him, and by his death the church loses one of its most earnest workers.

Mr. J. J. Kuhn, '94, was at home for a few days during the early part of the month. Mr. Kuhn graduates at the Seminary this year and has been preaching occasionally at Hadley.

Many friends of Bethany College are making a strong effort to have the State appropriate \$15,000 for the benefit of the college. If this request is granted the college will allow free tuition to one student from each county, and the friends of Bethany will cooperate to put the college on a firm financial basis.

Messrs. Gamble, Boal and H. B. McElree, all of '96, are the principals of academies in McDonald, Burgettstown and Hickory, respectively. These places are within ten miles of each other, and this goes to show that Westminster is very popular in Washington county.

Monmouth College is taking steps to organize an "Old Students' Association." This is for the benefit of those who have been students in that institution, but who did not complete the course. It will serve the same purpose for this class of former students as the Alumni Association does for the graduates.

The Medical Faculty of the University of Michigan proposes to require the degree of A. B. from a reputable college to admit students to that department. This action is in line with that of some other universities and at no very distant time a college diploma will be a very handy thing to have around.

Miss Bessie Brewster, '87, and Miss Anna Elliott, of the same class, visited college classes on the Saturday before the "twenty-second." Miss Brewster has studied at Wellesley since leaving Westminster and is now teaching the sciences in Beaver College.

Dr. George Minich and his wife, formerly Miss Lily Marshall, both Westminster students a few years ago, lately visited their friends in New Wilmington.

On Sabbath evening, Feb. 21, Miss Lillian Moreland, daughter of Joseph Moreland, of New Wilmington, passed away after an illness of three weeks of typhoid fever. Miss Moreland was a very popular young lady and an exemplary Christian, earnest and diligent in all kinds of Christian work. She was a member of the class of '94.

The next commencement at Tarkio will be made a special occasion. It will be the tenth anniversary of its first commencement and also of the election of their president.

Kazuo Hatoyama, a graduate of Yale, has been elected Speaker of the Japanese House of Commons. He is also President of the Tokio College of Law.

Princeton gives a prize of \$1500 to the person entering the Sophomore class who passes the best examination in Latin and Greek subjects.

Mr. John Cooper, '96, has returned from Bart, Pa., where he had been teaching and will spend a few weeks at home in New Wilmington.

Mr. J. W. Gaily, class of '93, is one of the honor men of this year's graduating class of the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

It is claimed by some prominent educators that fraternities tend to break the universities up into smaller colleges after the English plan.

To Ireland is given the task of raising \$5,000,000 to establish a Roman Catholic University.

Mr. John M. Dunn, '88, an attorney in Pittsburg, has been in town several times lately.

Rev. W. F. Gibson, '74, was in chapel not long ago.

Music and Art.

"Die Gotterdammerung" recently delighted lovers of Wagner in Pittsburg. Has anybody ever written a book giving the stories of the great operas? If not, why not? Many persons are hindered by circumstances from hearing the whole opera by artists of song. What added pleasure might be theirs if the story of the opera were but made familiar as Charles and Mary Lamb have made Shakespear's dramas.

Suppose the average audience clearly understood that the selection called the "Funeral March," from Wagner, meant that Siegfried's comrades were bearing upon his shield his murdered form, that they were marching with it to the hall of the Gibichungs, that there it was placed on a funeral pyre on which Burnhilde, the wife of his youth, sacrifices herself. Suppose they could see, with their mind's eye, the flames creep up around that funeral pile, burning the dead Siegfried and the living Burnhilde, then shooting higher and higher until the Valhalla, the magnificent temple of the gods, is wrapped in flames, is burned and falls. Suppose that they knew that this means the utter destruction and ruin of the old regime of gods, the last scene in the primitive Northland mythology, that as this wierd fire died away on earth there fell the "twilight of the gods." If, we say, the average audience knew this and more of each one of the operas, if they knew the inner meaning of the "The Pilgrims Chorus," "Longhrin's Farewell," "Tannhauser's March," etc., etc., is it not safe to say they would listen with rapt attention when some of our music students favor us with selections from such immortal music, and could such hearing fail to help along that

true soul culture, the aim and aspiration of us all?

NOTES.

The chorus class will continue next term till after the concert.

From the present outlook we have great hopes for the Mandolin Club.

Several youthful prodigies in music have appeared on the scene since the new year.

The recent death of M. Castelmary at the Metropolitan Opera House, almost in the presence of his audience, is one of the startling events in the history of the stage.

The music students who are studying Evolution would certainly read with interest those chapters in Lanier's "The English Novel" devoted to the *evolution* of music.

Exchanges.

YES, DEAR GIRLS.

Lives of old maids should remind you
Your sweet charms won't always stay,
And the blush of youth, dear maidens,
Soon, oh, soon will fade away.
Oh! then, girls, be up and doing;
Seize on any chap you can,
For, remember, time is flitting.
Let your watchword be, A Man.—Ex.

Students of literature will be interested in an article in the *Colby Echo* for February 20, on "The Sages of the North."

Professor—"Mr. Blank, tell us about I2O5." Mr. Blank (with a start)—"I'm expecting a check tomorrow, sir."—Ex.

We would like to remind the students that the "Exchanges" are to be found in the reading room and that they contain much interesting reading matter. Only a very small part can be reprinted here and we can not even mention many articles that are worthy of perusal.

There is one word in the dictionary the meaning of which should be well defined in the mind of every student. But we see many persons delving into the depths of science and philosophy who seem never to have conceived the true meaning of this little word—*culture*.

For the student about to choose his life work there is a pertinent article in the March *Anchor*, entitled "Young Men and Missions." In the same paper, "What a College Course Should Accomplish," emphasizes the fact that a college should develop a man symmetrically.

There is a good editorial in *Orange and White* on "Christianity and Athletics." The two are not incompatible and there is no reason why a good athlete may not be a good Christian. There are, however, dangers in athletics to be shunned and the collegian should not allow too much of his time to be taken up in this way.

We heartily endorse an editorial in the *Otterbein Argus*, for February, on the duty of contributing to the college paper. This duty devolves upon students, alumni, and even upon the faculty, as a means of advertising the college and of keeping the students of one college in touch with others. Look up the *Argus* and read the editorial, then comply with its exhortation.

The following verse has been seen in several magazines and probably expresses the sentiments of many business managers:

The wind bloweth,
The water floweth,
The subscriber oweth,
And the Lord knoweth
That we are in need of dues.
So come a-runnin'
E'er we go gunnin'.
This kind of dunnin'
Gives us the blues.

THE HOLCAD.

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Editors.

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HARRY N. HOLMES, '99.....	LIT'Y DEPARTMENT
EDA NICHOL, '98, }.....	LOCAL
LYNN BREADEN, '98, }	
HARRY PHYTHYON, '98.....	ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD
FRANCES McDOWELL, '98.....	MUSIC AND ART
ESTELLE SPENCER.....	EXCHANGES
MONROE WITHERSPOON, '99.....	BUSINESS MANAGER

Publisher's Notice.

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TERMS: One copy per year, \$1.00. Single copy 15c.

Now that the base ball season has opened we would urge upon every student the necessity of giving the team hearty support and encouragement. There is no doubt but that the team representing Westminster this year will be the best that has ever had that honor, and it is only their just due that we show our interest in them and appreciation of their work by attending the games and by yelling for the "blue and white." Every student ought to be at every game played at home, even if that should necessitate the giving up of chewing-gum for six months. It is a matter of loyalty to your college. Don't be guilty of lack of patriotism.

Apropos of cheering, let us say right here that our college yells need to be sorted,

some of them thrown away and replaced by new ones, others remodeled. A committee should be appointed by the athletic association, or by the college as a whole, to get up about half a dozen good yells, have them printed and distributed to each student. If they were of the kind that plenty of lung power could be put into, and were practiced a little, the cheering at the base ball games might be more inspiring than that at the foot ball games. The "Ki yi" yell is horrible and should give place to a shorter one, one that could be given more easily and with more volume.

WE have entered upon a term which to the class of '97 will probably be one of mingled gladness and sadness. Of gladness, because it is natural for one to want to get out into the world and begin one's life-work, whatever it be. But after all, the years spent in college are perhaps the most enjoyable and happiest of the whole three score and ten, and so, to those about to graduate, the last few weeks are tinged with the gloom of the thought, "for the last time." The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. social, the concerts, all the happenings of the spring term, culminating in the "Pipe of Peace," are the last of the many similar affairs attended by these, the *omnibus parati*. Think of leaving the shady campus and the old gray recitation hall; of sauntering no more, in the

warm bright days of May, along the country lanes, each of which has its associations; of quitting the Hall and its serenades, perhaps forever. The very thought makes us feel blue and homesick. This is the term that is apt to put to the test the power to control and concentrate the attention when necessary. The young man's thoughts are inclined to wander away with Cupid and get lost in the temple on Mount Moriah; no doubt they are often met half way by the maiden's, which have escaped from the dreary German, chemistry or logic the moment she turned her eyes from the book, and will not return till they please. It is much more interesting to play base ball, or watch the team practice, play tennis, go fishing, or even lie in the hammock with a novel instead of a Trig., than it is to pore over one's studies. So they are often allowed to wait until evening. The days are growing longer and one doesn't like to study before dark; then but an hour or two suffices to make one realize how sleepy out-door life causes one to become. Not much wonder it is hard to keep down to work this term, but that is one of the principal things that must be learned—self-control, the ability to concentrate the mind on the work that ought to be done, even if it be irksome. If we go from college not having attained this discipline of mind, we will have missed the chief benefit that education has to bestow. No outside restraint, such as the study hours at the Hall, should be needed; no bell is needful to remind you that Greek cannot be absorbed. Anyone old enough to be in college is old enough to have learned the value and importance of methodical work.

Literary Department.

ETHICS OF ATHLETICS.

The extreme youthfulness of our country provokes many a smile among the staid old monarchies of Europe. In our enthusiasm we take every "craze" in its most violent form and carry it to excess. We have passed through the period of roller skates, we have had Coxeyism, base ball, cycling, the new woman, foot ball, and are now convalescing from the delirium of gold and silver. Although all the Old World may wag the head at us in mockery, derision, or glee, we go our own way, pick out the best features from every new thing, and pass on.

The history of athletics has had its rise and fall. From the earliest times there has been a gradual evolution of physical exercise, which reached its culmination in the Greek ideal of symmetrical development. Never before in the history of the world had the delicate mechanism of the human body reached such proportions of strength, such majesty of parts, such exquisite finish, such harmonious symmetry. In form and faculty the Athenian athlete was indeed god-like, and to have won a race in the Olympic games was to him the highest honor earth could yield. Nor was the body cultivated at the expense of the mind, for at the same time Greece was giving to the world the highest type of intellectual excellence. Then followed a period in which the brain was cultivated at the expense of the body, and for centuries this violent reaction continued to produce marked physical inertia. Violent exercise and manly sports were things of the past. Men sought for distinction and pleasure in other ways. Sensuality

and native brutality held sway. Europe was filled with a people indecisive and enervate. Then, in such a manner as the north wind arrests a thaw, a terrible succession of wars arrested the decay of virile strength. Gradually the subject of athletics arose in dignity and importance, and toward the close of the 19th century dimly it has dawned upon the minds of the people that, as war has decreased, athletics must increase if we would preserve the purest manliness and truest well being of humanity. The body is no longer regarded as an instrument of Satan; the press has long been preaching the ethics of athletics; the pulpit, though more conservative, is sure to give forth no uncertain sound on this important subject. Our best journals, magazines, and all periodicals are teeming with articles on the necessity of a more perfect system of physical training and proving how dependent we are upon sound health and vigor, not only for our happiness in this world, but for our usefulness as well.

Those who agree as to the necessity of physical exercise, disagree as to the methods and amount necessary. One objection to modern athletics is that brawn cannot be developed save at the expense of brain, that college and university students become so interested in their sports as to neglect their studies. You may remember a cartoon in *Puck* a few years ago, in which a pictured prophecy of Harvard's class of 1900 strikingly set forth this idea. There was a group of men magnificent in physique; in their faces no sign of intellectuality; every feature showed depravity and coarseness, and their motto, in mock Latin, "Plug et tu 'em," gave utterance to the pugilistic expression on their countenances. While a few students in our colleges, who would

perhaps turn out badly anyhow, might, by the excess of athletics, be developed into such types as we see in this picture, yet reports from instructors in such schools as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Perdue, St. John's, and many others, ought to be conclusive. All these boldly affirm that the young men who engage in athletics are the best students, and as a rule hold the highest positions in their classes.

Among great nations the period of greatest physical vigor invariably preceded or accompanied their most conspicuous intellectual triumphs, and the decay of physical vigor was in the end followed by intellectual degeneracy. Every muscular movement stimulates the brain and every action of the brain stimulates the muscles, hence to obtain perfect development of one perfect development of the other is requisite.

A sound mind in a sound body is the ideal of the present day, and everything which tends to realize this ideal is a potent moral factor. The true aim of athletic sports is not only to furnish a pleasurable and pleasant pastime which will benefit our nation, but to train the manifold muscles of the human frame, that the body may be a perfect medium for the soul's expression.

All sports and games are to be encouraged which even remotely contribute to man's free use of his whole being. For the more varied the exercise, the more the mental faculties are brought into play, the greater is the benefit to mind and body reciprocally. Hence the value of the contests on the river, the ball field, the tennis court, and the field of track athletics. Rowing cultivates unison of action, patience, endurance and prompt obedience. This sport is confined to those highly favored places by lake or river, but track athletics are within reach of all. Of

these, perhaps bicycling has become the most popular in the last few years, not alone for the pleasure which the wheel affords, but because it is the ever ready vehicle for countless errands. It tends to obliterate class distinction, furnishes to the weary office workers a healthful exercise, and tempts many into the open air who otherwise would continue to poison their lungs in the stuffy air of shops.

The favorite games of to-day are base ball and foot ball, and these two promise to become our national games. True, base ball exercises mostly the muscles of the right side of the body, yet it is a noble game and one that can be engaged in by all. Foot ball should be restricted to universities and colleges where it may be held down by strict rules, which greatly minimizes the dangers connected with the game. Its good results greatly overbalance the evil ones. Foot ball is a good exercise, but a better moral drill. The players are in honor bound to their captain and fellows to keep their bodies in the healthiest condition possible. This means regularity of habits and avoidance of all dissipation and vice. This spirit of honor is a stronger incentive to right action than the rules of faculties or the surveillance of teachers.

Athletics encourage perseverance, endurance, coolness and manliness, and work off the surplus energies of students which would otherwise find expression in the usual college pranks. Books store the mind with knowledge, but sports such as these train the will. We need, for perfect balance, thought and thinking on the one hand, will and action on the other.

The great ethical value of athletics is best expressed in those words from the gospel of science, "Action determines structure."

The iron chain of habit once formed is rarely broken. Whatever cultivates care, close observation, exactness, patience and method, whatever helps make our youth self-governing, honorable and manly, is valuable training; yes, it is more; what fitter preparation for citizenship in a republic; what wiser forethought for that time when "Care shall cast her anchor in the harbor of their dreams?"

Yet every good is accompanied by some evil. To-day the great corrupter, the eternal enemy of all true sport is the greed for gain. Sporting can be beneficial only so far as it is founded on pure disinterestedness and loyal sentiment. The six days' bicycle race of last December shows to what depth of degradation the love of money will drag a healthful sport. Professionalism and prize fighting are repulsive, degrading, and have lost sight of the true aim of athletics. But let us not permit the corrupting influences of a few to prevent us from giving our hearty encouragement to that which helps many make their bodies fit temples for the indwelling soul. Athletics have come to stay. The revival of the Olympic games proves that they have become an international moral power. As the ancient Olympics were a means of preserving peace among the states of Greece, the modern Olympics will be a means of promoting peace among all the nations of the world.

All then who earnestly desire the health and happiness of mankind, all who would see full, manysided manifestations of life under best control, who would have the American character replete with virility, courage, nerve, and a true spirit of honor, who would have man's spirit shine forth unconscious of the fleshly screen, who would hasten the day when every man shall realize that "All good

things are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul," every such person must believe in the Ethics of Athletics.

F. MACD., '98.

"THE CHILDREN IN POETRY."

The true poet is influenced by the beauty in all things. The beautiful in nature and in humanity inspires his poems. That fine poet, Keats, admitted that he was dominated by the mighty abstract of beauty in all things, and he became thereby the poet's poet, Greek-like in his thought and method.

All of our great American poets, such as Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant and Lowell, were lovers of nature, and a great number of their poems were inspired by this love. The pensive beauties of springtime, and especially of the month of June, inspired Lowell to write "Under the Willows;" the glories of the autumn woods, with their brilliant foliage, the dreamy haze of the Indian summer, gave us such poems as "Autumn Woods," "The Voice of Autumn," "The Lumbermen," and "November;" the mountains, with their varied moods, their lifting lights and shadows, their cloudy mantles and their vast forms against the blue sky, so influenced Whittier's poetry that that he has been called the laureate of the New England mountains; the vast ocean, with its surf-beaten coast and all its attendant phenomena, has inspired such poems as "The Building of the Ship," and "Among the Isle of Shoals." The river and the rivulet also ripple through many of their sweetest poems.

But the love of nature has not alone inspired the poet in his outbursts of song. The love of womanhood, of childhood, of humanity, has helped to make the songs of

the poets so sweet and cheering to our ears. The poets of the heart and home, such as Longfellow, Whittier and Eugene Field, were dominated by the mighty concrete royalty of humanity about them, and thereby became the people's poets. And they found the most beautiful phase of this human life in childhood.

Harriet Hosmer, the gifted artist whose genius adorned the Illinois State Building during the World's Fair, offered this beautiful suggestion when they were talking of raising a monument to the memory of Eugene Field, the children's poet: "I think the finest thing would be a life-size figure of the poet sitting in a chair supported by winged muses. Have him sitting in an attitude of deep thought, as if waiting for an inspiration, and a little child at his knee touching his pen." Is it not true that the children have often touched the pens of our poets as they waited for an inspiration? Some of our most beautiful and touching poems came through a child's influence. Ben Johnson wrote some lines about his daughter, who died in infancy. Coleridge sang a serious cradle song over his son Hartley in "Frost at Midnight." Shelly bewailed the early death of his son William in a poem. Leigh Hunt commemorated the death of two of his children in two characteristic poems, the most natural of which was "A Nursery Song for a Four-Year-Old Romp." These are some of the best known English poets to whom childhood was a source of inspiration, but Mr. Longfellow distanced all of them. His poem "To a Child" has no superior of its kind in the language.

The child shakes its coral rattle with its silver bells and is content for the moment

with its merry tune. The poet listens to other bells than these.

The picture of his child at play, now in the orchard and now in the garden walks, where his little carriage wheels efface whole villages of sand-roofed tents that rise above the secret homes of nomadic tribes of ants; but, tired already, came back to parley with repose, and, seated with his father on a rustic seat in an old apple tree, they see the waters of the river and a sailless vessel dropping down the stream:

"And like it, too, a sea as wide and deep,
Thou driftest gentle down the tides of sleep."

The poet speculates on the future of his child and tells him to remember in the perilous hour that,

"When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest."

"The Children's Hour" describes Longfellow's own home in the evening, when his three daughters came to romp with him. What a picture of happiness, of fatherly affection this poem opens to us! Somewhat sadder, but even more pathetic, is the poem "Weariness," beginning

"Oh, little feet that such long years,"—

"From My Old Arm Chair" was the response to the children of Cambridge when they presented him with a chair made out of the "spreading chestnut tree" made famous in "The Village Blacksmith."

A fondness for children was a marked trait in Whittier's character, and several of his poems were written for their amusement or at their suggestion, such as "How They Climbed the Chocurua," "Voyage of the Jettie," "The Seeking of the Waterfall," "The Henchman," and "Mary Garvin." He often said that the children's opinions of his verses were more to him than those of

learned reviewers. "Light That Is Felt" was suggested to him by the beautiful thought expressed by a two-and-a-half-year-old girl who knew his "Barefoot Boy" by heart. Once in going ahead of her mother in a dark hall she said, "Mamma, take hold of my hand so that it will not be so dark." This incident and her fondness for his poetry caused him to write the poem.

"The Barefoot Boy," written in memory of his own childhood days, is perhaps better known than any of his other poems, especially by the children. Who has not heard of

"The barefoot boy with cheeks of tan,
With his turned-up pantaloons,
And his merry whistled tunes;
With his red lips redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill."

To Eugene Field there was nothing on earth half so holy as the innocent heart of a child. He loved little children with his great warm heart. The works that have most endeared him to his readers are his delineations of the homely incidents of child-life. One of the most popular is entitled "With Trumpet and Drum:"

"With big tin trumpet and little red drum,
Marching like soldiers the children come.
It's this way and that way they circle and file—

My! but that music of theirs is fine!
This way and that way, and after awhile
They march straight into this heart of mine—
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb
To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum."

His lullaby songs of different nations have never been excelled. No less authority than Andrew Lang has pronounced his "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" the best child's poem in the English language. But perhaps no song written by the children's laureate holds so dear a place in the hearts of young and old as "Little Boy Blue," written after his baby boy died:

"The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And that was the time our Little Boy Blue
Kissed and put him there.

" 'Now, don't you go till I come,' he said,
'And don't you make any noise!'

So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamed of his pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue.

"Oh! the years are many and the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.
Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

"And they wondered as waiting these long years
through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed and put them there."

Holland gives a choice tribute to the kingdom of babyhood in the cradle song found in his poem "Bitter Sweet." One can not read this cheerful picture of babyhood without feeling that the poet had been inspired by a little child.

Aldrich first became known as a poet through his touching poem of a child's death entitled "Baby Bell."

I have only mentioned a few of the poems that have been inspired by the children, but it will suffice to show that the children do hold a place in poetry.

"Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We would dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before."

* * * * *
"Through them we feel the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate."
* * * * *

"Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere." — *Longfellow*.

M. MAUDE WRIGHT.

EDUCATION.

The word education comes from the Latin *e* and *duco*, meaning to lead forth, or draw out. As this word is generally used among the common masses, it only means so much knowledge stored up in the mind. Once, it is true, even educated people took this view of the case. But, as generation after generation passed across the stage of human action, as century after century added its line on the scroll of human knowledge, as one by one the milestones of human destiny have been passed, this word has been clothed with new meaning. Everywhere to-day we hear men speak of the new education. We turn to its noted chief, whose fame is almost worldwide, for a definition of the subject, and are told that education is the harmonious development of the whole body, mind and soul. Surely, you say, education meant that ever since man, clothed in the image of his Creator, first trod this earth. Yes, you are right, but it has taken thousands of years for man fully to realize this idea. The principles of education are as old as the everlasting hills, although it has taken ages to discover them, but the methods of applying them change with the changing conditions of mankind.

Turning to our definition, we learn that we are not only to develop the faculties of the mind, but also the entire moral and spiritual nature. The hand can be trained until it is able to trace the most wonderful paintings or bring forth the most melodious music. The eye, calling to its aid the pro-

duct of the hand's labor, penetrates the darkness of space and reveals new worlds on every side. The ear, catching the rhythm of nature and revolving systems of suns, fills the soul with gladness. And what of the intellect! Think of weighing the sun, of telling the time of the rising and setting of the stars, of walking on the wings of the wind, of talking from place to place, as with the aid of the fairies.

But above all this comes the elevation of our moral nature. Any education that does not refine the individual is deficient in an important element. It matters not what advantages a school or college may afford in intellectual training; if the associations and influences connected therewith do not chasten and ennoble the moral nature, there is something lacking.

Again, the tastes and passions need cultivation. The good should be developed, while the evil should be restrained. There is some good in every individual. God intended this should be developed and has made it possible for man to attain almost angelic perfection. On the other hand, there is evil enough in the nature of every one, if it is allowed free course, to sink him lower than the meanest animal that crawls on the face of the earth. John Bunyan, reckless and profane beyond any other, John Bunyan dedicating to mankind the greatest allegory ever written; John B. Gough lying in the gutter, John B. Gough on the lecture platform uttering the words, when the angel of death summoned him hence, "Young man make your ———" are examples of this. Naturally the mind seems to delight in that which is low and vulgar. True education should turn the direction of our thoughts and desires toward the beautiful and noble.

But you say, "I see around me many pro-

nounced learned in whom no such result appears." Have they indeed drunk deep at the fountain of knowledge? Do they feel the inspiration that a true education imparts? We doubt it.

Young persons sometimes say, "I don't expect to teach school, be a lawyer, a doctor, or a minister. It won't pay me to spend my time and money attending school." Is it not worth something to have a cultivated mind, to be able to understand the questions of the hour, to ramble in the fields of science and literature, to have purer and holier aspirations? Certainly it is. The prospect of heavenly reward is another incentive. While each one will have all the pleasure it is possible for him to enjoy in the heavenly world, yet he who does the most good and makes the greatest advance toward perfection in this life will have the greatest capacity for enjoyment in that which is to come. Education is a life work. It begins in the cradle and ends at the opening grave. May we all improve our advantages and strive to develop the noblest powers of the body, mind, and soul.

W. G. S.

ON BEING KNOCKED DOWN AND PICKED UP AGAIN.

A great deal of human life consists in the simple operation of being knocked down and picked up again. This is a process continually going on, both in a physical and metaphorical sense. Life is full of ups and downs. Properly speaking we cannot have one without the other, as we cannot have uphill without downhill. Naturally we prefer the up to the down, and would probably prefer to knock other people down to the converse operation of being knocked down ourselves.

At what time or from what source will

come the blow that will lay us low, or dash our hopes, our plans, to the ground, or strike the accumulations earned by weary toil of brain and muscle from our hands, is uncertain. But it is certain to come, and thus uncertainty becomes so certain and the want of uniformity so uniform that they are part of the very plan and structure of human life. To be always up is something monstrous and abnormal. To be always down is unnatural to a being that has power to rise. Life is a kind of tracery, a blending and interlacing of shadow and sunshine. We are either optimists or pessimists, that is, laughing or weeping philosophers, as we dwell on the ups or downs of life, in the sunshine or in the shadow. Most sensible men are content to take together the rough and smooth, the bitter and sweet. They know that these things make the man, as in the physical sense they make the athlete. "The variety of pains and pleasures, of fears and hopes, is the freshening breeze that fills the sails of the vessel and sends it gaily on its track." Sometimes the knockdowns are so continuous and stunning that we lose all patience and refuse to attempt to pick ourselves up, or even to be picked up. But he who succeeds contrives to pull himself together and to collect his wandering wits, and then begin again. We are either like the child which, falling down, jumps up again with a laugh, thus triumphing over its downfall, or like the one that sits on the ground and bawls to attract attention.

We all must have tumbles. But the tumbles are only the signs that we are getting on in life. We must become used to being knocked down and even learn to appreciate it, that we may be strengthened by the act of picking ourselves up again. A defeat is often more valuable than any victory, when

the knockdown has been essential to any getting up worthy of the name, when disaster has laid deep and firm foundations for future success and victory. How often has the country "been in peril," "brought to the brink of ruin," "going to the dogs?" And what has been said of the country has been said of nearly every family that composes it. Yet somehow men keep on. They have acquired the practical science or art of picking themselves up.

The getting up again is the rule of life. If a house burns down we build another; if a flood occurs we repair the damage; if we become sick we immediately set about to get well again and make every effort toward this end. Every invention has been perfected only after repeated disappointments and failures. Calmness and patience are the main characteristics of scientific and philosophic research, and indeed in all lines of life. The record of success is simply the record of failure.

Weak natures that swim with the stream can hardly understand the terrific, life-long conflict of many natures, the repeated knock-downs, the despair, the apathy, the remorse, and then once more the rising up again, the renewed conflict, and perhaps renewed defeat, or ultimate victory. Such has been the life of most great men. Such has been the moral history of each man in the overcoming of vices and sins.

As a rule a man is left to gather himself together as best he can, to pick himself up as he best can. As a rule no wretch is so forlorn that he has not some friend who, in an extremity, will plant him on his feet and whisper the consolatory remark that he should go in and win. Probably he is left alone where prostrated. If he writhes, wriggles and makes contortions, he will be the

source of considerable gratification to the bystanders and will give a favorable opportunity to administer a British kick. Nevertheless the kindly race of Samaritans have not yet been improved off the face of the earth. There are just a few good people who actually go about the world picking up people whom they find on the ground. They adorn humanity. They keep alive the seeds of goodness and hopes of heaven. It is much if we can now and then help a man on the roadside. His lot may be ours to-morrow. But we can not always depend on the presence of a good Samaritan when we are knocked down, so we must practice picking ourselves up.

F. G. W., '00.

POINTS ON TRAINING.

A great mistake is to overtrain.

Don't work too hard.

Begin early and take a small amount of work daily. Don't miss your race, or whatever preparatory work you are doing.

For rapid progress, NEVER do your best in practice.

For several days previous to a contest do very light work.

On day of contest the athlete should feel strong, light, healthy, confident.

Get into the habit of fixing your mind entirely on the doing and not on the appearance of your effort.

By practice train yourself to breathe while using great muscular power.

Pay strict attention to diet, eat good wholesome food, that which you know is easily digested and never gives trouble.

Get plenty of sleep—at least 8 hours, and no part of that time spent simply lying in bed.

The college athlete's life must be clean, his meals the best. It is a well-known fact

that vices of all kinds, gambling, intemperance of whatever sort, use of tobacco in any form, etc., must be stopped if a man wishes to do his best and be a satisfaction to himself, fellow students and college friends.

For sprinting, get the legs in good shape—short spins of 30 yards for the 100, spins of 100 or 125 yards for the 220, increasing if training for the quarter mile. Practice with others. Run full distance at top of speed once a week.

Program for one-half mile, when fit:—First day, steady, 600 yards; second day, brisk, 600 yards; third day, slow, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile; fourth day, brisk, 600 yards; fifth day, slow, 600 yards; sixth day, fast, 600 yards.

Program for one mile: First day, $\frac{2}{3}$ mile, steady; second day, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, steady; third day, 1 mile, slow; fourth day, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, fast; fifth day, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, steady; sixth day, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, fast.

A SUMMARY OF THE COLLEGE WORK OF THE PRESENT TERM.

DEPARTMENT OF MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE.

The Senior class will complete the "Christian Evidences," by Mark Hopkins. There will be supplementary reference to other authors as the various subjects seem to require. The Junior class will finish Ely's "Outlines of Economics" in the first two months of the term and Alden's Constitution of the United States in the remaining weeks. There are twenty-one persons in the class in "Evidences," some of the Senior class having had the subject before, and thirty-one persons in the class in Economics.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

The work in the English Department for the spring term consists principally of Rhetoric.

The Third Preparatory students—twenty-seven in all—are studying Genung's Outlines of Rhetoric. Special attention will be paid to the elementary principles and forms of composition, the choice of words, and their arrangement into sentences. The aim will be to give the students a larger working vocabulary, and to cultivate in them a feeling for words such as will render them able to form correct ideas and to express them accurately.

A class of fifteen, all but two of whom are Seniors, is using Genung's Practical Rhetoric, an advanced work intended for students who have done some work in composition. This class will pay more attention to the higher forms of composition, studying the characteristics of the best literature, and the distinctive features of the different forms of discourse.

The Senior German class is just finishing the study of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, and will complete the year's work with Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*. As this poem is much more easily read than the drama of *Wilhelm Tell* we hope it will not be necessary to resort to translation, but read for the German and beauty of the poem. There are twenty-seven students in the class.

All students in the College classes who have not passed the examination in English Composition will be required to make the attempt during this term. The subjects will be taken, as announced in the catalogue, from Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*," Longfellow's "*Evangeline*," and Irving's "*Sketch Book*." The compositions must contain five hundred words and be nearly perfect in spelling, punctuation, grammatical construction and forms of expression.

LATIN DEPARTMENT.

The Second Preps are reading the *New Gradatim*. The second book of *Cæsar's Gallic war* will be begun by this class about the middle of the term. Special attention will be paid to elementary work, such as declension, conjugation, comparison, etc., in order that the student may become familiar with the groundwork of the language. The more difficult constructions will be deferred until the student is better fitted for such work. Translation of easy selections at hearing will be required. As large a vocabulary as possible should be acquired. The Third Preps are studying Pennell's *Ancient Rome*. The Freshman class is reading Cicero's *De Senectute*. *De Amicitia* will be read for the most part at sight.

GREEK DEPARTMENT.

In the Greek Department the Third Preparatory class will this term complete White's "*Beginners' Greek Book*." The prescribed work for the Freshmen comprehends the second, third and fourth books of Homer's *Iliad*, with exercises in sight reading. Sophomores are now reading the *Olynthiacs* of Demosthenes, and on completing these will take up rapid reading in the third book of Thucydides. The number of students enrolled in the three classes maintained by the department this term is fifty-eight. Whole number enrolled for the year, eighty-six.

NATURAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Physical Geography, Geology and Botany are taught in the Natural Science Department this term.

The Junior class in Geology was organized this term for the first time, being required in the revised Scientific course. LeConte's *Elements* is used as a text book.

The Sophomore class in Structural and Systematic Botany uses Gray's School and Field Book, supplementing it with Laboratory work on the gross anatomy of plants. Each member of the class is expected to collect and mount 50 specimens and to write out, according to a prepared form, the analyses of 30 plants. He will also make drawings to illustrate the different parts of each plant analyzed.

The Juniors in the Scientific Course have a term of work in Vegetable Histology and Physiology. They began with *Proteococcus* and are now working in *Spirogyra* and *Cystopus*. Each one in the class is supplied with a compound microscope and makes his own selections for work. Each member of the class will during the term make a special study of some one plant, writing out its life history and illustrating it by drawings.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

The Second Preparatory class has used Wells' University Algebra this year and expects to finish Quadratic Equations before the end of the school year. The study so far has included, in addition to the words usually found before Quadratic, the subjects Zero and Infinity, Exponents and Radicals. There are twenty-six members in the class.

The Third Preparatory class is studying in Physiology the text book of Martin, "Human Body." This is a text book of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. We expect to perform experiments and have some demonstrations.

The Juniors in German have begun to read an interesting text by Guerber, *Marchesund Erzählungen*. These legends, fairy tales and anecdotes, are narrated in the simplest manner and the new words are frequently repeated so that the pupils almost unconsciously acquire a practical working

vocabulary. Joynes Meissner's grammar furnishes the written exercises. The first part, thirty-six lessons, will be finished this year. There are fifty-one members in the class.

PHYSICAL DEPARTMENT.

The students are taking a lively interest in athletics this term. Active men, who have the interest of the college at heart, are taking regular exercise in order to prepare themselves for the field sports. The nature of the work is intended to suit the track athletes especially, though all will be benefited by it.

At the beginning of the term the classes will meet in the gymnasium, but whenever the track is in good condition they will exercise on the ball grounds. It can easily be found out what event each man is fitted for, the shot put, mile run, or whatever it may be, and then he will be given considerable work in that line. By this means it is hoped that we can have lively contests for positions on the track team, thus keeping our good men at work.

The usual Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception was held the first Friday night of the term. After an interesting program, including an address by the president of the Y. M. C. A., a recitation by Mr. Scott, a talk by Rev. Barr, and some very fine music, the evening was given over to social enjoyment. If any one didn't have a good time the fault was certainly his own.

Messrs. Richard Clark and Rufus McKinley attended the concert given by the Washington and Jefferson Glee, Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin clubs at Mercer, April 5. They report a very creditable performance.

Social Department.

April showers are in vogue.

How did "Dutchy" get his new shoes?

The prettiest term of the year, so everyone says.

Mr. Aorist and Miss Bud arrived in town the same day.

McCormick, '98, has accepted a position in Volant College.

Mr. Danforth, of Buffalo, was the guest of Prof. Freeman lately.

Huber, '00, is in attendance at Pennsylvania college at Gettysburg.

Miss Anna Robinson spent the last week of the term with friends in town.

Mr. Harry Irons was the guest of John Mowry the last week of vacation.

Prof. J. J. McElree intends to spend his vacation in the University of Chicago.

Mr. John Ryder, the photographer, will be here about the 10th or 11th of May.

We are sorry to note that Miss Beulah Stewart is ill and unable to be in college.

The college pins secured for the students through Prof. Barnes fill a long felt want.

Promptness in beginning this term's work has been a prominent feature—thanks to the railroad company.

Some of the most prominent Juniors have grown very matter-of-fact since they began to study chemistry.

Misses Lida and Diana Pomeroy spent their vacation visiting in Pittsburg, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

Mr. Dennison, a student here in '95, attended the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s reception the first of the term.

Miss Mary Black was prevented from returning to college this term by ill health. We are sorry to miss her.

Mr. H. W—— says that the text was found in the second act of Paul, second chapter and twelfth verse.

Shaw, '98, owing to ill health, has been compelled to leave college. He has gone to Philadelphia for treatment.

Mr. Harry Stewart, of Sharon, attended the Indoor meet. He was much pleased with the showing the boys made.

Mr. S—e says this climate is too cold for him. He greatly prefers the South; thinks Georgia would suit him excellently.

She said she was a crystal—one Westminster girl did. And another told her, "Yes, a solid bounded by a plain face."

Among the new faces this term are W. Roy Carnahan, Will Marshall, Mae Edmundson, Bessie Bonner and Mr. Magee.

Wanted—A companion for one of the sisters, who has been bereft by the faculty's arrangement of the schedule for this term.

"Is this all right"? may be one form of a proposal, but it is not the official form, as one of our young men learned to his enlightenment.

A young lady's reason for not going up town with her friends for the afternoon mail—"Oh, it's only a beau parade. Who cares for that?"

Mr. Will Fulton, '94, and Chas. Fulton, '95, both in attendance at the seminary, spent a few days at the close of the term with their friends.

Student in Latin (translating)—"The fates have decreed that it is impossible to live agreeably either with women or without them." Prof.—"That's right."

Mr. E. W. Guilford, ex-physical instructor at Westminster, now a medical student at Western University, was in town looking after interests the first of the term.

Prof. C. B. Robertson, '93, of Indiana State Normal, Prof. H. B. McElree, of Hickory, and Prof. A. G. Boal, of Burgetts-town, spent their vacations in town.

The ladies of the Chrestomath society are to be congratulated on the fine appearance of their hall. The new paper blends nicely with the carpet and together with the other improvements makes a very pretty effect.

Mr. Will Stewart, Adelphic, and Mr. John Lockhart, Philo., have been chosen members of the lecture course committee to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of Mr. James Ferguson, '97, and E. V. Weller, '97.

Progressiveness has always been characteristic of the Hall girls. This year there are two who are remarkably Ed. Vance(d) (advanced) in their ideas. It gives us great pleasure to notice that this number is double that of last year.

Professor (to an unprepared tyro in the science of Trigonometry, by way of illustration)—“If you were going to New Castle, you'd have to get on the train first, wouldn't you?” Student—“Yes; but if I didn't know I was going, I wouldn't.”

The preliminary contest, preparatory to the Inter-Collegiate contest to be held at the University of W. Va., will take place in college chapel April 27th. The orators will be Messrs. Ferguson, McDonald, Irons, and ———. Here is a chance for a student to show his patriotism

At a meeting of the board of trustees, held in Pittsburg, Prof. Ramsey was elected

to the chair of Natural Sciences, which was left vacant by the death of Prof. Thompson. Prof. Ramsey is now engaged in the University of Indiana, at Bloomington, Ind. He comes highly recommended as a scholar. He is a young man of about 30 years of age. The work in connection with a new charter was taken up and will probably be completed at the next meeting.

The “Merchant of Venice,” given under the direction of Prof. S. I. Connor at the close of last term, was a very enjoyable affair. Although badly handicapped by lack of modern stage conveniences, the play ran smoothly throughout and was a credit to all connected with it. Much credit is due the director in overcoming the many difficulties found in giving a play of such a character in this place. The costumes were furnished by J. C. Kober, of Pittsburg, and were elegant and authentic. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Adelphic orchestra, under the efficient leadership of Miss Clark. The association and Mr. Connor wish to return special thanks to the Misses Donaldson, Stewart and Andrews, and all in any way connected with the play, for their kind assistance; also to Mr. Will Clark for his valuable assistance in the arrangement of footlights, etc.

Athletics.

Degelman has been elected captain of the second base ball team.

The proposed dual meet with Geneva has been declared off for this year.

It is with pleasure that we hear the old time cry of “some one had better come here.”

It is quite probable that Edmundson and Marshall will appear on our foot ball eleven next fall. The prospects for a good eleven have never been brighter.

The work done in the Inter-class meet, a summary of which is given below, is certainly very encouraging and it is to be hoped that the students will all take hold of the work this term and do their best. We have men in school who have done better in a majority of the events to be contested at the Inter-collegiate Field meet than was done last year in the meet, and there is no reason why we should not take first place this year except a lack of ambition and inexcusable indifference.

The Inter-class Indoor meet held Saturday afternoon, March 20, was one of the most enjoyable events of the season. The Freshmen made a very strong showing and the work done by the Preps was a surprise to all. The Sophomores, however, won the contest and also the silk flag offered to the class scoring the largest number of points. The list of events and winners is as follows:

High Jump—Gealy, '99, Shira, '00, Sloss, '00; 5 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Dip—Berry, '99, Moore, '99, Swaney, '01; 18.

Slow Bicycle Race, 50 feet—Neville, '01, Dornan, '01; Stewart, W. J., '99; time, 1:22.

Pole Vault—Smith, '00, Ferguson, '00, Gealey, '99; height, 8 feet 5 inches.

Race Around Gym.—Berry, '99, Swaney, '01, Sloss, '00; time, 6 and 3-5.

Shot Put—Chambers, '00, Shira, '00, Stewart, W. J., '99; distance, 33 ft. 11 in.

Ladder Climb—W. J. Stewart, '99, Berry, '99, Swaney, '01; time, 6 seconds.

Pull Up—McKelvey, '01, Vesey, '01, Berry, '99; 17.

Broad Jump—Gealey, '99, Long, '98, Sloss, '00; 17 ft. 4 in.

The official count gave the Sophomores 35, Freshmen 22, Preps 21, Juniors 3 points.

The game of basket ball between the Sophs and Juniors for the class championship was played off after the meet. The Sophs demonstrated to the satisfaction of all that they had a clear claim to the belt. Their work was characterized by quick, heavy playing throughout. The Juniors seemed to be weak in their goal throwing and guarding. The teams were as follows:

JUNIORS.	SOPHOMORES.
Phythyon.....	L. F.....Gealey
Bresden	R. F.....Witherspoon
Long.....	C.....Sam. McKim
Scott.....	L. G.....Degelman
Boggs.....	R. G.....Berry

Score—Sophomores, 9; Juniors, 3.

Goals from field—Sophomores, 4; Juniors, 1.

Goals on fouls—Sophomores, 1; Juniors, 1.

Umpires—Hanley, Kuhn. Scorer—Wilhelm.
Timekeeper—Miss Hanna.

Alumni and College World

Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, of New Castle, received the degree of D. D. at the last meeting of the board of trustees.

Miss Sara Madge, '95, who for two years was teaching near New Greenwich, N. Y., is now at her home in Bethel enjoying a rest.

Mr. R. W. Veach, '96, has been elected temporary secretary of the New Castle Y. M. C. A. and will begin work about the first of May.

The directors and faculty of Geneva college are considering a proposal to increase the college course from six to seven years and will probably adopt it.

The athletic field at Geneva, which was purchased last fall at a cost of \$6,800, has been graded and put into shape for the opening of the base ball season.

Misses Cora Gault and Jennie B. McCalen, class of '95, are two of Mercer county's most popular teachers, and have each just closed a successful year's teaching.

William Brown and C. T. Littell, class of '95, students in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, were licensed to preach by the Monongahela Presbytery, in Pittsburg, on March 30.

L. M. Wright, '96, formerly editor-in-chief of the HOLCAD, has been filling very acceptably the chair of Greek and Latin in Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn., since last September.

Miss Carrie Byers, '90, was selected from the primary teachers of New Castle to act as principal of the new Highland Avenue school and is filling the position with entire satisfaction to the patrons.

J. W. Gealey, 93, H. G. Edgar and A. B. Dennison, both of '96, preached before Presbytery in New Wilmington on April 14. A call from New Bedford was presented to Mr. Gealey and accepted.

Miss Anna Duncan, late of Westminster, a teacher in the American Mission Training College at Asyut, Egypt, has been ill with typhoid fever, but according to latest reports is now on the way to recovery.

Mr. A. B. Stevenson, '82, an attorney in Pittsburg, is historian-elect of his class for the alumni reunion in June. He has lately been taking a rest and trying to restore his impaired health at Markleton.

Miss Elizabeth Barnes, '95, was home for a day about the last of the month from Mc-

Keesport, where she is preparing to be a trained nurse. She seems thoroughly satisfied with her choice of a profession.

Rev. H. C. Swearingen, '91, pastor of the Third U. P. church of Allegheny, is one of the most popular ministers in that city. An increase in his salary, which was given him recently, is evidence of his popularity.

A delegation of senators and representatives from the State legislature paid State College a visit of inspection recently, and at an informal meeting in the chapel Senators Pyles, Lennon and Martin addressed the students.

Rev. J. A. Brandon, class of '68, has just received a call to the pastorate of East Union congregation in Allegheny Presbytery. This congregation was Mr. Brandon's first pastorate, he having been pastor there from 1871 to 1876.

Rev. E. N. McElree, class of '58, and Rev. I. T. Wright, class of '69, were elected by the Mercer Presbytery as their representatives to the next General Assembly, which meets in Rock Island, Ill., next May.

The friends of Dr. James M. McAuley have been notified of his death, which occurred at Tokio, Japan, Feb. 15. Dr. McAuley was a prominent missionary and teacher. Nervous prostration was the cause of his death. He was a member of the class of '70.

Manager N. H. Maynard, who was a Westminster student at one time, promises to surprise some of the colleges this year. In fact, according to reports, all the colleges in our neighborhood expect to show up unusually strong on the ball field this spring, and some very interesting games may be looked for.

The ability of several of the most prominent men of the Cleveland administration has received recognition in college circles. Mr. Bayard received a degree from the University of Cambridge, Mr. Wilson was chosen president of Washington and Lee University, Mr. Olney will probably fill the chair of International Law at Harvard, and Mr. Cleveland will probably be connected in some way with the faculty of Princeton.

The big debate between Yale and Harvard on finance was won by Yale on the evening of March 26th. The contest was a very close one. When the arguments were over the judges retired and after staying out twenty minutes reported that, although it had been very difficult to decide who should be proclaimed the victor, they had decided after serious deliberation to award it to Yale. The question was, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt definitely the single gold standard, even if Great Britain, France, and Germany should be willing to enter a bimetallic league." Harvard upheld the affirmative. The speakers were in this order: C. S. McFarland, Yale; Dorr, Harvard; Clark, Yale; Dobyus, Harvard; Studinski, Yale. Gov. Roger Wolcott presided. The judges were Prof. Davis R. Dewey, Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia, and Judge E. A. Aldrich, of the United States Circuit court.

Music and Art.

Miss Hodgens reports several new art students, and still expects others.

A number of new students have entered the musical department this term.

The Adelphic orchestra did itself much credit by the manner in which it rendered the music at the play, "Merchant of Venice."

Misses Lida Lake and Martha McBride still continue china painting, and have finished some very beautiful pieces.

Frederic Watts, a great artist, has found inspiration for many of his pictures in the mythology of the Greeks. From "Wife of Pygmalion," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Diana and Endymion," etc., may be learned lessons of faith and heroism, of love and compassion.

Professors Hahn and Freeman added much to the entertainment of those who attended the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. social, which was given at the beginning of the term, by delightfully rendering a vocal duet. Miss Kimball's piano solo was also heartily enjoyed by all.

The lecture course closed March 13th with one of the finest concerts of the season. The Temple Quartet have voices full of expression and power, which have certainly been well trained to harmonize. Mr. Bruce, the baritone, in particular, has an exceptionally fine voice. That the audience fully appreciated the music was shown by the number of times the artists were encored. Miss Ridgeway, the reader who accompanied them, was truly an artist, and not an elocutionist of the old school. The Temple Quartet also visited New Castle and Mercer during the season, where they were not less appreciated than at New Wilmington.

MUSIC NOTES.

The music graduates are at work on their commencement program, which promises to be a very fine one.

Eight new students have entered the conservatory the past week, and several more are expected in a few days.

The musical world has lost three great

composers and musicians since the last issue of the HOLCAD, Johannes Brahms, Berthold Tours, and Waldemar Bargiel.

A concert was given on April 23, by the chorus class, consisting of piano solos and duets, mixed quartettes and ladies' quartettes, and music by the Glee Club.

Prof. Hahn will conduct a ten weeks' summer Music Course at Bourbon, Indiana, beginning July 5th and ending Sept. 10th with a farewell concert in which he will be assisted by the well known pianist, Mr. Franklin Coleman Bush, of Chicago.

Prof. Hahn expects to sail for Florence, Italy, about Sept. 15th, where he goes for a year's study with the famous maestro, Vannini. Having studied with one of Sig. Vannini's teachers in America four years, he will from the start have the maestro's personal instruction.

Exchanges.

You can ride a horse to water,
 But you cannot make him drink;
 You can ride your little pony,
 But you cannot make him think.—*Ex.*

He went away to college,
 A sheep skin was his quest,
 But the chase for it was bootless
 As a pig skin pleased him best.—*Ex.*

Fuit homo in oppido,
 Et sapientissimus fuit;
 Immisit se in bramble bush,
 Et oculos erasit.
 Et cum vidit his eyes were out,
 With all his vi et pondo;
 He jumped into an alterum,
 And scratched them in secundo.—*Ex.*

Those who heard Prof. Clark last term may be interested in reading an article in

the *Wittenberger* for March 2nd, "Elocution and Oratory." The writer shows well the importance of the study of elocution.

Among our exchanges this month we were glad to welcome the *Western University Courant*, souvenir number. This University has lately celebrated its 110th anniversary.

Johns Hopkins is the only large institution in this country that has no student publications.

A good student is known by three things: He can begin to study when he doesn't like to study; he can study when he would rather quit; he can quit when he ought to.—*Ex.*

Three well written articles appear in the April *Anchor*, "Arabian Song and Story," "The Marble Faun," and "Thoughts from Twice Told Tales."

There is an instructive production in the March *Amulet*, "Eye-Mindedness and Ear-Mindedness in Education."

"The Cost of Letters," in the *Hermonite* for March 13, "English, the Universal Language," in the *Irving Sketch Book* for March, and "The Relation of Criticism to Literature," in the *Davidson Monthly*, are especially interesting.

Edward W. Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, will deliver the poem at Harvard commencement.—*Ex.*

How dear to our hearts is
 Cash on subscription,
 When the generous subscriber
 Presents it to view.
 But the man who won't pay—
 We refrain from description,
 For, perhaps, gentle reader,
 That man might be you.—*Ex.*

THE HOLCAD.

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Editors.

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FRANCES McDOWELL, '98.....MUSIC AND ART
ESTELLE SPENCER.....EXCHANGES
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DOES it ever come to you to doubt the advantages of co-education as witnessed and experienced by yourself? Of course, the impression is very vague—a feeling of disappointment as the losing of a faint, but sweet, perfume—a sense of loneliness as having missed something which, in our dreams, had always been a part of our future. We immediately cast the thought from us as unworthy of our advanced nineteenth century ideas. However, on looking into the subject it is just possible that, at this period, we are suffering from the necessary reaction against the nun-like training of a century ago. But at times we weary of the vigorous athletic girl, the clever blue stocking and devotee of base ball, and dream of the glorious time coming when gum-chewing shall be at an end and slang shall no longer be

heard in the laboratory. We would not depreciate co-education, but the extreme youthfulness in our manner of taking it.

PERHAPS there is no epithet of to-day which we shun more than the word, narrow-minded. It is the one sin in our category which cannot be forgiven. We admire the broad, generous mind which can embrace all races and all creeds in its fellowship, and, cost what it may, in culture, manners or morals, we, too, will be considered broad-minded. But as it would be considered folly to remove all safeguards and restraints from children, so there are grown-up children who, by the very nature of their mental make-up, cannot greatly enlarge their horizon without fatal results. Be honest with yourself; even if a certain line of conduct is considered morally right by the so-called liberal set, if after careful thought it appears to you at fault, have the moral courage to stand by your decision. Dare to be strict—narrow-minded it may be, but if it is the fullest and freest decision to which you can wholly consent, then to pass beyond is dangerous. You think by assenting to and living in accordance with these wider views you will grow up to the measure of their stature, but, on the contrary, by that very act you weaken your powers of decision and resistance. Know your strength. Without doubt, after the measure

a period of intense self-disgust will follow, but life would indeed be unendurable if Nature would permit the soul to hate itself long. Safety lies in knowing the weak points and there throwing up the strongest breastworks.

Literary Department.

PHANTOMS.

Back swings memory's golden gate, and after a long and changeful absence, during which time old orchards have blossomed, roses bloomed and yellow leaves fallen many times o'er, I stand once more upon the sun-kissed soil of my college home, and while its glamour is upon me, its voice in my ears, its charm in my heart, there come back memories of my school days—days when love and innocence made life a beautiful world, full of tenderness, laughter and sunshine.

Under the great over-arching trees I slowly walk, while the soft wind comes across sunny meadows and along babbling brooks, purest, softest breezes that ever blew.

Here, in springtime, when the lilacs were in bloom, when the air was laden with the scent of many fragrant shrubs, when the maples had a purple tinge, the birds sang in the trees, and that dreamy sense of dawning springtide stirred in the soul, I, a student, full of fearless life and gayety, came to study, my thoughts oftener taking flight with the birds as they sang high over my head.

Now, as with faltering steps and a heart softened and stirred by memories, I stand once more upon the old worn steps for a moment, the old-time calm creeps o'er me, and my restless soul is hushed.

"Now let me view the scene
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been."

Crossing the threshold, I stand amid the unbroken silence of the years. How deserted. how silent; the voices and music have drifted away, drowned in the rush and roar which have filled the interval of absence, and amid which I still see and hear as of old

"Loved faces glimmering thro' the doors,
Dear footsteps treading the upper floors,
Sweet voices calling me."

Now memory begins to people the silent rooms; out of the mists scenes and figures develop themselves.

First, through the dimness, come teachers' hallowed faces, yet brightening with a "light of love that never was on land or sea," eyes dimmer grown, but to-day shining again as tranquil, radiant and pure as sunlight is.

I hear friends' voices, too—the sweetest music that ever gladdened my heart and sent sweet sunshine into my life. I catch the gleam of dim and shadowy phantoms; they speak to me in well-remembered voices, then they recede into the shadows of some far away past, so far away that I cannot follow them, and alone I pass on.

Now into the library I go—a large, sunny room, where all sorts of books relate events in prose and verse. Seeking a spot where the sunlight falls, I sit in dreamy reminiscence of the days that are gone. Here as a maiden I dreamed while the future slept in sunny calm; 'twas here I erected my castles in Spain, lordly palaces of art "not built of stone, but of white summer clouds," which rose one above the other until they mingled and melted into "fenceless fields of ether blue."

From the once cheery society hall all are gone. How many happy evenings were spent here, and again, when the evening was ended, we passed out through the line of sentinels waiting to guard the homeward walk. It all passes in review before me like the shifting shadows of a dream.

No sound is heard from the class-rooms, and yet as I listen again I hear classmates reciting deeds of Roman heroes, Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul, Cicero's stern words, and the beautiful lines of Virgil.

From the Greek room all voices have fled, leaving only bare walls as sentinels o'er the silence, but upon which I can read mystic records of days spent here, where good and noble things were taught by one whom we loved, and where the first knowledge of fear came with the realization of lessons unlearned.

Again I stand upon the platform; I look out upon a sea of faces; I look beyond into the busy outside world.

With light heart and restless longing I took my flight one June day, lured by the enchantment youth lent, and what a strange, new world it was into which it took me.

Passing once more at the shadowy gate through which I entered the mystic realm of the past, I take one last, long look, ere the fading phantoms flee, at scenes engraved upon my heart in characters which no lapse of time can efface.

Like some peaceful retreat from the unquiet of the world stands the college where dwells the past.

The day is done, the shadows lengthen and sounds mellowed by distance fall on my ear, mingled with the sound of a bell, recalling hallowed memories and associations.

New ties will be formed, new friends may fill the life with joy and sweetness, but deep

in the heart there is a past unshared by them sacred to the memory of college days.

L. McL., '97.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[The Winning Oration at the Inter-Collegiate Contest, delivered by N. W. Campbell, of West Virginia University.]

On the memorable night of July 14, 1789, as Louis XVI. was reposing in his palace at Versailles a messenger suddenly burst into his presence shouting, "Sire, the Bastile is stormed!" "It is a revolt," replied the king, turning again to rest. "Sire, it is not a revolt—it is revolution!" With that ominous sentence the empire of France crumbles into anarchy, and in the silence of that midnight hour, while the king in false security slept in his palace, the mob in the street began that most awful tragedy of the eighteenth century, and the morning dawned upon the Reign of Terror.

The despotism of the feudal system lingered long in France; kings had exhausted the national resources in unwarranted wars; public credit was low; the nobility and clergy, who owned two-thirds of the property, were exempt from taxation; without hope, men had grown desperate and had abandoned honest labor because it entailed unbearable burdens. In that civilization distinction was hereditary; the rich remained rich, the poor remained poor. This was the lash that drove men to madness. They who had borne the heat of the day and upheld the burden of the struggle had now fallen beneath its weight. The march of humanity had ceased. Earth's toilers had given up the battle of life for the struggle of death. Their wrongs must be righted in revolution.

Who are these communists? They are the wearers of rags and the gnawers of

crusts, the diggers of coal and the drawers of water, all driven to drudgery and wretchedness—heirs to ingratitude, whose old age shall look with the sunken eye of want, and, cursing God, shall hungry die. The soul of France had “descended into the abyss where being no longer cast its shadow; she felt only the rain drops trickle down, and saw only the gleaming rainbow of creation that originated from no sun, and heard only the roar of the everlasting storm which no one governs, and looked upward for the Divine Eye and saw only the black, bottomless, glaring Death’s eye socket.”

Voltaire, Rousseau and Helvetius were there. What a field for scepticism in religion, in government! What a graveyard for faith in man and in man’s lot! What a time in which to preach the funeral of all things true, beautiful and good, and what a birth hour for sin, despair and desolation! This suffering through many years has transformed the French heart of flesh into a heart of stone. Hence the appalling stoicism in the midst of terrible scenes, the women calmly knitting under the shadow of the guillotine; hence the ear deaf to the drip of human blood, and the awful composure amid the wail of women and the cry of babes! It was retribution too long delayed: it was the grim smile of an avenging fate.

There, then, is logic in the coming of the French Revolution. Prophets of its dawn were abroad in the land ere Louis commanded the people to eat grass in the absence of food. The Daniels at the court of the modern Belshazzar were translating the writing on the wall, but the message fell upon deaf ears or was lost in the revelry of the imperial palace. But the sad day has come. France is bankrupt. Why counsel a land tax? The nobility, who own two-

thirds of the land, must not contribute to the support of the government. Call the States-General and let the voice of the people speak. In the hush of the hour how that voice, silent for so many dreary years, startles! How unreal! How it comes “from below like the voice of the lion and from above like the voice of thunder.” Danton, Mirabeau and Robespierre, the heroic riders of this wild tempest, are here. No room for reason now! Away with compromise! In vain the last vestige of feudalism is renounced; in vain tithes, tributes, titles, immunities and privileges are given up as a peace offering to the clamoring multitude. France has sown to the wind and must reap the whirlwind; the torch has been struck and the conflagration is ablaze; the volcanic crater has broken and the lightnings are playing about its brow; the spirits of dead men are appealing from long-made graves. The hour strikes! Fire and flood and storm are thine, oh, France!

It was the tempest, the conflagration, the volcano of human passion—the deluge had come. It gave obedience to no law, it acknowledged no ruler, it yielded to no master hand; and though Danton, Marat and Robespierre rose on its crest for a season, they in turn were buried in its bosom. What a wild, delirious, unearthly spectacle! What a chaos of social forces! What a desertion to the furies! There was blood—that was the work of man; but there were smoke and demons and specters—shapes and shadows from the under world, and the form of God’s hand in the battle. It was the contest of self-preservation with all the beast aroused. It carried no white flag, it gave no quarter. It was a street slaughter, every wall a barrack, every cot a camp, every home a hospital, every human being a

soldier. Men, women and children, led by the tri-colored flag, make war on every child of riches. To be respectable is to be suspected; to be well dressed is to be imprisoned; to be conservative is to die. They fill the prisons, and, at their leisure, lead forth the prisoners to delight in their execution. They sing wild songs of war and dance around the guillotine in the fierce barbaric spirit of their savage ancestors—these men and women who were but yesterday the glory of a mighty nation! At one bound they have transformed civilization into anarchy. The great marble walls have surrendered to the native vandals. Paris becomes a charnal house, a whited sepulcher filled with dead men's bones.

And yet with it all, this insurrection is not attended with the circumstance and pomp of war; it has all of its horrors, and none of its glories. There is not the order, the system, the manual of arms, the maneuvering of battalions, the galloping of steeds, the thundering of cannon, the rolling of musketry, and the golden crown of cloud obscuring its calamities. But in their stead there is the hum of detached groups, the hurrying of dark figures in obscure streets, the vicious, hungry face peering out of the gloom, the flashing dagger, the thrown missile, the bleeding head on the spear, the mournful sobs of women, the sardonic laugh of men, the groan, the death-like wail of the tocsin—above, around, enveloping all, a spirit of uncertainty, unrest, fear, savagery, hunger, plunder and extermination.

Though men can find comfort in destruction only for a season, and though it is the abnormal, not the normal condition of the mind, yet with what prodigious energy was this revolution protracted! How long the

flame of universal passion burned, fed by the secret fire of the mournful past! And yet the age of the sword must give way and the age of the thinker must come. For wars are but the trampling of the future upon the tardy past. And when this revolution has crowded the past into its grave and buried its dead naught remains, for the age that the noble sought to impede has marched over them, and in its might tramps its way on to victory. Thus does war construct peace, and thus does the thread of reason run through it all.

If there be unity in history there are no accidents. The mob burns, but it purges; it kills, but it avenges; it terrifies, but it consecrates. While it attacks right, it exterminates wrong; its iconoclasm is beneficent. When the sky has cleared and the earth has dried, the world has been made a better place in which to live.

But, like every reaction, the revolution stopped not with its goal. Thunderstruck by its sudden triumph, it sees not its excesses. The tyranny of Louis is revived in the maddened throng. The shadow of his black soul is battling against its own accursed idols, the despotism of barbarism against the despotism reared by ruthless monarchs. But in the silence of the great gloomy cloud overspreading the doomed nation men began to feel, and love, and hope, and the heart learned to beat and the eye to weep, and France was human again.

Who stayed the subduing elements? What hero hand, in a supreme moment, struck the blow that stilled the conflict? A youth pointing his cannon into every avenue leading to the Tuilleries mowed down the assailing mob, and this thunder tone of the world's greatest chieftain closes its most

awful revolution. The king-maker, the child of destiny, the builder and destroyer of empires has been borne into the throes of the struggle. The combatants, like vampires fleeing from the dawn, wrap their ragged drapery about them and steal away. Napoleon has come. The play is done, the silent stage is empty, the dark curtain sinks down and over it.

Years after Paris saw a shadowy re-enactment of these stirring scenes, but humanity had done its worst, and no subsequent spectacle ever approached the magnitude of the Reign of Terror.

Paris is the most beautiful and magnificent of all modern cities. Its every mart thrills with the activity and enterprise of the later civilization. But a solitary dreamer, who wanders into one of its loneliest suburbs at midnight, when the throng of the day sleeps and only the monotonous moaning of the wind and the dripping of the rain breaks the slumbers of the night, will be seized with the wild hallucinations of the past; the marble streets vanish, dark alleys rise about him; and the panoply of war clouds his vision. He sees again the lurid flames of the Bastille, the sad procession moving to the guillotine, the torrent of blood below, and the fire above; ghosts and ghouls of the dead spirits stalk forth again and the hurricane rages in all its original fury. Titans and monsters and demons people the earth. The rush of hurrying pinions and the scream of reveling furies fill the air. But the gleam of a giant sword and the shape of a hand mightier than man's is lifted above the abyss and the combatants fall down speechless, crushed in the awe of that terrible presence. The cry of the stricken was heard, and the soul of

Robespierre was still; his reign had passed into everlasting silence. The death knell of despotism and anarchy had sounded, and the day of political equality had dawned.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

Nature is full of poetry. The every-day scenes surrounding us are filled with beauty which is hidden only to the eye that will not see. There is splendor enough in the lowliest weed and in the simplest flower and in the tiniest blade of grass to fill our hearts with awe if we are sufficiently cultured to see and appreciate it. This difference of seeing and not seeing is what makes the world so dull and commonplace to one and so bright and full of joy to another. To the eager student of nature she opens her treasury of poetry that is revealed only to the faithful searcher.

The real poet is a lover of nature; he is in sympathy with all her moods and appreciates her every work. The beauty of nature is as essential to some lives as is food or clothing, but not to everyone is given the poetic insight that views the heart of nature or the sensitive ear that hears her music. That which would not produce a second thought in many minds gains fresh beauty from the pen of the poet and to our eyes is transformed into something of surpassing loveliness.

Nature is an unfailing source of poetic inspiration. The more we study her works the more we realize the depths of the true and noble feelings that are beyond the grasp of the ordinary observer.

How truly it may be said of many of us :

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

The thoughts inspired by a contemplation of her are so much higher than our common thoughts that they cannot be clothed in the language of every-day life, but another medium must be sought to furnish expression for them. Poetry furnishes the desired medium. Many truths that are strikingly beautiful when expressed in poetry would lose all force and power if robbed of their rhyme and rhythm and expressed in the language of prose.

In poetry we have the beautiful thoughts and sentiments, the imaginations and feelings of past ages transmitted to us by men long since in their graves, and these which would so easily have perished are treasured up and made safe forever in the living words of the poet.

The history of Greece, as well as of most of the early nations, is found largely in its poetry. In the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer we have the record of the beginning of the early Grecian world. These poems have preserved the deeds of heroes in words of such beauty and force that they are made immortal.

A love for the beautiful is possessed by everyone, and the mind naturally retains a truth embodied in verse when the same fact stated in prose would be speedily forgotten. In those early times the poets not only made the songs of the nation, but they made the laws in verse as well, and sang them in the public places. Thus attracting the attention of the people, they elevated their character and ennobled their purpose in life.

Poetry is immortal. The poetry of Greece still continues to exert an influence on the minds of men, stimulating them to higher planes in every department of thought and action.

We find in poetry all that is lovely and

divine. If we go seeking with selfish and bitter hearts we find no pleasure there, for we are out of harmony with the beauty and love that breathes throughout all true poetry; but seeking with a good heart we find that it is the purpose of poetry to lead us into harmony with the law of love that reigns throughout the universe.

Thus we can trace the steps by which the word poetry has become a synonym for all that is beautiful—all that brings sunshine into our lives.

A blooming plant placed in the window of a sick chamber brings more pleasure into the life of the sufferer than any number of useful articles which may be absolutely essential to the comfort of the sick one. Having such poetry in the home is a thought which ought to present itself to the minds of all practical people. Many a one is led astray, not because there is a lack of virtue in the home, but because the home lacks sunshine. Poetry is left out of every-day life, while the narrow round of cares is never brightened by that broader life which is opened to us through the magic power of the poet's pen.

Poetry brings the mind more and more into harmony with the noblest aims. Under its influence we forget the discouragements and limitations of our own work in the thought of that stronger life that cannot be hemmed in, but grows in all soils and climbs heavenward under every sky.

But poetry exerts one of its most noble influences when the words of the poet are clothed in song. Nothing can so awaken the memories of youth as the songs of childhood which have not been heard for years, but which used to come from the lips of those we loved and revered. At times, amidst the crushing cares of life, these songs

of youth break in upon our weary thoughts and guide the mind into better channels, as the sunlight breaking through the clouds dispels the gloom of a dreary day. That person is certainly to be pitied whose love for home is not strengthened by hearing the soft strains of "Home, Sweet Home," or whose patriotism is not increased by that sublime melody, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." The influence of song on national life is so universally recognized that one has said: "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who forms its laws." Burns expressed one of his grandest aspirations when, in speaking of his native land, he said:

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a song at least."

It will be remembered that when our government ordered "Old Ironsides" to be destroyed no one thought of making protest until the sensitive heart of Holmes was touched at the thought of the gallant old ship meeting such an end. Then he poured forth his indignation in such glowing terms that the heart of the nation was touched and the good old ship was preserved.

Poetry and harmony are interchangeable, for poetry is harmony. It has encouraged the soldier upon the field of battle, cheered and encouraged many a weary toiler, brought to memory the scenes of childhood with all their joys and has lifted humanity to loftier planes of thought and action.

The influence of poetry is a silent one, yet it possesses a sublimity which cannot be expressed. There is poetry in the roaring of the cataract and in the moaning of the wind

that can only be experienced. The imagination often strives to picture its beauties, but in its efforts it cannot be successful. It can only wander through the glowing fields of the unexpressed.

Oh, poetry! how noble your influence! How grand your mission! May your blessed influence multiply through the ages that are yet to come until all mankind shall fully appreciate the source from which you sprung—the Infinite Mind.

W. S., '99.

THE BALLAD.

Poetry is defined as imaginative language, interpreting nature. The poet is an artist. He paints the scenes of noble deeds, heroic actions and lofty ideals, using words as his colors. The poet expresses what all mankind feels, but knows not how to express. The joys, the sorrows of the one heart become the yearnings of many hearts.

The earliest form of poetry among all nations was the ballad. The fosterer of the early ballad was the gleeman. Wandering from house to house, from court to court, he brought tidings of strange peoples and events. Always surrounded by an eager group, he sang of the victorious leaders, praised the good of the nation, and pursued the base with scorn. By stirring up the people against the abuses in church and state, he became an important factor in political life. The gleeman was, in fact, the mediator and teacher of the people.

These early ballads spread over the whole country. The peasant, the merchant, as well as the professional bard sang them. They were, in style, taste and even incident, common to the people. And although the themes were oftentimes homely in them-

selves, yet they touched the hearts and aroused the sympathies of the people.

"Little recked they, our bards of old,
Of fountain's chill, of winter's cold;
Sound slept they on the 'nighthed hill,
Lulled by the brook or bubbling rill;
Curtained within the winter cloud,
The heath their couch, the sky their shroud.
Yet their's are the songs that touch the heart,
Bold, rapid, wild, and void of art."

Among the Servians we have an example of a race that has not outlived the ballad era. There we find the poetry to-day in a condition similar to that in Northern and Eastern Europe many hundred years ago. New songs arise with new occasions, but they do not surpass the old ones.

The Germans love the ballads more than any other people. They are scattered through their literature and form an important part of it. They are very simple and beautiful.

But the ballads of Scotland are especially well-known and loved. Over all the Highlands the songs are sung to airs suited to the subject, and are usually accompanied by the harp. The women sing these songs, not only at their diversions, but during almost every kind of work. The men, too, have songs of rowing, to which they keep time with their oars. The people are greatly animated by these simple songs. When the laboringmen begin to flag they sing, which makes them for a time forget their toil and work with redoubled ardor. These little bands on every side, "warbling their native wood-notes wild," together with a romantic scenery, form a very pleasing picture.

Robert Burns was one of the earliest of the poets who threw off the slavery of classical writing and drew his inspiration from nature. Sprung from a sturdy, independent

peasantry, endued with strong common sense and a keen sympathy with nature, he was the incarnation of all that was necessary to make a real and true poet of the people. Such a favorite was he that his memory has become the synonym of Scotland itself and all its patriotic ardor.

Longfellow and Whittier, our own loved poets, accomplished much by their simple verses in the cause of slavery. They depicted the condition of the slave in a manner that smote the hearts of the people. More than this, they sang of a glorious freedom to come.

How touching those beautiful lines by Julia Ward Howe:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on."

The Marsellaise hymn had an immense influence on the French revolution. The words were written and the music was composed in a single night, and in a few hours had become the song of a nation striving to be free. Ever since it has been the rallying cry against tyranny.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was born amid the clash of battle, and may be said to have been baptized with fire. It has sent a thrill of national pride through the breasts of millions.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot" has produced or reawakened the feeling of love and friendship in as many. Who can estimate what has been done by "God Save the Queen," or our own "John Brown?"

Two armies lay on either side of the Rappahannock. In the stillness of the night

from the Northern hill come the soft strains of "Starry Banner." Soon from the Southern hill, with a gentle swell, the air of "Dixie." Cheer after cheer rents the air after each song has been sung. Now all is still. But, hark, from both sides of the river come the loved strains of "Home, Sweet Home." Together they sing it, together they cheer.

"No heart so cold that does not love sweet home."

Song has had an immense influence on mankind in all ages and climes. Nothing equals this agency for spreading a sentiment quickly among the people.

The beauty of the ballads, their directness and freshness, have made them admired by the critics of the most artificial ages in literature. They make music with the spinning wheel and keep time with the ploughman as he drives his team. The whole soul of the common people rolls into them their burdens, as the waves resound in the shells cast upon the shore. Sir Philip Sidney has well said, "Let who will make the laws of a people; let me write their ballads and I'll guide them at my will." M. G. S.

Social Department.

Mr. A. L. Berry was home a few days on account of illness.

Why does Dr. F.'s face shine so brightly? Because of the sun (son).

Mr. Davies made a trip to Meadville on important business May 5.

Miss Minta Mowry, of Mercer, a former student, has been visiting friends at the hall recently.

Mr. Kulm has been "house-cleaning" the campus. We rejoice in its improved appearance.

Dr. Ferguson preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of Appolo high school.

Miss Nichol, ex-editor of the Local Department, is now doing service on the Literary Department.

Prof.—What is the distinguishing characteristic of calcium sulphide? Wise Soph—It shows up at night.

Profs. Barnes and Freeman spent Sabbath, May 2, in Pittsburg and were witnesses of the great fire.

Miss Eleanor Gamble and Miss Nellie Hawthorne are unable to be in college this term on account of illness.

On Sabbath eve, May 9, owing to the absence of Dr. Ferguson, chapel services were conducted by Rev. Mealey.

Query—Where's the use of examination when the professor tells the class before-hand that none of them will pass.

Two of our young lady botanists in going for flowers also notice (W)rens and eagles on (Eggles-on) their way.

The various lawn tennis courts in town have been fitted up and the students may again enjoy this fascinating sport.

Mr. Shippler has purchased a fine new kodak. He is now busy catching "snap shots" of his less fortunate friends.

Mr. W. M. Brown, '95, of the Allegheny U. P. Seminary, spent a short time in town the first week of May, calling on friends.

The union meeting of the Christian associations was addressed by Mr. Beaver, State Secretary of the College Y. M. C. A.'s, on May 6.

Prof.—“What, then, would you say does most to smooth the roughness and wrinkles out of life?” Miss B. (laconically)—“Irons.”

Rev. W. A. Campbell, of Mt. Auburn, Iowa, en route for home, called on friends here. He was at one time financial agent of the College.

Miss Emma Elliott, Miss Adelle Porter and Mr. H. G. Dawson attended the cantata by the Schubert club, at Grove City, the evening of April 20.

Among the Geneva crowd at the Westminster-Geneva ball game were Messrs. Maynard, Anderson and Whitneyre, all former students of this College.

Rev. D. G. McKay, of Greenville, has been secured by the Christian Association of the College to preach the annual sermon on Sabbath of commencement week.

A Prep may need to use a bottle for a term or two, but when a person has attained the dignity of a Senior they are supposed to be able to do without it, at least while out calling.

Dr. Mehard, who was for thirty-one years connected with our College, gave us a very interesting talk in chapel. His remarks were somewhat out of the ordinary line and were heartily seconded by all.

Among the new organizations of our College is the Gun and Rod Club. Their object, as set forth by their charter, is certainly very commendable. For further information apply to or address the secretary.

R. E. Taggart, J. C. Chamberlain, R. R. Littell and H. C. Chamberlain, devoted disciples of Isaac Walton, are frequently seen wending their way toward the neighboring

streams, with fishing rod and tackle. Later—They are seen wending their weary way back again with fishing rod and tackle.

Some language teachers have difficulty in getting their students to read enough. Prof. B.'s difficulty is to keep them from reading too much. Certain of his students even beg the privilege of reading just one sentence more.

A gentleman, who, when given the privilege to discuss “any subject you please” in impromptu class, falls at once to the discussion of inland bodies of water, should at least be generous enough to society to stick to his subject.

The Messrs. Weller, Seville, Mowry, McKinley, Irons and Dagelman, accompanied by the Misses Turner, Kyle, McLean, Kraeer, Miller and Stuart, attended a reception given by Miss Minta Mowry at her home in Mercer on the evening of May 6.

The evening's entertainment furnished by the representatives of the four societies was a very enjoyable affair. The music furnished for the occasion was highly appreciated by all. It consisted of selections by the Misses Caldwell, Clark and Wright and the Ladies' Quartet.

The preliminary oratorical contest, held Tuesday evening, April 27, resulted in a sweepstakes for the Adelpic Society, Mr. Jas. Ferguson taking first place and Mr. Jas. McDonald second. The subjects were, respectively, “Individuality Endangered” and “The Ethics of Pleasure.”

The concert given by the chorus class, under the direction of Prof. Hahn, proved to be the musical event of the year. The program consisted of solos, duets and quartets, together with the selections rendered

by the chorus class. The mixed quartet, composed of Profs Hahn and Freeman and Mrs. Hahn and Miss Turner, was heartily encored on their rendering of "Annie Laurie." At the special request of the Faculty the concert was repeated on the eve of May 10.

Dr. Ferguson, accompanied by Monroe Witherspoon and Jas. Ferguson, Westminster's representative, attended the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, held in Morgantown, W. Va., on May 12. They took the boat up the river from Pittsburgh, and report a very pleasant journey. The result of the contest was as follows: Morgantown first place, Allegheny College second, and Westminster third. Considering the high standard of oratory in some of the other colleges, Westminster feels extremely proud of her representative and the position he took.

Athletics.

The ball season opened April 15 with a practice game between Sharpsville and Westminster. The game was played in a snow storm, and was almost featureless. The work of McKim and Wilhelm in the box for Westminster was very good, but two hits being secured off of each. The final score was:

Westminster 20
Sharpsville 5

The opening college game was played April 25 with Geneva. The day was all that could be desired, and quite a number of boys came with the team. The Geneva aggregation is much stronger than last year, and they put up quite a nice article of ball. Wilhelm was in the box for the home team and pitched the kind of ball calculated to

win games, especially when his support is errorless. Swain, for Geneva, is by no means the poorest pitcher in the business, and if his support had been better it would have been a very interesting game. The work of Captain Whitmire, for Geneva, in center field was as nice as one generally sees in a game. He accepted five very difficult chances. Carnahan, for Westminster, accepted eight chances without an error. The work of Davis at the bat might be equaled, but could not be surpassed. His average for the day was 1000.

WESTMINSTER.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	1	0	1	1	0
Carnahan, 2.....	0	0	2	6	0
McKim, 1.....	1	1	0	0	0
Wilhelm, p.....	1	1	1	4	0
Davies, c.....	3	2	4	0	0
Chambers, m.....	1	1	1	0	0
Phythyon, s.....	1	2	1	1	0
McElree, r.....	0	1	3	0	0
Marshall, l.....	1	1	14	0	0

GENEVA.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
King, 2.....	1	0	2	1	1
T. Swain, c.....	0	2	2	1	1
Flocker, l.....	0	2	1	0	0
Wragley, s.....	0	1	1	1	2
Whitmire, m.....	0	1	5	0	0
Owens, r.....	0	0	4	0	1
Morton, l.....	0	0	4	0	0
Harvey, 3.....	0	0	2	0	0
A. Swain, p.....	0	0	3	3	0
Westminster.....	1	2	0	0	5
Geneva.....	0	0	0	0	1

Umpire—Taggart. Scorer—Cooper. Time of Game—1 hour and 45 minutes.

The game scheduled for May 3 with Shady Side was called off on account of rain. A game, however, was secured with Sunbury on May 5. The game was very interesting, but the Academy boys showed a weakness in critical stages. The work of Kline, for the visitors, was of a high order.

He has remarkable curves and good control. McKim, for the home team, was a puzzler for the visitors, striking out eight of them and allowing them but five hits.

WESTMINSTER.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	2	2	0	2	2
Carnahan, 2.....	1	0	3	3	0
McKim, p.	1	1	0	2	0
Wilhelm, 1.....	1	1	11	0	1
Marshall, c.....	1	0	6	0	0
Chambers, m.....	1	2	1	0	0
Phythyon, s.....	1	0	2	1	1
S. McKim, 1.....	1	0	1	0	0
Walt. Marshall, r.....	0	1	3	0	0

9 7 27 11 4

SUNBURY.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Irwin, 1.....	1	1	10	0	0
Hart, 2.....	0	2	0	1	2
Wick, 1.....	0	1	1	0	0
Breaden, s.....	0	0	2	5	1
Hughes, r.....	1	1	2	0	1
Baxter, c.....	0	0	3	0	1
Nevin, 3.....	1	0	4	2	2
Imbrie, m.....	1	0	1	0	0
Kline, p.....	0	0	1	3	0

4 5 24 11 7

Westminster0 5 0 4 0 0 0 0 *—9
 Sunbury0 0 3 0 0 0 0 1 0—4

Summary—Earned runs, Sunbury, 1; Westminster, 4. Two-base hits—Sunbury, 1; Westminster, 3. Hits—Sunbury, 5; Westminster, 7. Errors—Sunbury, 7; Westminster, 3. Struck out—By Kline, 4; by McKim, 8. Stolen bases—Sunbury, 2; Westminster, 3. Hit by pitched ball—McKim, 3. Bases on balls—By McKim, 1; by Kline, 1. Batteries—Sunbury, Kline and Baxter; Westminster, McKim and Marshall. Umpires—McElree and Campbell.

The game with Grove City on May 11 was one in which a good team showed how poorly they could play ball. The features were the poor work done by Westminster and the exultant cries of the visitors. The Grove City aggregation is one that does not need to take a back seat for any team, and

if our boys would win they will surely have to play the game. Wilhelm started in to pitch the game for Westminster, but in the third inning had his finger split and was compelled to retire. McKim took his place and pitched what would have been a winning game if the boys had only played as they did in the Geneva game. The batting of Wilhelm and Carnahan was exceptionally fine, Wilhelm picking out three hits and Carnahan two. Carnahan also scored three of our four scores. Swift, for the visitors, pitched a fine game, and his support was all that could be desired. The following is the score by innings:

Westminster0 2 1 0 0 0 1 0 0—4
 Grove City.....2 0 1 0 1 5 0 2 3—14

Batteries—Grove City, Swift and Blue; Westminster, Wilhelm, McKim and Davies.

Alumni and College World.

Mr. Brandon, '96, was one of our visitors May 11. He expects to enter the Seminary next fall.

Miss Luella Donaldson, '95, who has been home ill with nervous prostration, is now recovering.

About thirty candidates for Yale's foot ball team commenced training during the latter part of April.

The Maine Medical School, at Brunswick, has a student who will be 60 years old when he completes his three years' course.

The University of Calcutta, said to be the largest educational corporation in the world, examines every year about 10,000 students.

The students of Grove City College became so hilarious over the success of their base ball team that fifteen of them were expelled from college.

Miss Elizabeth Williams, '96, who has been teaching near Harlansburg, has returned to her home in New Wilmington to spend her vacation.

Mrs. Trainer, sister of the late Prof. Cummings and a former student of Westminster, expects to visit her son and friends in Wilton in the near future.

The authorities of the Cambridge University, England, strike from the rolls of the alumni the name of every graduate convicted of crime and take from him his degree.

Dr. D. G. McKay, D. D., class of '72, pastor of the U. P. church at Greenville, will preach the annual sermon to the Christian Associations on Commencement Sabbath, June 13.

Mr. William Brown, '95, a student at the Seminary, while on his way back to Allegheny from New Galilee, where he had been preaching, made a short call on New Wilmington friends.

Mr. A. B. McCormick, '93, of Mercer, and Mr. J. J. Kuhn, '94, of New Wilmington, were among the number of young ministers who graduated at the Western Theological Seminary, May 6.

About 32,000 students attend the various State colleges in this country, which is about one-fifth of the number enrolled in all our colleges, and in only a few of them is there a charge for tuition.

Mr. W. G. Schrom, besides winning the honor of representing W. U. P. at the inter-collegiate oratorical contest received a prize of \$50 offered by Chancellor Holland to the winner of the preliminary contest.

The increasing wealth of American colleges enables no less than ten of them to publish daily newspapers. This luxury is

indulged in by Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Brown, Stanford, Tulane and the Universities of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Michigan.

More than twice as much time is devoted to classics at Yale as at Harvard, while Harvard devotes twice as much time to European languages as Yale does, a third more to English, and ten times as much to art.

The State College of Pennsylvania and those of other States are the result chiefly of the labors of Senator Morrill. They were intended primarily as agricultural colleges, but there are many indications that this department has been made a secondary matter in many of them.

The dedicatory services of another Sabbath school "memorial church" were held Sabbath, April 18, at Central Falls, R. I. The pastor of this new church is W. M. Barr, class of '88. Rev. H. F. Given, '91, is pastor of the Second church, Providence, which Central Falls closely adjoins.

Rev. Percy H. Gordon, class of '92, was married, April 21, to Miss Harriet May Wood, daughter of Rev. E. M. Wood, D. D., LL. D., East End, Pittsburg, Pa. Rev. Gordon took first honors in his class, and is now pastor of the Presbyterian church in Burgettstown, Pa. His large congregation gave him a cordial reception on his return from Pittsburg.

Contributions to the Thompson-Mitchell memorial are coming in daily, and with the contributions come many interesting letters expressing the very high regard in which these two teachers were held by the members of the alumni who knew them. One member seems to have expressed the sentiment of them all when he said: "The limit,

which is a dollar, is a very small return for the benefit derived from the acquaintance and instruction of these men."

The trustees of Volant College at a recent meeting conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. Frank Dewitt Talmage, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Pittsburg. Rev. Talmage will be present to take part in the commencement exercises. He will deliver the class day address, June 23, and a general address to the people commencement day, June 24.

The young ladies of Sage Cottage, Cornell University, have secured a boat and a coach to train them in rowing. The young ladies claim that their boat is to be used only for pleasure and not for racing, but the style of the boat they had built indicates that a race between Wellesley and Sage will take place before a year is passed. These young ladies also have a basket ball team.

A cut of H. T. Whitmyre, captain of the Geneva College base ball club, and formerly a student at Westminster, appeared in one of the Pittsburg daily papers recently. Since leaving Westminster he has become a very valuable man in athletics at Geneva. Last year he won the mile and a-half run at the inter-collegiate field meet, and his work both in foot ball and base ball since that has been very creditable.

The bill recently introduced in the State legislature providing for the appointment of trustees of State College by the Governor instead of by the agricultural societies has brought that college under the critical notice of the legislators. The statements made by some of these men concerning the college are not very complimentary to that institution. It was stated by one member that over a million dollars had already been sunk

there to no purpose, and the request which was recently made for another large appropriation has only served to aggravate the ill-feeling of some toward the Center county institution.

Arrangements had been made to have ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, deliver the commencement address at Central College, Mo., but owing to his having taken so prominent a part in the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight he was ruled out by directors and faculty. This action serves to show the attitude of colleges toward prize fighting, and public men cannot afford to ignore this rebuke, since colleges should and do represent the better class of our citizens.

On April 29, shortly before midnight, occurred another class battle among the students of W. and J. College. The Sophomores were holding a banquet that evening and the Freshmen attempted to put a stop to the affair by forcibly carrying away the speakers of the evening. In this they were partially successful, and in spite of Sophomores and policemen two of the orators were taken by the sturdy Freshmen to another part of the city. These class battles seem to be of very frequent occurrence at W. and J.

The Clark University Summer School, established in 1889, is meeting with very flattering success, and the next session promises to show even better results than have yet been attained. A degree from some reputable college is required for admission to this school, and no under-graduate work is done. The field occupied by Clark is a new one in this country, but is not uncommon in Germany. The object is to provide instruction for those who have completed courses at other colleges and universities. Profes-

sional men, college presidents and professors from nearly every State in the Union are among its students, and some of the very best instructors in the world are in charge of the work.

The names of the orators taking part in the inter-collegiate contest at Morgantown, May 12, together with the subjects of the orations, are as follows: W. C. Schrom, of W. U. P., subject, "The Third Revolution;" W. N. Campbell, U. of W. Va., "The French Revolution;" James M. Ferguson, Westminster, "Individuality Endangered;" Harry Hunter, of Geneva College, "The Vital Principle of Society;" C. M. Preston, Bethany, "Political Conservatism;" Thomas Watson, Thiel, "America's Mission;" Paul Weyand, Allegheny, "The Judiciary, the Palladium of Our Liberty;" C. M. Lippincott, of Waynesburg, "A Mortgaged Inheritance." Governor Atkinson presided, and first place was awarded to W. N. Campbell, of U. of W. Va. Mr. Hunter, of Allegheny, took second, and third place was captured by Mr. Ferguson, of Westminster.

Music and Art.

"Our lives are songs. God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure,
And the strain grows sad, or sweet, or glad,
As we choose to fashion the measure."

The characteristic peculiarity of the piano as distinguished from the instruments from which it was derived—the clavichord and harpsichord—is that the tones produced from its strings can be made soft or loud at the pleasure of the performer. The pianoforte was invented in Italy at the beginning of the eighteenth century, about the year 1709. The instrument was the result of an

effort to improve the harpsichord so as to make it capable of producing tones of various degrees of power. The strings of the harpsichord were snapped by means of crow quills, and those of the clavichord were set in vibration by means of a push from a small brass wedge or tangent set in the end of the keys. These instruments had light metallic strings, and their tones were very weak. Finally it was decided that the strings of an instrument must not be pushed or snapped, but *struck*, to produce variations of tone, and as a result of that idea we have the modern pianoforte.—*Alice K. Smith in Irving Sketch-Book.*

NOTES.

There are five in the class graduating in music this year.

This year the art exhibit will be in the Y. W. C. A. room.

Miss McBride has finished painting a very handsome jardeniere.

Miss Chapin and Miss Margaret Howell are back in the studio this term.

The new picture hanging in the Chrestomath hall was painted by Miss Hodgen. It was reproduced from a picture that was on exhibition at the World's Fair.

The concert on April 23 was one of the best ever given by Westminster students. The chorus class showed careful training, and was a credit to Ptof. Hahn. The Ladies' Quartet surpassed all its former achievements, and the mixed quartet, composed of Mrs. Hahn, Miss Turner, Messrs. Hahn and Freeman, was well received. The other performances of the evening were of the same high rank.

The following is the program of the late concert:

PART FIRST.

- "Praise Ye the Father".....Gounod
Choral Society.
Ladies Quartet—"Old Kentucky Home."
Harmonized by Daniel Hahn
Misses Miller, Duncan, Kyle and Turner.
Piano Solo—"Sonata op. 28".....Beethoven
Miss Myrtle McCreary.
Mixed Quartet—"One Day Nearer Home."
Composed by Daniel Hahn
Mrs. Hahn, Miss Turner, Messrs. Hahn and Freeman.
Piano Duet—"At Full Speed".....Kowalski
Misses Fraughton and Sowash.
"Tis Silent Eye".....Watson
Choral Society.
Piano Solo—"Nocturne op. 48, No. 1".....Chopin
Miss Kimball.
Vocal Duet—"Edenland".....Dana
Mr. and Mrs. Hahn.

PART SECOND.

- Piano Solo—"Ballade op. 20".....Reinecke
Miss Kimball.
(a) "Soldier's Farewell".....Jahanna Kinkel
(b) "Thou Art My Own Love".....Joseph D. Biddle
Westminster Glee Club.
"The Miller".....McFarren
Choral Society.
Ladies' Quartet—"Their Sun Shall No
More Go Down".....Tuckerman
Misses Miller, Duncan, Kyle and Turner.
Piano Duet—"Symphony No. 1".....Hagden
Miss Kimball and Mr. Trainer.
Mixed Quartet—"Annie Laurie".....Potter
Mrs. Hahn, Miss Turner, Messrs. Hahn and Freeman.
"Hunting Chorus".....Benedict
Choral Society.

Exchanges.

There is no resurrection from the grave in which opportunities are buried.

"Enthusiasm and Common Sense," in the *Amulet*, deserves attention.

The *Wittenberger* for April 6 contains a good article, "The Stream of English."

The University of California will offer a course in the Chinese language and literature for the ensuing year.

The *Free Lance* and the *Sibyl* have been added to our list of exchanges. Both are ably edited.

According to mythology, Io died of love for Jupiter; the chemist says, iodide of potassium.—*Ex.*

The world is moving. You can either move with it, or stand on the corner and watch the procession as it passes by.

"My kingdom for a horse!"

Cried a general to his forces,
And fifty loyal college boys

Offered him fifty horses.

—*Ex.*

The smallest as well as the largest university in the world is in Africa. The smallest has five students and fifteen instructors; the largest, which is situated at Cairo, Egypt, has 10,000 students.

"I have a weight upon my mind,"

I overheard him say.

"That's good," said she, "'twill keep the wind
From blowing it away." —*Ex.*

There are more students in the colleges of Ohio than in the colleges of any other State. At present there are 16,000 young men and 8,000 young women being educated in these numerous institutions.

Upon the new gateway at the entrance to the Cornell campus will be placed this inscription: "To enter, that daily thou mayest become more learned and thoughtful; to depart, that daily thou mayest become more useful to thy country and to mankind."

"College-Bred Men in Business" is the title of an article in the *Monmouth College Courier*, which is well worth reading. "The training for which the college stands will endure, because it fosters not only the higher ends of life, but puts into a man's hands the

most finely tempered tools for practical work."

There was a man in our town
As wise as was our sires;
He ran across a piece of glass
And punctured both his tires;
And when he saw the air was out,
With all his might and main,
He took his little nickel pump
And pushed it in again.

—Ex.

Who is scratching his head for an idea?
Who begins to know what he doesn't know?

Who dreads to be thrown on the cold, cold world?

Who spends half his time studying and the other half wondering what he will do next year?

The Senior.—Ex.

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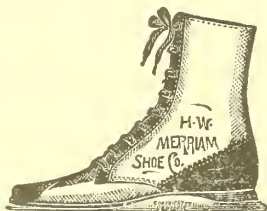
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Gents,'

Misses'

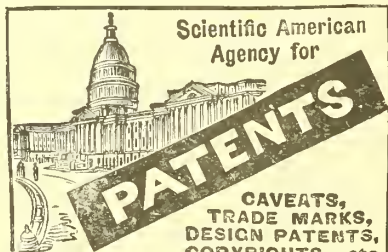
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If your lips
Would keep from slips
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.



FACULTY OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE

Back Row
 Mrs. Morgan Barnes - John M. Lee - Annie Hodgson - Miss Quisenberry - Margaret M. Langley
 Front Row
 Dr. R. S. Ferguson - Mrs. Stahle - Prof. Stahle

THE HOLCAD.

Vol. XIII.

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No. 10.

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COLLEGE life at Westminster has changed greatly within the last decade. The day of hair-raising escapades and blood chilling plots has gone the way of all days and is now numbered with the "good old times." Few subjects for thrilling tales could be gleaned from the happenings in college during the past year. Even the peaceful abstraction of fowls from the roost, the quiet nocturnal raid on some fruitful cellar, the stealthy visit to a cool spring-house for cream, have almost, if not altogether, become things of the past. The students no longer rack their brains to devise, if possible, a deed more horrible than any on record. But, why? Are the students of to-day more civilized, more industrious, more serious in their views of life than those of yesterday, or has daring and grit grown

less, and the fear of being detected and brought before the august Faculty become strong enough to dissuade youths from their evil way? We think the change partly due to the fact that athletics furnishes an escape-valve for the surplus animal spirits of the students. Outdoor sports are being participated in by a greater number and to a greater extent now than heretofore. It is evidently better, both for the college and for the collegians, to have class base ball games, tennis tournaments and field meets than to indulge in scrapes that mean suspension or expulsion if discovered.

DOUBTLESS many remember, in substance if not in detail, the talk Dr. Ferguson gave us in chapel some time ago about the English we use. It was well worth remembering and practicing as well. The growing prevalence of slang and the consequent narrowing of one's vocabulary are to be deprecated greatly. A college education ought to establish thoroughly the habit of thinking, and, in closest conjunction with this habit, the ability to express thought. Some collegians are so accustomed to the use of slang that they can scarcely converse in unadulterated English. When they attempt to do so their conversation becomes stiff and awkward. The college-bred man or woman should be the highest type of humanity; from their lips should flow only the purest English, unsullied by slang, errors in lan-

guage, or profanity. A large vocabulary and the power of using it with nice discrimination are results in education to be sought earnestly.

WE regret to note the obvious misapprehension of the meaning and aim of cheering that has obtained among our local colleges, and which has been manifested in recent games at Grove City and New Wilmington to a degree that justifies a word of earnest protest. By all means let us have enthusiastic college cheering. Nothing, perhaps, contributes more to evoke the best efforts of a team in a game than the assurance of the cordial support of their college, and often has victory been gained in the face of imminent defeat by whole-hearted, vigorous college cheers. But let us bear a few things in mind which in the excitement of the game are often lost sight of. Cheering a bad play made by an opponent is unkind. Cheering to worry or "rattle" him is shabby. Cheering, like any other form of applause, must be spontaneous or it loses its point, and, so far as practicable, it must be impartial or it is manifestly unjust and stupid. Enthusiastic loyalty to one's team and college must, of course, be had at all times, but this loyalty can be evidenced without discourtesy to opponents. Let us have cheering that is clean, vigorous, wholesome, inspiring. We decry the transfer of the manners of the league "bleachers" to the college field, and recommend that henceforth the questionable demonstration properly known as "rooting" be abandoned exclusively to that particular class of quadrupeds whose distinctive occupation it is.

Literary Department.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Perhaps no country has been so generally fraught with interest to all ages as Greece. This can be partly accounted for by the romantic atmosphere which has always enveloped her history. From the very earliest times the beauty-loving Greeks began to show traits in their national character distinguishing them from and placing them above other races. Their place for a long time was first, not only in culture and refinement, but even in the rude realm of the battlefield. And although the empire of Alexander has long since dwindled away and Greece has in her turn bowed to the dominion of a conqueror, and although her influence, politically, is no longer all-powerful, still the history of the past few weeks shows clearly that the old Spartan spirit of patriotism and independence is far from extinct.

The history of the trouble, in brief, is as follows: The Cretans, in common with other Christian subjects of the Sultan, were being made the victims of the cruelest persecutions. Greece sent troops to the assistance of Crete, and as a result peaceful relations between Greece and Turkey were broken off.

To the casual observer, at least, this action on the part of Greece seems natural and right. For a long time it has been a principle of nations that when one government treated its subjects in a barbarous or uncivilized manner they should interfere. This is shown in the action taken by England with reference to Egypt. If it was

right then it is tenfold more so now, for the atrocities lately committed by the Turkish government are unparalleled. Besides this reason there is another, even stronger, why Greece should interfere in favor of the Cretans. The Cretans are Greeks, every way but nominally. Turkish government of Crete is a matter but of a day, while the union and connection between Greece and Crete dates back as far as 3,000 years ago.

Notwithstanding these facts, the powers have been outrageously slow in interfering in the question. The position occupied by Turkey is of vast strategic importance. Situated as she is at the intersection of three mighty continents, the government which controls it in large measure rules the interests of the world. The unbearable jealousy existing between the powers forbids any interference on the part of one, lest another should reap the advantage.

Certainly Greece deserves the sympathy and support of the powers of Europe, for she has done civilization a great service in bringing affairs to a climax. The question is at a point now where it cannot be disregarded, but must be definitely solved. As matters have been going on great hindrance has been placed in the way of civilization, especially in Eastern Europe. All this delay is strengthening the power of Turkey, giving her a stronger foothold on Eastern Europe. Czar Nicholas said, "Let the sick man die," but instead of dying he is recovering. And as Turkey goes so goes all Mohammedanism. An increase of Turkey's power means an increase of Islamism. This, a religion essentially one of sensuality and vice, one which encourages despotism and superstition in their grossest forms, every step forward it takes means one step backward for civilization and Christianity.

Not only this, but a religious war is made possible. A government with an army of half a million well-drilled fanatical fatalists at its back is not one which will stand idly by and see its affairs settled by foreign hands. This is a point to which the powers must soon come. Every week adds to the strength and efficiency of the Sultan's army. The Shah of Persia is very favorable to the Turkish government.

Procrastination, the greatest fault in individuals, is a crime in nations. Here is a case where this is most strikingly shown. The greatest statesmen of the day unite in declaring that great trouble is inevitable unless some action is soon taken. When men such as Gladstone declare themselves in such unmistakable terms as he does, it is not unlikely that trouble is far distant.

The plea of "preserving the integrity of Turkey" is pure nonsense. Integrity is a quality left out in the make-up of the Turkish government. Of the compacts made with Russia at the close of their war few, if any, have been kept inviolate. Her action in other matters, too, has shown anything but integrity.

Instead of crying out the "integrity of Turkey" as an excuse for inaction, the powers should realize that she is a disgrace to civilization—realize and *act*. The last few years have been marked by the cruellest of modern, if not all historical persecutions—persecutions, too, carried on in the face of the indignant protests of the civilized world, carried on in calm defiance of the threats of the Christian powers.

In Armenia thousands of lives have been poured out to gratify the whim of the Turk. The air still echoes with the agonized shrieks of dishonored mothers, sisters and wives. Sons and fathers are torn from each

other's embrace to be slaughtered in cold blood. Crops and homes have been ruthlessly destroyed, the beautiful, fertile valleys have been made barren deserts. We live in hourly expectation of news of fresh atrocities.

Shall this go on longer? Everything that is right and humane cries out, "No!" An end must be put to it. The honor of each Christian state demands it! The honor of civilization demands it! The honor of Christianity demands it! The honor of humanity demands it!

There is no doubt that the time has come for definite solution of this problem. Whether the powers will stand aside and see Greece defeated or not remains still in doubt. So far everything has resulted favorably for the Turk. At present the fighting has been stopped, but unless prompt action is taken it will break out with renewed vigor.

R. H. M., '99.

SOME OLD BOOKS WORTH READING.

Some one has said, "When a new book comes out I read an old one." However laudable may be the desire to keep up with the literature of the day and read the new books as they appear, no doubt much more benefit may be derived from following Emerson's advice, "Read none but famed books." Life at best is short, our hours for reading are few, and so many books contain nothing but trash, that it is running a great risk to venture our precious time on the book of the hour while those that have stood the test of the ages are permitted to stand on the shelf untouched, clasping within their homely covers the very enjoyment we are seeking. Some of these old books that contain such stores of entertainment and instruction I should like to name.

The oldest book we have, and the one that heads the list in the British Museum Library, is the Bible. It is the foundation on which all modern literature is built, and even if it were not considered indispensable to our spiritual nature we must read it or be blinded to the allusions found in all our standard literature. Koopman in his "Mastery of Books" says: "The worldly-wise Shakespeare, the devout Milton, the satiric Dryden, the witty Lowell are all steeped in biblical lore," and to this list hosts of other names might be added. Daniel Webster has said: "If there be anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to an early love of the Scriptures."

The English book that has been translated into more languages than any other, and the one that has been read with most interest by all classes, old and young, learned and ignorant, is Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The finest allegory ever written, it combines the simplicity of the Bible itself with the picturesqueness and poetry of the early Saxon literature.

Perhaps Shakespeare precedes Bunyan in order of importance; but we are not ranking books here, only naming the most worthy—and yet no doubt many persons utterly ignorant of the great Hamlet and his burden have wept and rejoiced over the trials and victories of Christian on his journey heavenward. However, even a superficial reader cannot do without Shakespeare, for neither *Trilby*, nor *The Heavenly Twins*, nor even *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* has ever touched the chords of human sympathy as Shakespeare has done with *King Lear*, whose strong mind is shattered by the inhuman treatment he receives from his ungrateful daughters, or with *Othello*, happy in



PART OF THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.



A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY.

the love of a noble wife until foul slander awoke the slumbering savage in his breast, or with noble Brutus, whose only aim was to free his country from tyranny. Whatever of modern literature we must leave out, let us not neglect Shakespeare, the myriad-minded.

In these days of nervous restlessness, when short speeches in Congress, short sermons from the pulpit and short stories in the magazines are insisted upon, few readers have time for the grandest epic ever written. We are so chained down to this practical earth that few can rise on the wings of imagination and soar with Milton in the realms of infinite space, or descend with him into the depths of hades and explore the abodes of the fallen angels; yet the English language can boast of no monument so artistically erected as *Paradise Lost*.

Geoffrey Chaucer, the "Father of English Poetry," is not too old-fashioned to be fascinating to such readers as are willing to trace the meaning of the obsolete words. None but those who have read the *Canterbury Tales*, *Legends of Good Women* and *The House of Fame* can know what a wealth of humor and common sense they contain. Spenser's *Faery Queene* is a little too long and too detailed for the average American reader, but Chaucer is never prosy or slow.

Homer must be read, of course, and Virgil, in translations if one is not familiar with Greek and Latin; and they have furnished such a wealth of figures and allusions that one cannot appreciate even *Augusta Evans* without a knowledge of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*. Dante's *Divine Comedy*, too, must be read as one of the great masterpieces.

This prosaic generation, however, calls

for more practical literature than poetry; and of good books in prose there is no end. No field of prose literature is more inviting than that of biography. The heroes have not all lived in the nineteenth century, and if we would know the heroes we must read their lives. Some one has said that the interest manifested by the American people in the recent prize fight in Nevada was due to their inordinate passion for bloodshed, as is evident from their three favorite novels—*Lorna Doone*, *Treasure Island* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. If such is the fact, the most blood-thirsty readers will find in Plutarch's *Lives of Grecian and Roman Heroes* enough of "truth stranger than fiction" to satisfy them. Then there are Koestlin's *Life of Martin Luther*, Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, Southey's *Nelson*, Lockhart's *Scott*, Boswell's *Johnson*—the model biography, Mrs. Gaskell's *Charlotte Bronte*, Franklin's *Autobiography*, and a host of others that furnish us with as many blood-curdling scenes and thrilling love tales as the most voracious could desire. Luise Muhlbach has given us some delightful stories from the lives of Goethe and Schiller, and the *Empress Josephine* and others that differ from novels only in being true.

But there is fiction, too, among the old books. What could be more novel and entrancing than the world we enter through the *Arabian Nights*? What more simple and innocent than Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*? while De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Johnson's *Rasselas* and Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* are unique of their kind and have never been well imitated. The history that has been written in the present century has almost superseded that of the past, but if you will have history served in the form of novels Walter Scott has never been out-

ranked yet, either by Rudyard Kipling or by G. A. Henty. *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*, *Woodstock* and *Kenilworth* are read to-day with as much interest as on the day when they came from the press. Then there are all those historical novels by Mrs. Charles—*The Schonberg-Cotta Family*, *A Story of Luther*, from his boyhood; *The Early Dawn*, a story of the early Saxons, and many others. Another set of books that are semi-historical deal with Bible history. They are "*The Pillar of Fire*," the story of Moses in his Egyptian home and in the Wilderness; "*The Throne of David*," the one of all Bible characters whose life was filled with the most thrilling romance, and "*The Prince of the House of David*," the story of the glorious but sad career of our Savior on earth. As these books are all written as by eye-witnesses of the events narrated, the stories they tell are vivid and real, and cannot help but arouse our interest in the book from which they were taken.

There are other works of fiction that still rank high, such as Frances Burney's *Evelina* and Miss Austen's books of home-life, *Pride and Prejudice*. *Emma* and the rest are clean and wholesome in their influence. They may not be so realistic as Tolstoi and Hardy, but they leave a better taste in the mouth.

The essay, which in modern times has reached its highest perfection in Emerson, perhaps, and Arnold and Walter Pater, had its birth with Bacon, that master of concise English. Later he was followed by Addison, whose contributions to the *Spectator* rendered it immortal. Passing over many others of great eminence, we must mention Charles Lamb, whose familiar figure as he sat on his counting-house stool, bending over the great ledgers, always recalls the intense sadness of his home-life, and as we

laugh over his *Dissertation on Roast Pig* we rejoice that he gave vent to his surplus life in the form of literature. De Quincey is another whose life was clouded with sorrow and whose style is inimitable. Although Ruskin is still living, yet his *Sesame* and *Lilies*, *Time and Tide*, and *Stones of Venice* belonged to a former generation. His teachings were no better than his life, for he practiced what he preached and gave away the princely fortune of £1,000,000 in order to help struggling artists and underpaid working men and women. His criticisms on art have done more, perhaps, than any other works to educate the people in that line.

But my space is filled, and I have scarcely begun on my favorites. There are a few books of a religious nature that ought to be mentioned—*Thomas a Kempis' Imitation of Christ*, a devotional book that has outlived four centuries; *Arthur's Tongue of Fire*, which Bishop Vincent names as one of the three that have been most helpful to him; *The Life of Brainerd*, a talented young minister, whose work as a missionary among the American Indians is related by his friend, Jonathan Edwards. *Stepping Heavenward* is almost an old book now, and just as fascinating as it is helpful.

The *Nibelungen Lied* and Malory's *Morte d' Arthur* ought to be read for their historical value. I find I have not mentioned Irving, whose works should not for any others be neglected. Many others have been omitted that are equally commendable, but those that have been named are intended for the average student who has been fed on the husks of the modern novel; and if any can be induced to leave their husks for good, substantial and nourishing food the desired result will be attained.

MARGARET McLAUGHRV.

MARGUERITE.

Marguerite lay dying. Outside the hospital the light autumn wind was driving hither and thither the leaves that had fallen from the few scraggly trees standing, boxed up, along the city street. Every now and then would come a stronger gust, gathering up dust and leaves and hurling them into the faces of the hurrying pedestrians. Within, Marguerite lay all alone on her cot at the end of the long ward. No friend or relative was near to render less lonely her hospital death. The nurse, thinking the long-wished-for sleep had come at last, had tip-toed away, and now all was still. But she was not sleeping; she lay listening intently for the door to open, that she might hear the footstep and voice of the one she loved. For this girl, who was dying alone, with no one to whisper the last "good-by," with no one to hold her close in loving embrace while her spirit fled into the other world, had loved with all her soul, but not wisely. She had exchanged the pure gold of her intense, lasting love for the worse than worthless dross of a young man's fleeting passion. Still she watched and waited for his chance coming, the while her life ebbed slowly away like the noiseless tide. When the bell in a church steeple nearby tolled the hour of three she raised herself on one elbow and, lifting her face as though for some one to kiss, whispered with her un-kissed lips, "Good-by, Jerry, dearest," and sank back exhausted. Then the Angel of Death swung wide the gates and admitted her into the mysterious realms of the unknown.

She paused for a time, uncertain and bewildered by the change from flesh to spirit, but soon was aware of the figure of a being whom she supposed to be an angel. The

angel was crying out at the entrance of two ways, "Choose which thou wilt, 'twill lead thee whither thou dost desire to go." Conscientious of her guilty life and with remorse dogging her, she entered upon the way over which was the inscription, "Death and Hades." And as she journeyed on she chanced upon a child, weeping and lost; in her loneliness she sympathized with it, and taking it up in her arms she kissed its tears away.

At length she reached the portals of the realm of eternal death, and, placing the child on the ground, summoned courage to lift the heavy knocker. The clang of the knocker resounded like thunder, and as the echoes were dying away fiendish shrieks of laughter could be heard in the distance; demons were hastening gleefully to the gate to gloat over another soul soon to fall into their clutches. Presently, through a grating, sounded a dreadful voice, whose like the maiden had never known. "Lovest thou the Christ," the dread being thundered.

"Yes, I love Him; would to God I had not sinned away His love on earth," the trembling Marguerite replied.

"Away, then, nor hither come till thou canst say, 'I hate the Virgin's child.'"

The grating was closed, the maid left alone. But the child—she remembered it now and turned to take it up and wander back whence she had come. The child had gone, but standing in its place was the Christ.

"My Master, save me, for I am lost; not even the child remains to cheer my loneliness," sobbed forth the desolate Marguerite.

"Be of good cheer, my daughter. The child was none other than I. The love thou showedst the child when on the way hither has won for thee my cleansing blood. Thy sins are gone; henceforth thou wilt live the

Christ-life, in the Christ love " And as the maiden Marguerite, around whom were the everlasting arms, neared the gate of heaven she heard the voices of the multitude, as it were the sound of many waters, chanting, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

S.

A CHINESE EPISODE.

Once upon a time, many years before the Man-chu came from Tartary, the young men of Lin were in the habit of playing a wonderful game. Its name was *fung-li*, which signifies ball of the bases.

And the young men of Chin looked with envy upon the glory of the Lin. They said unto themselves, "Why should the young men in the blue-and-white jackets outplay us at the wonderful game of *fung-li*?"

And so they set about to beat the young men of Lin. This was many years ago, before the Man-chu came from Tartary, when the young men of Lin were strong and great.

The young men of Chin read in books of the wonderful game. They dreamed of it. They neglected their mandarin work in order that they might learn the mysteries of *fung-li*. It is true that often in their eagerness they failed to get their mandarin papers at the end of their course, and sometimes they even remained to play *fung-li* long after they had obtained their mandarin papers. But what of that?

So they worked for years and years. Successive generations of Chins were born and passed away, until at last they had mastered the wonderful game. And now, when they played *fung-li* with the men of the blue-and-white jackets they waxed great within themselves, and their heads became large with the thought of their greatness. For they beat the Lins.

Now the young men of Chin were very clever. So they said unto themselves, "We will not play the Lins any more. They will beat us, and then where is our glory?" So the chief mandarin of the Chins wrote a long letter with a thousand characters to the chief Lin, and he said that the sons of Chin would play no more *fung-li* with the Lins.

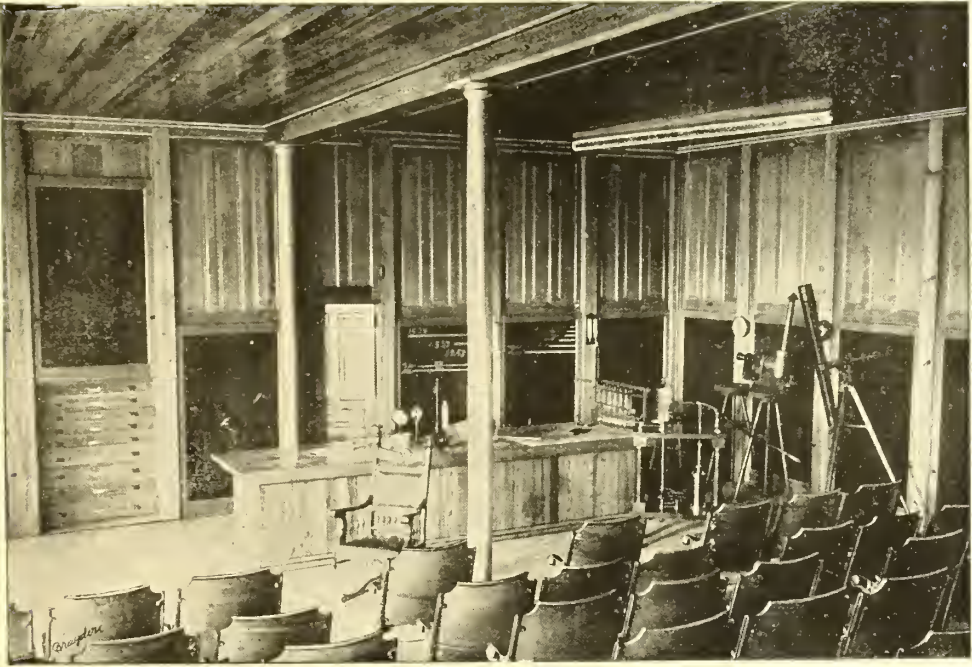
But the sons of Lin smiled softly unto themselves and said, "Chan-fan-mi, there are others."

"WESTMINSTER, WE HAIL THEE."

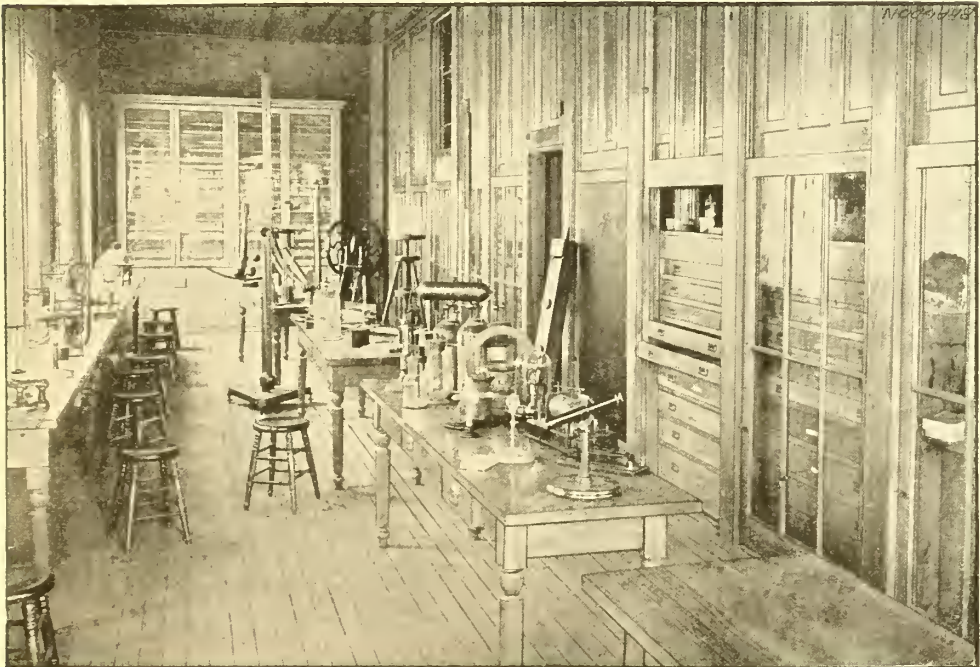
[The following verses comprise the words of the new Westminster song to be added to the repertoire of the Glee Club next fall.]

Westminster, we hail thee! In jubilant song
Our voices exultant we raise;
One note in the song of the world-sundered throng
Of thy sons who are one in thy praise.
Alma mater immortal, our lips do but frame
The words so oft spoken of thee,
But we pray that thy name may endure, and thy
fame,
In the mouths of thy sons yet to be.
Of thy sons and thy daughters the youngest are we,
With no laurels to lay at thy feet;
No glorious names like those long gone from thee,
Whose achievements thou'rt proud to repeat;
Yet the lessons we're learning are those that they
knew,
We are walking the ways that they trod,
And our hearts, like the hearts of thy heroes, are
true
To Westminster, our country, our God.

Through the swift fleeting years, wherein smiling
and tears
Shall be mingled as sunshine and shade,
May we go with thy grace e'er to guide us, thy
face
Still before us, by dread undismayed.
As the surf-thundering song of the sea on the long
Ocean ramparts thy praise shall ascend,
And to thee, who give might to thy sons in the
light
Of thy learning, be fame without end. —B.



LECTURE ROOM—PHYSICAL DEPARTMENT.



NORTH SIDE OF PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

A SUGGESTION.

It is a thought that often comes to the young, "O, that I might learn from such an one the secret of his labor and achievement." A man's greatness comes from the truth which he has wrested from life and exhibited or taught to others. He has taken up a trite subject, and showing unperceived relations has produced an idea new to the minds of men. Just as light in nature reveals an object to natural sight, so this man's genius or intelligence has revealed a new detail or truth. Descending from the abstract, "A lucky thought is a prize everywhere." New thoughts are much desired as capital, and men value most highly inventive genius. In our own day civilization is taking on many newer aspects. So bewildering is the variety of nineteenth century existence that uniformity is almost the exception.

The age demands an insight into the aspects of and relations of things which will keep up with its progress. It is of this power we would speak. Should we attempt a definition of it as a power it might receive different names. In the strong man it might be termed invention or originality, in the gentler sex, insight or tact. While it is not sympathy, it is certainly fostered by it, and it is also greatly accentuated by mental ability. Some will give it the name intellect, and if we include in our idea of intellect the emotional and æsthetic nature we will, perhaps, most nearly define it so. It is best set forth by illustration as it is seen working in the actual life of the present. Very wide, indeed, is the field of its operation, yet where exhibited it is readily recognized.

In the literary world its possession is an

assurance of success. Study any of the articles written by authors of reputation for current magazines and the quality will suggest itself and make its own impression. It is not genius or insight; it is a power of revelation. A most common event taken up by this insight and given expression receives instant recognition as a new phase of the subject. This ability to grasp underlying truth is in no sense a complicated or difficult power, for it oftenest deals with the simplest materials and always employs clear and perfect style of expression. Our weekly and monthly magazines of high grade deal with a mass of material which, viewed in extent, is truly appalling, yet the treatment of single subjects is often exhaustive, full of detail and indicative of surprising powers of observation on the part of the writer. It is as when sunlight brings out a new angle in a crystal. That thought is most readily recognized as new which on investigation is proved to be a root or fundamental thought, as in invention.

But the power of which we write may be called into action by any side, aspect or relation and be as effective as in the first case. An example of this higher treatment, dealing with phases rather than fundamentals, is found in Matthew Arnold's "Celtic Literature." Gwydion wants a wife for his pupil, so it is decided that by charms and illusions she be formed out of flowers. "So they took of the blossoms of the oak and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw * * * and gave her the name of 'Flower Aspect.'"

As a quality of style this ability is clearly displayed in the poetry of the Brownings.

With them it seems to have reached a high development, of which many illustrations might be given.

In either use of the power it is attractive and winning. Should it appear in the work of a new writer it receives the stamp of genius. The work of a young American sculptor, lately spoken of in the *Century*, is a living example, as is the life history of the man most interesting. His statue, called "Brotherhood," but left unnamed by himself, is full of this undefined quality. A new aspect of art is suggested, which, like fine pulpit illustrations, does its own work.

We thrill with the thought that greater discoveries than those of mere steam and electricity await the world in the newer aspects of thought yet to be. At rare intervals one meets with a man or woman whose work on that most delicate of instruments, the human heart, has this rare, high quality. The unsuspected graces of personality grow under the touch of such an one. But wherever we may find examples illustrative of this power we recognize its value.

How may it be possessed? says some one. "Encourage every sign of young ingenuity." Is it then a gift? We cannot deny that it often appears as natural endowment, but it is fostered by education and experience. It is oftenest shown in those of reputation along lines adopted by themselves. Experience increases it, and it yields richest fruitage in the fuller years of life. Education is a great impetus toward its attainment, for its range is all the better for being wide. Young ambition often rises vauntingly over it, while riper and steadier age finds it as a flower hidden by the wayside. It is the discovery which sometimes makes up for disappointment, giving at the last a deeper satis-

faction to a life. It is more often the possession of the graduate of years than of him who walks within college walls. He who has gone forth to reap and has not found a harvest may at the end yet discover rich fruits of experience. It is a thought too little dwelt upon by the young and untried, a lesson of life rather than of the schools. We commend it to the ambition of those who wish to attain best and win in all high senses the battle of life. We believe that it is the most sure method; that in our present state of society it means so much capital towards attainment, that it will yield rare and rich results. D. B., '92.

THE DESTINY OF MAN.

All tribes and nations of mankind, whether savage or civilized, have a theory by which they account for the existence of themselves and the material world by which they are surrounded. Some of these theories are crude and fanciful, the product of minds of the lowest order of imagination; others display a higher appreciation of the works of nature and some knowledge of a beneficent creator. But none compare in dignity of expression or conciseness of statement with the Mosaic account contained in the first chapters of Genesis and beginning with the great fiat, "Let there be light." Time was, and not so long since, when this account was accepted literally, and the great works of creation were supposed to have been completed within the compass of six days—days bounded by the rising and setting of the sun.

Then was man considered the center of the universe, wherein all things were created for his sole benefit, "the sun to give him light and warmth, the stars in their courses to preside over his strangely checkered destinies, the winds to blow, the floods to rise,

or the fiend of pestilence to stalk abroad over the land, all for the blessing, or warning, or eluding of the chief among God's creatures—man."

This high pedestal he continued to occupy until, in the sixteenth century, Copernicus announced to the world his discovery that the sun, and not the earth, was the center around which planets revolved. The church took instant alarm. In the midst of this overturning of theories where would be the place of man, and how was his salvation to be accomplished? If the earth were but one among countless thousands of similar worlds, surely man upon this insignificant planet would be unworthy of notice. But the Copernican theory stands the test of time, and "God still reigns over the earth and the inhabitants thereof."

Time passes on, and science dives into the depths of the earth and soars among the stars to draw therefrom the secrets which hide in mystery, and again a theory is advanced which seems to shake the very foundations from under our feet.

As the Mosaic account of the opening acts of creation are not to be accepted literally, neither are we so to interpret the closing of the great event, but regard man as the perfection of a series which from its beginning had for its culmination the development of a creature which should have supremacy over all the earth.

Little more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the theory of Darwin burst upon an astonished world, and it is, perhaps, too soon to judge whether it will stand the test of science and inquiry, but whether it does or does not, it is still true that God rules over all.

What place, then, does man occupy? Having removed him from the center of the

universe and, perhaps, discovered him to be a modified development of a lower species of animals, we inquire, what is the end? Does he or will he occupy a lowly and subordinate position, or when he comes to his inheritance will he indeed be "but little lower than the angels?" No one but a pessimist of the most pronounced type can fail to see that the tendency of the development of mind is decidedly upward. Standing as we do at the close of the nineteenth century, we look back upon the accomplishment of magnificent achievements, and the future promises even greater results.

It has been said that the history of mankind is written in blood, and it is true. The earliest records are of warfare and strife, a struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, the fittest implying the most crafty, perhaps the most cruel and treacherous. Man's hand was against every other man. There was no cohesion of society, no fidelity, no honor to be observed, except with those claiming kinship of blood. To gain possession of the best of everything for themselves and recklessly wrest from the weaker what they wanted for their own was a praiseworthy action. The warrior who boasted the greatest number of slain was the greatest hero of the day. The motto of revenge, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," appealed to the highest sense of honor.

But a better era dawned. Christ came upon the earth and proclaimed a new doctrine. "If any man smite thee upon one cheek, turn thou the other;" "if he take thy coat, give him thy cloak also;" "blessed is the peacemaker," and "love thy neighbor as thyself." Gentle as the dews of heaven have the lessons of "peace and good will to men" descended upon the soil of human

hearts, and we begin to see the plants of love and charity bear fruit. Where once the hand of man was turned against his fellow, he now stretches it forth to relieve and alleviate the suffering of his unfortunate brother.

Where once kings and sovereigns hailed with joy the pretext for a conflict of arms, they now look with horror and dismay upon the prospect of war and hesitate to marshal their armies upon a field of battle. Many international questions, which once could not have been settled without resort to arms, have been referred to committees of arbitration and the decisions cheerfully accepted.

The two great English speaking nations of the globe are now making a stride which shall be counted an epoch in the era of civilization. They clasp fraternal hands across the Atlantic and say, between us there shall be no more war. When such an agreement is possible between nations, the one whose greatest achievements have been upon the field of battle, and the other who has proved her prowess in two of the greatest conflicts of modern times, it does not require a prophet to tell us that the final extinction of warfare is only a question of time, and this generation or the next may witness the beating of spears into pruning hooks and of swords into ploughshares.

This elimination of war from the pursuits of man opens up a view of unparalleled grandeur. Words cannot do justice to such a possibility. The camps, where troops wait to kill or be killed, with all their demoralizing influences, will be deserted and

their occupants turned to the peaceful pursuits of life. The foundries which make the implements of murder will manufacture articles to benefit instead of destroy mankind.

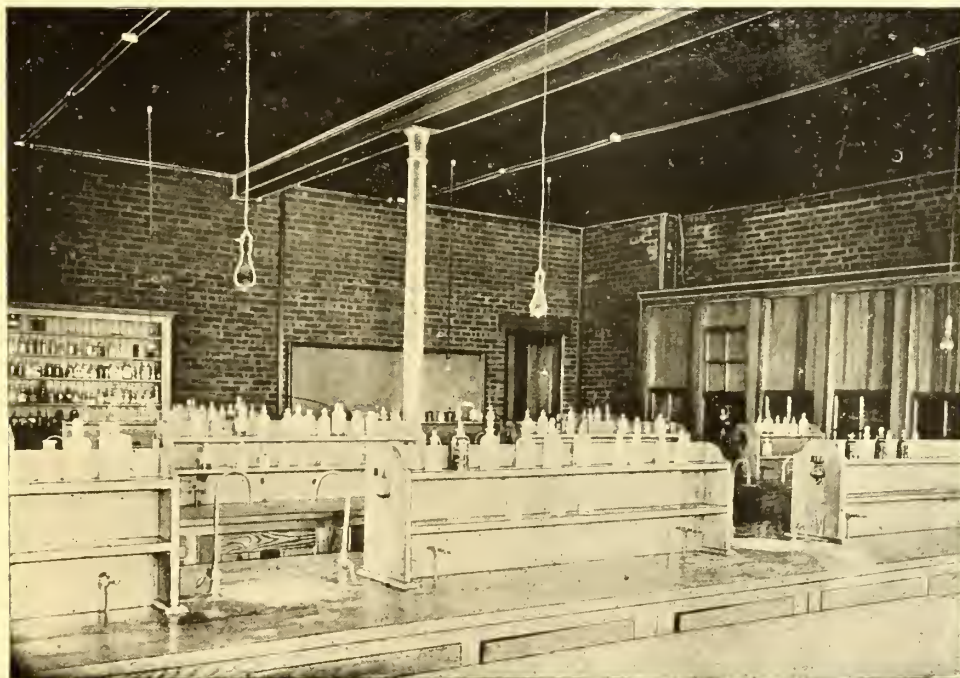
The intellectual faculties will wander undisturbed in fields of science which are opening up with wonderful rapidity. Time and space, height and depth, mind and matter, are unfolding before him the secrets of their nature, and he sails with fixed purpose in unknown fields of discovery, sure of having his labors rewarded. Not only will the sciences be perfected, but the fine arts, music, poetry and painting will flourish until every man will be a poet and sing his song in harmony with nature. The fiercer attributes of men, which found full occupation when their chief business was to plunder, bruise and destroy each other, will grow feeble from disuse, and the sweeter graces of love, sympathy and tolerance will grow strong and dominate his actions.

Is my vision poetical and impracticable? The tendency of the times, tho' the growth is slow, is for better and not for worse. We believe in the prophecy of the Bible and we are promised a time when "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them." "A thousand years when the powers of evil shall be chained and do no evil." Nor is the end yet. Not on this mundane sphere is the career of the soul finished. Eternity, with all its glories unparalleled and its possibilities unfathomed, awaits us. "And it doth not yet appear what we shall be"

R. C. M'KINLEY, '97.



LECTURE ROOM—CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT.



GENERAL LABORATORY—CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT.

Social Department.

Say, mama, is that Miss ——'s little boy?

—— says that Geology is about the rockiest thing he ever ran across

Mr. Tompkins, of Brooklyn, visited his daughter over Sabbath, June 6.

Prof. McElree left for the University of Chicago, Monday morning, May 31.

Miss Kimball spent Sabbath at Neshannock Falls with her friend, Miss Nellie Wilson.

Shafer—"How do you want your hair cut?"

Bill—"Off."

Miss Elinor Gamble has gone to Altoona, Pa., to spend the summer in the hope of regaining her health.

Miss Mame Koonce, '95, of Clark, was the guest of friends at the Hall for a few days the latter part of the term.

Quite a number of the boys spent Sabbath, May 30, at home, and attended the meet at Schenley Park on Monday.

Dr. Ferguson preached the baccalaureate sermon to the Senior Class of the Butler High School on Sabbath evening, May 30.

Decoration Day was observed in this place. The oration of the occasion was delivered in the College chapel by Prof. W. A. Moore.

Misses Gail and Zene Moore, of Peoria, Ill., are spending the summer with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. McCready, of this place.

We regret to announce that Miss Kimball will not be with us another year. She has proven herself to be an efficient teacher and is well liked by her pupils. She will spend

next winter at her home in New York City studying voice with Mr. Francis Fischer Powers.

Quite a number of students attended the supper at Neshannock Falls on the evening of May 3. It was given by the young people of the First church.

Prof. F—— tried to gain some intelligence of dynamite and its doings, one day recently, but the information volunteered was very unsatisfactory.

Miss S.—in Thucydides—"Acting on his advice, the Athenians brought in from the country their wives, their children and the other furniture used in their homes,—"

What a delightful time the last few weeks of the spring term might be if only unhappy visions of examinations would not loom up before the eyes of the weary student!

A young Prep coming into Latin class as the dinner bell rang, when convinced that it was noon, gave as his excuse for tardiness, "I must have been asleep in the chapel."

She—"I didn't see you at the game. Such a perfect day. Not the slightest breeze"

He—"That's just it Couldn't raise the wind, you know."

Rev. J. H. Veasy, after getting the catalogue out and securing rates for the students home, took his departure to Rock Island to represent the interests of Westminster before the General Assembly.

Things are not always what they seem. Kerosene is not ice cream. The boys who carried off an ice cream freezer, the night of the Senior party, discovered to their dismay that it was a large oil can.

The Tennessee Warblers gave a brilliant entertainment in Clark Hall on the evening

of June 4th. The classical selections were all beautifully rendered, and the audience was loud in their demonstrations of appreciation. Later in the evening their joy reached a climax—the thing was over.

A very interesting home missionary meeting was held in chapel, Sabbath afternoon, June 6. Letters from persons in the home mission field were read, and a talk given by a worker in the Freedman's Mission.

Mr. A. L. Berry and Mr. H. Wilhelm met with a very severe accident while returning from Neshannock Falls the other evening owing to a small hill on the roadside. They had an upset, which resulted in a general smash-up.

Prof. S. I. Conner read "The Prisoner of Zenda" in the College chapel on Thursday evening, May 27. He read well and held the close attention of the audience to the end. His last entertainment will be given on Friday evening, June 11.

1st Gent of the Ring—"What's become of Aintee Tuff that put Soaker to sleep in the fifth round last fall?"

2nd Gent of the Ring—"O, he's playing on a base ball team this year."

1st Gent (after a pause)—"Where is Grove City, anyway?"

The Senior vacation began May 22. It seems strange to the Seniors who remain in town to know that the bell rings no more for them, that they no longer have a place in the class-room, yet we suppose that the important consideration of commencement gowns and orations so fill their minds that they scarcely realize that their college days are over.

One of the most pleasant events of the college year is the Senior party. On the evening of May 24th Dr. Ferguson's home was the scene of this annual festivity. Besides the Seniors, other guests were present. Although to some this levee might become monotonous, yet not so to our genial President. Music, games, and informal conversation were features of the evening's entertainment. After partaking of delicious refreshments, the guests departed with many expressions of gratitude to the kind host and hostess who had rendered the evening so thoroughly enjoyable.

The Lecture Committee for the season of '97-'98 have, after due deliberation, selected the following course: October 12, Russell Conwell; November 5, John Temple Graves; December 16, The Welsh Concert Company; January 7, Elliott; January 27, The Temple Quartet; February 15, Robt. J. Burdette; March 10, Eugene May. Conwell, Burdette and Graves are well known to all. Elliott is an impersonator and has his equal only in Leland Powers. Eugene May is a popular lecturer of the West. This is his first season in the East, and great things are expected of him. Concerning the concert company little need be said, as most of us heard the Temples last year and know that for a male quartet they have few equals. They will be accompanied by a new reader this year, Miss Ridgeway having organized a company of her own. The Welsh Concert Company consists of a double quartet. They come direct from Wales, this being their first season in this country. While the course of last year was hard to beat, yet it is thought this course is fully up to the average, and it is to be hoped all will heartily support it.

Athletics.

The base ball team of this year has met with what is generally known as "hard luck," games having been cancelled by Allegheny, Geneva, W. and J. and W. U. P., the W. and J. boys being the only ones who had the least semblance of an excuse, the other colleges holding the dates up until within two and even one day and then cancelling. The work of the boys this season has been fully up to the work of former seasons, although we are compelled to divide honors this year for the first time with Grove City, each college having won two games.

In the second game with Grove City, on May 17, owing to the fact that Wilhelm had a finger split, Westminster took advantage of the clause in the contract that allowed them to play a coach and got Mr. Dave Wright, who proceeded to demonstrate to the Grove City people that, while they had a very speedy team, still they were not invincible. His pitching was first-class and his support gilt-edged.

GROVE CITY.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Radcliffe, 3.....	1	1	0	3	1
Allen, m.....	4	1	1	0	1
Shannon, 2.....	1	2	5	4	0
Swift, l.....	0	0	4	0	0
Jones, s.....	0	1	0	3	2
Sigman, p.....	0	2	0	4	0
Blue, c.....	0	1	2	1	0
McElhoes, r.....	0	0	1	0	0
James, l.....	1	1	11	0	0
Total.....	7	9	24	15	4
WESTMINSTER.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	2	1	0	1	0
Marshall, r.....	0	0	0	0	0
Carnahan, 2.....	0	2	2	3	1
McKim, l.....	0	1	2	0	0
Wilhelm, p.....	0	0	0	0	1
Wright, p.....	1	2	0	4	0
Marshall, l.....	2	2	19	0	0
Davies, c.....	1	0	2	1	1
Chambers, m.....	3	3	0	0	1
Phythyon, s.....	1	0	2	10	0
Total.....	10	11	27	19	4

Grove City.....	1	0	0	4	0	1	0	1	—	7
Westminster.....	0	0	2	4	0	0	4	0	*	10

Summary—Earned runs—Grove City, 4; Westminster, 1. Two-base hit—Carnahan. Three-base hit—Chambers. Home runs—Shannon, Will Marshall. Stolen bases—Radcliffe, Allen, Edmundson, Chambers. Bases on balls—Off Wright, 3; off Sigman, 6. Hit by pitched ball—Allen. Sacrifice hits—Shannon, Sigman, Blue, Phythyon. Time of game—1:55. Umpire—Daniels.

The work of Daniels as umpire was of the very best kind, and throughout the whole series he gave entire satisfaction.

The dates May 22 and 24, with W. and J. and Geneva, were cancelled, the first owing to deaths, the second for no legitimate reason whatever.

On May 25 Grove City came back to Westminster. To all outside appearances they were perfectly normal, but the game had not progressed far until it was discovered they had the shakes. Wilhelm was in the box and pitched great ball.

WESTMINSTER.				R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	
Edmundson, 3.....				2	1	1	1	0	
Carnahan, 2.....				2	2	2	2	1	
McKim, l.....				2	1	1	0	0	
Wilhelm, p.....				2	2	2	3	1	
Marshall, Wm., l.....				0	0	9	0	0	
Davies, c.....				1	1	5	2	0	
Chambers, m.....				2	2	1	0	0	
Phythyon, s.....				0	1	4	2	2	
Marshall, "Kid," r.....				1	0	2	0	1	
Total.....				12	10	27	10	5	
GROVE CITY.				R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	
Radcliffe, 3.....				0	2	1	1	0	
Allen, m.....				0	0	2	0	0	
Shannon, 2.....				0	2	0	2	2	
Swift, p.....				0	1	2	0	0	
Jones, s.....				2	1	1	6	0	
Sigman, l-c.....				1	2	5	1	0	
Blue, c.....				0	0	0	0	0	
McElhoes, m.....				1	0	2	0	0	
Gibson, r-l.....				0	0	1	0	0	
James, l.....				0	0	13	2	1	
Total.....				4	8	27	12	3	
Westminster.....	2	3	1	3	0	2	1	0	0—12
Grove City.....	0	1	0	2	0	1	0	0	0—4

Summary—Earned runs, Westminster, 4. Two-base hits—Chambers, 2; Phythyon, 1. Three-base

hits—Wilhelm, 2. Stolen bases—Grove City, 2; Westminster, 3. Bases on balls—By Swift, 4; by Wilhelm, 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Swift, 3. Struck out—By Swift, 5; by Wilhelm, 7. Hits—Grove City, 8; Westminster, 10. Errors—Grove City, 3; Westminster, 6. Sacrifice hits—Westminster, 2. Umpire—Daniels. Batteries—Westminster, Wilhelm and Davies; Grove City, Swift, Blue and Sigman.

The last game with Grove City was played on May 29 and won by Grove City. In it the Westminster boys gave a fine exhibition of how poorly a good team can play. The errors amounted to 11. The accusation, however, that the game was sold is entirely false. The score was as follows:

Grove City.....	0	1	0	4	0	5	3	3	0	—16
Westminster.....	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	0	—5

The game with Greensburg was one of the best of the season. The game was won at three different stages, but owing to two costly errors in the ninth Greensburg was permitted to score. The batting and fielding of Walter Marshall and Wilhelm, for Westminster, and Mechling, for Greensburg, were the features. The score is appended:

G. A. A.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Robinson, m.....	1	0	0	0	0
Best, l.....	0	2	1	2	0
Abbattichio, 2.....	1	1	1	2	1
Shelby, c.....	2	1	10	1	0
Criswell, 3.....	1	0	1	3	0
Mechling, r.....	1	4	1	0	0
Redding, l.....	1	0	13	0	2
O'Hara, s.....	1	2	0	5	0
Pittinger, p.....	1	3	0	4	0

Total.....	9	13	27	17	3
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WESTMINSTER.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	0	0	1	2	2
Carnahan, 2.....	0	1	1	1	0
McKim, l.....	1	2	0	1	0
Wilhelm, p.....	2	3	1	3	0
Marshall, l.....	2	2	10	0	0
Chambers, m.....	2	1	1	0	0
Davies, c.....	1	2	5	1	0
Phythyon, s.....	0	0	3	4	3
W. B. Marshall, r.....	0	3	2	0	0

Total.....	8	14	*24	12	5
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*No one out when winning run was made.

G. A. A.....	0	0	0	1	2	4	1	0	1	—9
Westminster.....	0	0	0	3	3	0	2	0	0	—8

Summary—Two-base hits—Shelby, Mechling 3, Marshall, McKim. Home run—O'Hara. Struck out—By Wilhelm, 4; by Pittinger, 6. Bases on balls—By Wilhelm, 1; by Pittinger, 1. Stolen bases—G. A. A., 5; Westminster, 2. Umpire—Showalter.

The game with Hiram, the boys who had two of our scalps hanging on their belts, was the best game witnessed on our grounds this year. The pitching of McKim was very effective and resulted in a victory for the blue and white. Chambers was once more in the game with his little bat.

WESTMINSTER.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	0	0	2	2	2
McKim, p.....	1	1	0	4	0
Wilhelm, 2.....	1	1	3	3	0
Marshall, Wm., l.....	0	0	12	0	0
Davies, c.....	0	0	6	2	0
Chambers, m.....	2	3	0	0	0
Phythyon, s.....	0	0	1	0	0
Marshall, "Kid," r.....	0	0	2	0	0
S. McKim, l.....	0	0	1	0	0

Total.....	4	5	27	15	2
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HIRAM.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Dyson, c.....	0	1	4	3	0
Dunkle, p.....	0	1	0	4	0
E. McDiarmid, s.....	0	1	0	3	1
Grumbles, r.....	0	1	0	0	0
Heijes, 3.....	0	0	0	0	2
Craft, m.....	1	2	1	0	0
N. McDiarmid, l.....	0	1	3	1	0
Scott, l.....	0	0	13	0	0
Theobald, 2.....	0	0	3	3	3

Total.....	1	7	24	14	6
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Westminster.....	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	—4
Hiram.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC MEET.

The meet was held May 31 at Schenley Park, Pittsburg. W. and J., Geneva and Westminster were the contesting colleges, as Grove City and W. U. P. dropped out. About 10,000 people gathered around the half-mile track and were treated to some very close races.

The most hotly contested event was the 220-yard dash, which Degelman won by



BRADSON/PITTS.

WESTMINSTER BASE BALL TEAM.

about six inches. At first the judges gave it to Degelman, and then afterward ordered the race to be run over. Degelman would not agree to this, and an attempt was made to give him second place, although every competent and impartial person on the field said that Degelman won the race.

The pole vault was an exciting contest between Duffy, of W. and J., and J. A. Smith, of Westminster. Duffy won by a tremendous effort at 9 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, with Smith second at 9 feet 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and Gealey third at 9 feet 2 inches. Smith very nearly tied Duffy, as the W. and J. man won on his last chance. It was the best vaulting seen in this end of the State, as the Western Pennsylvania record was broken by 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

The mile relay was almost a walkover for Westminster, although the first three quarters were closely contested. Sloss, Holmes, Degelman and Gealey formed the Westminster team and ran in the order mentioned, while Gaston, Brownlee, Thompson and Logan were the W. and J. contestants. Gealey and Degelman both made good gains, which so discouraged W. and J. that they would not allow their last man to finish.

Degelman and Hanley would have won second and third on the 100-yards if they had not been set back a yard for going over the line.

Neville was a very close third on the $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile bike, and was making a good gain at the finish.

W. and J. won the meet, with 89 points; Westminster second, with 17 earned and 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ credited points; Geneva third, with 14 points.

Handsome silver cups were given as first and second prizes for each event, and of

these we get the splendid relay cup and one each for Degelman and Smith.

Our team showed a marked improvement over that of last year, and in another season we may hustle the people from Washington county.

The events and the winners were as follows:

100-yard dash—Inglis, W. and J., first; Brownlee, W. and J., second; Degelman, Westminster, third. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

16-pound hammer throw—P. Core, W. and J., first; Hunter, Geneva, second; Sterret, Geneva, third. Distance, 93 feet 6 inches.

$\frac{1}{4}$ -mile bicycle race—Smith, W. and J., first; Maynard, Geneva, second; Neville, Westminster, third. Time, 34 seconds.

Putting 16-pound shot—Inglis, W. and J., first; Cowan, W. and J., second; Duffy, W. and J., third. Distance, 37 feet 10 inches.

220-yard dash—Degelman, Westminster, first; Brownlee, W. and J., second; Stewart, W. and J., third. Time, 23 1-5 seconds.

Broad jump—McGiffin, W. and J., first; Craighead, W. and J., second; Sloss, Westminster, third. Distance, 20 feet 1 inch.

120-yard hurdle—Inglis, W. and J., first; Leith, W. and J., second; Craighead, W. and J., third. Time, 16 3-5 seconds.

$\frac{1}{2}$ -mile run—Thompson, W. and J., first; Whitmyer, Geneva, second; Holmes, Westminster, third. Time, 2 minutes 9 4-5 seconds.

High jump—Craighead, W. and J., first; Inglis, W. and J., second; Leith, W. and J., third. Distance, 5 feet 8 inches.

440-yard dash—Gaston, W. and J., first; Woods, W. and J., second; Gibson, Geneva, third. Time, 55 2-5 seconds.

2-mile bicycle race—Smith, W. and J., first; Flowers, W. and J., second; Sterret, Geneva, third. Time, 5 minutes 5 1-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Duffy, W. and J., first; J. Smith, Westminster, second; Gealey, Westminster, third. Height, 9 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

220-yard hurdle—Inglis, W. and J., first; McGiffin, W. and J., second; Craighead, W. and J., third. Time, 27 1-5 seconds.

Mile run — Whitmyer, Geneva, first; Chambers, W. and J., second; Miller, W. and J., third. Time, 5 minutes, 20 1-5 seconds.

1-mile relay race—Westminster, first. Time, 3 minutes 43 1-5 seconds.

Alumni and College World.

Dr. T. H. Hanna, '56, was chosen moderator of the U. P. General Assembly meeting in Rock Island, Ill.

Mr. J. R. Magoffin, '94, graduated May 26th from the Cincinnati Law school, being fourteenth in a class of fifty-seven members.

Rev. W. B. Anderson, '94, who has been appointed to the foreign mission, will be ordained in the Second church, Buffalo, N. Y., June 22.

Dr. W. M. Robertson, '88, was expected to read a paper before the Medical Society in Pittsburg a few weeks ago, but was prevented by illness.

Miss Emma Robertson, '94, Miss Bessie Robertson, '95, Miss Lizzie Houston, '87, and Miss Emma Campbell, '93, have all returned from their year's teaching.

Mr. J. E. Walker, '94, was married June 10 to Miss Mary Gertrude Cooke, of Carnegie, Pa. Mr. Walker has been ordained and installed at East Palestine, Ohio.

Miss Lizzie Gibson, who graduated with the Music Department class of '90, was married April 14th to Mr. A. B. Weihe, of West Newton. The wedding took place in Butler.

Prof. W. J. Shields, '85, has invented and patented a valuable electric medical apparatus that has been adopted by some of the most eminent medical authorities in Philadelphia.

Rev. G. H. Getty, '81, preached the annual sermon to the G. A. R. in New Wilmington, and Prof. W. A. Moore, '86, of the New Wilmington public school, made the memorial address on Decoration day.

Rev. S. R. Gordon, '74, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Uniontown, has been granted a vacation of several months in order to visit Europe, where he has gone with his family.

Six former Westminster students, W. B. Anderson, Ralph McCulloch, W. D. Strangeway, W. B. Campbell, J. W. Gealey and J. E. Walker, were among the graduates of Allegheny Theological Seminary this year.

Rev. L. E. Hawk, '77, has just closed a very interesting and profitable series of evangelical services in Butler. He is accompanied by Mr. A. C. McClelland, a former student of the Conservatory, who conducts the song service.

Sir Archibald Geikie, Director General of the Geological Surveys of Great Britain and Ireland, gave a course of six lectures last month on "The Founders of Geology," at the Johns Hopkins University, and an additional public lecture on "The last volcanoes of Western Europe." These lectures were attended by many of the leading geologists of the country.



PROF. R. R. RAMSEY.

Mr. Ramsey, who has been engaged at the University of Bloomington for the past year, will in the fall occupy the place left vacant by Prof. Thompson. We bespeak for him the hearty co-operation of students and faculty and the good will of all the patrons of the college.

Mr. W. H. Dodds, '82, was in New Wilmington a few weeks ago hunting up material for the class history that he is writing in place of A. B. Stevenson, who is unable to do so. Music for the alumni entertainment will be furnished by graduates of the Conservatory.

President Shurman, of Cornell, has been invited by His Excellency, Chang Chi Tung, Viceroy of Hu Kwang, Central China, to appoint an agricultural graduate to con-

struct a model farm at or near the vice regal capital of Wachang. The invitation promises three thousand gold dollars annually to the appointee.

The approach of commencement makes the remark of one of our visitors last commencement seasonable: "No alumnus of college should ever come back to his alma mater without a present in his hands, if it should be only a book for the library." We love our alma mater, first, because of what she has done for us. We ought to love her, second, because of what we have done for her.

A successful feature of the Wharton school of the college department of the Pennsylvania University this year has been the mock congress. This congress discusses national questions, introduces formal bills, and imitates as far as possible the proceedings of the congress at Washington. It has been in existence four years. The Seniors constitute the Senate and the Juniors the House of Representatives. In connection with the regular congressional work, Dr. Young lectures and compares American with foreign governments.

The meeting of the United Presbyterian General Assembly in Rock Island recently was the occasion of many little reunions of friends, co-workers and classmates. A reunion of the alumni of Westminster was held in the County Superintendent's room at which Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, '59, presided. The call of the roll showed forty-one present, representing twenty-five classes. The Rev. A. G. King, D. D., '64, spoke of "The Relation of the College to the Church;" Rev. I. T. Wright, '69, on "Westminster's Equipment for Meeting her Obligations;" Dr. J. K. McClurkin, '73, told

how Westminster is fulfilling her mission, and Rev. J. A. Reed, D. D., '82, told what the alumni should do for the college. The remarks of these gentlemen were able and interesting, and the hour was spent very pleasantly in renewing acquaintance and strengthening loyalty to the old college.

Mention was made in the last number of THE HOLCAD of the scheme to procure for the college the portraits of Prof. Mitchell and Prof. Thompson. We are glad to note that the work is progressing rapidly, and those who have been students under these instructors express their hearty co-operation in this work. This is an exemplary deed, and ought to be imitated by older members of the alumni who have been students under other noble instructors who have grown old or laid down their lives in the service. In this way Westminster would soon acquire such a portrait gallery as any college might be proud to own.

At Cambridge, England, recently, when a proposition was being voted on to make women eligible to receive Cambridge degrees, about 2,400 men who hold these degrees came up to the University Senate House and by a majority of three to one rejected the proposition. The undergraduates were even more vigorous than the members of the alumni in their opposition, and during the settling of the question became fairly riotous. The reasons given by those opposed to the proposition for taking such a decided stand against it are of very little weight of themselves and had little influence on the result of the voting, but it is plain that the prejudice of those directly concerned in the decision was the ruling influence.

In spite of the setback given to the cause of women at Cambridge recently two women

have received distinction in educational circles by invading the fields heretofore closed against them. Miss Ellen Hinsdale, daughter of Prof. Hinsdale, of Ann Arbor, received her Ph. D. from the University of Gottingen a short time ago. This is the first time the authorities at Gottingen University have allowed a woman to try for the degree in Philology, a department which, in Gottingen, requires an unusually thorough and laborious preparation. Again, on May 18, Miss Emily Grace Briggs was given the distinction of being the first woman who ever received a diploma from the Union Theological Seminary. Not only this, but she also took first honors in her class, passing all the men. She is a daughter of Prof. Briggs, of the Seminary faculty.

Music and Art.

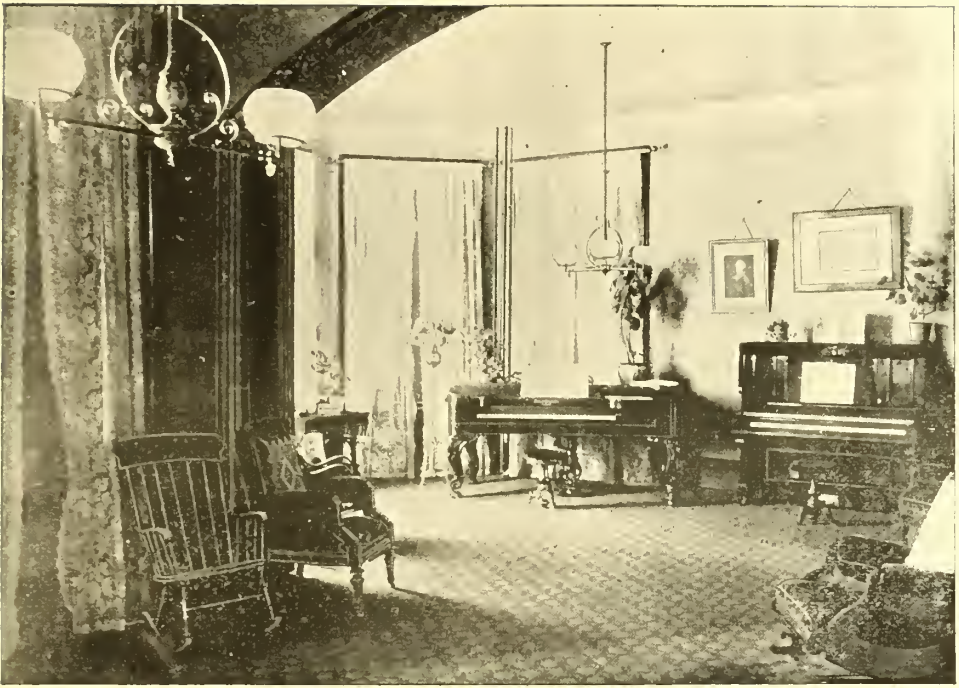
The graduating recital will be held on the evening of June 12th.

Miss Hodgen, Miss Lake and Miss Wilson have each finished painting a very handsome set of plates.

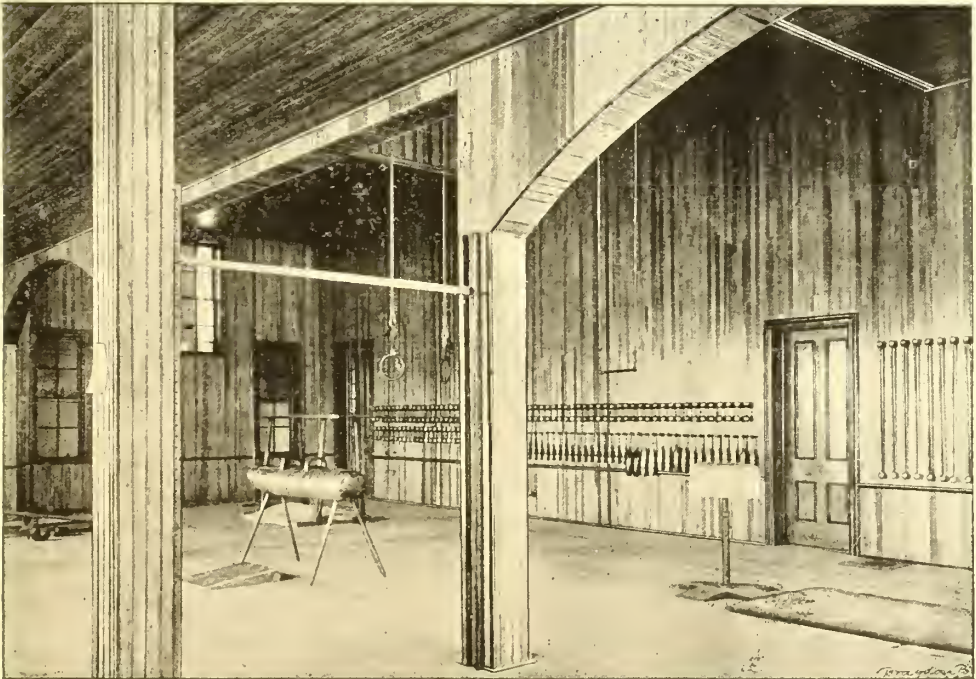
"It is a mistake for people to think that all classic music is dry and difficult. Some of the most simple and melodious pieces ever composed are from the pen of old masters."

A steel engraving of Dr. Burrows, a noted educator of Pennsylvania, has been presented to the college by the State Board of Education. The picture is hanging in Dr. Ferguson's room.

In the papers of last October mention was made of the death of William Morris, aged sixty-four years. To the world in general he is probably best known through his poetic and artistic ability. Perhaps his best



RECITAL HALL—MUSIC DEPARTMENT.



A CORNER OF THE GYMNASIUM.

poetical works are based on the Norse legends, and highest among these ranks the tale of "Sigurd the Volsung." Morris himself said of it, "There I have touched my high-water mark." While he was yet a boy he showed unmistakable artistic genius, and his abilities seemed to be those of a decorative artist rather than of a painter of pictures. He is one of the few men who have tried to realize their artistic taste in the life of the everyday world. With him beauty was a practicable dream. "Beauty," he once declared, "is in one sense the most common thing in the world, for it is everywhere. Wherever there is the rythm of light there is some transmutation into beauty."—*The Larentian*.

The Piapo Recital given by Miss Kimball's pupils, assisted by Prof. Hahn and the Mandolin Club, was heartily enjoyed by all present. The program was as follows:

Minstrel's Serenade (Duet).....Jos. Low
Misses Jane Kraeer and Sara McLean.

At the Cradle, }N. von Wilm
Hunting Song, }
Miss Nellie Wilson.

Recit, "Comfort Ye," } (From "The }Handel
Aria, "Every Valley," } Messiah.) }
Mr. Hahn.

VenezianaBereny
Miss Jane Kraeer.

Daughter of Love.....C. W. Bennet
Mandolin Club.

Hallali, }Rubenstein
Valse, }

Miss Bertha C. Murtland.
"Santa Lucia," (Neapolitan Folk-Song)...Lichner
William Reed Veazey.

If I But Knew.....Smith
Little Doris..... De Koven
Miss Kimball.

Theme and Variations, op. 143, No. 3....Schubert
Mr. Charles E. Trainor.

Mandolin Band March.....H. De Harport
Mandolin Club.

Fanfare.....Fink
Miss Sara B. McLean.

La Fileuse, op. 157, No. 2.....Raff
Miss Maud Stunkard.

The Ring.....Hawley
In May Day.....Felton
Mr. Hahn.

Impromptu, op. 90, No. 2.....Schubert
Miss Myrtle McCreary.

Aria, (From "The Creation.").....Haydn
Miss Kimball.

Caprice Hongrois (Duet).....Ketterer
Miss Kimball and Miss McCreary.

Exchanges.

There are only ten college dailies published in America.

The University of California has three hundred and fourteen instructors in its faculty.

It is pleasing to note the attention paid to the study of language, as shown by productions in so many exchanges.

They tell how fast the arrow sped
When William shot the apple,
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for chapel?

An institution is made truly great to the world's eyes and precious to the world's heart, not by the large number that come in, but by the quality and merit of those who go out; not by the noise that is made about it, but the solid immortal work it does as the source of character.—*Ex.*

The British museum announces the recovery of a lost classic, the works of one of the great lyric poets of the earlier periods of Greek literature, Bacchylides, nephew of Simonides, the rival of Pindar. The manuscript was recently discovered in Egypt. It comprises fifteen to twenty poems, varying in length from fourteen to two hundred lines, mostly celebrating victories at the Greek games.—*Ex.*

The Phœtræ is one of our new exchanges. It is well edited and neat in appearance. "The Ethical Teaching of the Quest for the Holy Grail" is especially interesting.

DAT WHIRL MACHINE.
 Dere vas von girl,
 Dere vas von "whirl,"
 Dere vas von streamledts near.
 Dat goacher saidt,
 "Go right ahead,
 Dere is no tings to vear."
 Dat girl so brafé
 Shardgedt on down stradedt;
 Mine heart! she vent right in.
 Dat little rill
 Is laughing still;
 "Expedt she might have been." —*Er.*

Opportunity is your eminent domain. Opportunity invites you to demonstrate your sufficiency, your ability, your originality and mental power. Opportunity is the

needed field in which the occupant grows his mental fruits, models his mental product, and which alone will yield him harvest for his labor; but without the requisite knowledge and ample equipment to meet its demands, the most fruitful opportunity will be to you a barren desert.—*Er.*

Students of the Greek language the world over will be interested in the movement, recently begun in Athens, to have classical Greek pronounced according to the rules of modern Greek orthoepy. Colleges and universities throughout the world are asked to adopt this pronunciation. In the event of such a consummation Greek would possess two advantages which Latin does not—that of world-wide uniformity of pronunciation, and that of bearing a very close resemblance to a living language.—*Er.*

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